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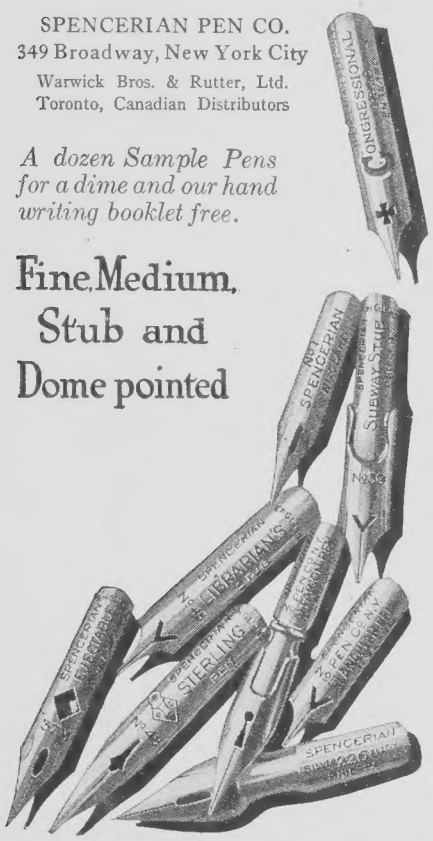

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ACIDS IN STOMACH CAUSE INDIGESTION

Create Gas, Sourness and Pain How to Treat

Medical authorities state that nearly nine-tenths of the cases of stomach trouble, indigestion, sourness, burning, gas, bloating, nausea, etc., are due to an excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach and not as some believe to a lack of digestive juices. The delicate stomach lining is irritated, digestion is delayed and food sours, causing the disagreeable symptoms which every stomach sufferer knows so well.

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THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is $1.00 a year, or three years for $2.00 to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is $1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1.25 a year.

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The Norman Dam

ONE of the marvels of this age is the amassing of great wealth by the few at the expense of the many. Sometimes it is accomplished by secret theft as in the case of bootlegging. Sometimes it comes about through legalized plunder, as in the case of profiteering on government contracts. Usually it has its origin in the seizure of public domain by unscrupulous adventurers, as in the case of the taking over of mines, forests, systems of transportation. Of course this seizure could not be effected without the consent or connivance of government, but it is beyond comprehension how easily governments lend themselves to the designs of privately-owned corporations or particularly aggressive individuals. Nothing better illlustrates the point than the attempt of a company to obtain control of the waters of the Winnipeg River.

Here is a great body of water—the Lake of the Woods. Beyond it, as feeder, is the lovely Rainy Lake with its two island-dotted stretches, and beyond this are thousands of little lakes, ponds and rivers, beautiful beyond description, all contributing to that mighty flow which eventually finds its way at Kenora into the Winnipeg River. There is no body of water on the whole earth more rich in scenic beauty than the Lake of the Woods and its many feeders. It is the Thousand Islands a thousand times over. It is Muskoka, enlarged and beautified. It is God's masterpiece of placid splendor just as the Rockies are His masterpiece of rugged beauty. Yet, how easily may this beauty be despoiled ! The condition of the Lake at the present time indicates but feebly what might happen were the flow of water at the mercy of an unscrupulous plutocrat. Gone the beauty, gone the summer homes, gone the great national playground—and all because of the inordinate desire of one commonplace individual to enrich himself at public expense.

But the Lake of the Woods is more than a national playground. Its waters are a reservoir of mighty power. The score of falls between Kenora and Lake Winnipeg, await development. Two of them already prove what is possible, for Winnipeg has the cheapest light and power on the continent. Yet, under improper conditions of control, how this power may be lessened ! It is possible for the man who controls the Norman Dam to control everything. It is possible for him to prevent all development lower down the stream. Factories will open or close at his bidding. The City of Winnipeg will remain in darkness or the wheels of industry will cease to move if he orders the sluice gates to close. Truly it is a fine prospect, and someone has said that the aspirant for control is not even a Canadian.

There is another consideration also. Away to the North-east is a little rock-lined, bowl-shaped projection of the Lake with its lip reaching into the Province of Manitoba. What wonder that Winnipeg coveted the cooling waters—pure as crystal and soft as the summer rain ! But here again slips in the maker of pulp ! What is Winnipeg that it should stand between me and my designs ? True, the waters of Shoal Lake may be drained away, but the American dailies will have their supply of paper. What is the prosperity of a little Canadian City ? It is only a Western town after all. And with that cry, it is apparently easy at Ottawa to win support for any scheme.

Yes, there is danger. Beauty, power, water-supply all may be sacrificed to meet the demands of one corporation without a Canadian soul. And those who would lend themselves to the plunder call themselves Canadian. There is greater treason than plotting against government; it is the treason of a government that plots against the people. So we know exactly where we are.

Western Canada in all conscience has suffered enough through exploitation. Manitoba has had enough within her own borders. This last brazen suggestion that Canada should pay half the cost of the controlling dam and yet leave the actual control to an individual or a corporation without a soul, is too absurd for contemplation, and the people of the West will say of it as the French said to the Germans at Verdun "Ye shall not pass."

The public domain henceforth is for the public, and when private interests cry for recognition the only answer they will get and should get was aptly expressed in a time-honored phrase "Private interests be damned ! "

There is an easy way out. The Premier of Canada fears lengthy litigation. A scratch of his pen, an act of expropriation, and the litigation proceedings would not last ten minutes. The only thing that is necessary is for public men to realize that public resources are to be conserved in the interests of the public. That is the first article of a statesman's creed. But in Canada statesmen are sometimes as rare as roses in winter. Roses in winter cost money. So do some statesmen. Well do they know the sources from which money may be derived.

An Unwise Proposal

WHAT, in our opinion, is one of the most unfortunate trade treaties ever consummated between two countries, is that recently entered into by the governments of Canada and Australia.

Most of the provisions of the treaty do not greatly concern the average household, but there are two great exceptions, the inclusion of which will cost housewives of Canada over one million dollars.

Canada has promised to bring in Australian raisins and currants free, and to increase the duty on foreign dried fruits from two-thirds of a cent to three cents a pound.

The idea, of course, is to encourage Canadians to eat Australian raisins, but it is doubtful whether this purpose will be accomplished. Over here we have become accustomed to the Californian raisins, and these reach us in excellent condition. If we buy from Australia (harvest there takes place in March), the long sea voyage is not likely to improve the quality of the fruit, to put the matter conservatively.

Shall We Forget?

A cross of grey ; and by its side a poppy red,
Yet marks the spot, where rest in peace our glorious dead.
Another year has flown—swift, on the wings of time.
And still, they slumber on—our dead, in Flanders' shrine.

Shall we forget ? Tho' years speed on in hasty flight,
The day when they, our dead, still lived, to love and fight :
Nay, Nay, tho' time should seek to blot our memory,
We shall remember them—our dead, in sanctuary.

—Harold F. Cruickshank

Trading within the Empire is fine in theory, but does not always work out so well when practised, and it may interest our readers to know that some time ago a well-known Winnipeg business man, actuated by the best of motives, imported a large quantity of raisins from Australia with most unfortunate results. The fruit was found to be of poor quality, and not to be compared with the raisins that are to be obtained from California.

As far as we can see it, we are still going to buy our raisins from California, but pay three cents a pound more for them, and this thought is rather discouraging at a time when the Government is supposed to be considering the pocket books of the consumers.

The principal reason for reciprocal treaty is to promote trade without increasing the cost of living.

Mere grumbling about this matter will accomplish but little, and to be effective, action should immediately be taken through protests to public mediums and parliamentary representatives. It should be clearly borne in mind that it is not the raisin grower, wholesale or retail merchant that will suffer under the terms of the proposed treaty, but the western housewife.

Hit Him Again; He has no Friends!

TO receive a foul blow is bad at any time. To receive three in quick succession is more than human nature can endure.

The first blow received by the West, or more particularly by Manitoba, was that referred to in the first article on this page. For one part of the Dominion to make it impossible for another part to develop is a dastardly outrage. Apart from this, it is unpatriotic and contrary to accepted public policy to trust the control of a great body of water to the mercies of a private company.

The second blow, and it affected all the West, was the failure to complete the Hudson's Bay Railway. The statement of the premier that the government went as far as it could is probably true, but what can one think of the moral sense of a parliament, which refuses to give effect to its own promises ? What makes it worse is the fact that the reason advanced was pure subterfuge. The West was asking for no favors. It helps to pay for the Welland Canal, the Quebec Bridge, and other Eastern projects, believing that they are of national concern. It expects in return that the East will pay its share of the cost of another national undertaking. The whole trouble is that the industrial, commercial and monetary interests of Eastern Canada fear for themselves should the Hudson's Bay Route be opened. We may just as well be frank. Needless to say, their fear is groundless. The success of Eastern Canada is bound eventually to depend upon the growth of the West. It is sacrificing to-morrow for to-day, to insist upon a policy that makes all Western trade come and go through Montreal.

The third blow, and the most unfriendly of all, was the ruling of the Railway Commission in cancelling the Crow's Nest Pass Agreement. It was not a good agreement, and did not reflect much credit upon those who drew it up. Yet it was an agreement and it should terminate only by arrangement between the parties concerned. All the world despises that nation which treated a contract as "a mere scrap of paper." All Canada to-day despises a Commission which took upon itself the onus of making a decision that equally denied the sacredness of a written promise. True, the matter is not settled yet, for the Courts must decide the legality of a decision which places the Commission above Parliament. In any case the West has learned just how much consideration will be given to its claims when they are matched up with those of the Railway Companies. Some people say that no one must find fault with the C.P.R. directorate for wishing to make as good a bargain as possible. That is wrong. No company that is giving such dividends, should ask for more, when it considers the penury of the people from whom it draws its returns.

As compared with Western producers and with business men generally, the C.P.R. is prosperous beyond measure. The only result of continued high cost of transportation is the further exodus of people from the farms and the depopulation of Western towns. In other words, the railways are charging more than the traffic will bear. But we leave this. The case is not ended. There are, however, two minor points of interest worth mentioning.

A well-known politician from the East, in speaking before a Western audience, hinted that the West could not expect much from the two old parties because it had sent down no supporters. Does anyone imagine there will be more party supporters go to Ottawa now ? The West has nothing to gain from a party that is dominated by the Manufacturers' Association, by the financial corporations of Canada. The West will ever think in terms of all Canada, but it will also be true to itself.

A second question of interest is this. According to the original contract there was a donation to the C.P.R. If this ruling of the Commission is held to be good, what about that donation ? The C.P.R. cannot keep what does not belong to it. Might we suggest that it turn over the sum to the members of the Railway Commission. They surely have earned it. Or perhaps it had better go to the directorate of the Company. The poor men need it. As for returning it to the people —that would be preposterous.

The West has received three blows all right, but the West will survive. It is a long lane that has no turning.

The City Kid

By PETER BRANDON

Illustrated by E. Gordon Smith

MY name's Eddie Day, and I can lick any of the kids in our village. Leastways, I could up to last week, but I ain't so sure now, because that was before the City Kid came to Mawson Creek.

Mawson Creek don't amount to much, though Pa says it oughter be called a town, not a village. Pa's wrong, though, I reckon, because Mawson ain't got a Mayor nor a Church, and I reckon that a place what don't aim high enough for a Mayor and ain't got enough people to make the authorities build a church can't be called a town.

But I want to tell you what happened about the City Kid.

Last Satday, I was standing around Old Harraway's store, wishing I had a nickel to buy a cone because it was awful hot, when Walt Wickman came around the corner looking like he'd found a dollar bill and busting to tell someone.

"Oh you, Ed," he called out to me. "Have you seen it?"

"Seen what?" says I. "I ain't seen nothing 'cept old Joe Dixon go into the store in the last half hour."

He came up to me and I could see by his face that he had something real big to tell me.

"Say, you wanta see him," says Walt. "He looks like he'd walked right out of one of the picture books. An' he's got big Harold Lloyd goggles, an' he wears a collar, an' . . . . ."

I grabbed Walt by the hair and shook him up a bit to shut him up. That's the worst of Walt. If ever he's got a thing to tell a body, he starts wrong end first and generally finishes right end up by the time the other feller's walking away.

"Walt," I says. "Git it right now, an' lemme git it sized up properly. Who's 'He,' and' where's 'He' come from?"

Walt sorter choked, took a long breath, and started in again.

"Gee!" he says. "Ain't you heard? Old Doc Samson's nevvy's come to stay with him. Me an' Billy Baker just seen 'em at the station. The kid from the city all dolled up in his store clothes, and sittin' awful stuck-up like if he didn't know anybody else lived, waitin' for the Doc to git his baggage checked. An' he wears goggles, an' he's got a collar, an' . . . ."

There he went again.

"For the love o' Sam, let up on it, Walt," says I. "Lead me to the Georgie."

"You can't see him now," says Walt. "He's gone home with the Doc. But you'll see him on Monday, 'cos he's comin' to school. Ma was atalkin' to Alb Roberts' Ma, who got it from Emma, the Doc's maid, an' she told Alb's Ma, an' Alb's Ma told my Ma that he was goin' to come right here to live. His momma an' poppa have gone to live at Yurrup, I guess. An' Emma told Alb's Ma that the Doc was awful mad, but he had to put up with it because . . ."

"Comin' on Monday, is he," I says. "Well, I reckon this is where we git some larks. Tell all the boys to meet me at Sunday School tomorrow, an' we'll fix things."

Walt left in a hurry to spread the glad news, and I went home mighty thoughtful, because I had a lot to think up.

THE Doc and me wasn't what you might call friendly. Ever since the time he caught me cutting his white roses to take a bokay to Miss Sinclair, our teacher, he seemed to have a grouch against me. How was I to know that he figured on taking a prize with his old roses at the Benson Flower Show? And he wasn't any more friendly when he spotted me chasing his chickens to keep Mrs. Riley's—what had given me a dime to mind it—kid from yellin'.

He told my Ma that I was the worst boy in Mawson Creek and he was sure I'd end my days in the Pen. He told Pa a lot more. I don't know what he said, but Pa licked me and kept me indoors most all the week. That is, in the day time. I could always sneak out down the drain at night time and meet some of the gang, but Pa didn't know that.

Anyways, there was the Doc's nevvy, and by all accounts he was a simp, and I reckoned it was a good chance of putting one over on the Doc and squaring things up some.

By the time I got home, I had it all figured out, and it looked like the nevvy was in for a bean of a good time.

But, as Pa says, the best laid eggs of chickens and ducks often turn up wrong at breakfast.

Next day was Sunday, and after dinner I had to wash my neck and put on my store clothes and go to Sunday School. Sunday School ain't so bad, not when you got a nice teacher. Miss Sinclair, who is our Sunday School teacher, is our teacher at the ordnary school, too, and she's awful nice. But mostly, I reckon that Sunday Schools is blamed foolishness. To me they ain't no sense in putting a lot of fellers together and learnin' them stuff about Moses what died a considerable time ago, when the chaps is all dyin' to git out in fresh air and slug birds with catapults and suchlike, which they ain't much time to do on ordnary days, what with chores and things.

Sunday School wouldn't be so bad if a body didn't have to put on store clothes and keep so starched up and clean. It don't matter how clean you wash your neck or shine your boots, you only got to roll in the dust once—and that happens pretty often when a bunch of fellers gets skylarkin'—and Bingo! you're as dirty all over as before you started to clean up. And your best clothes is dirty, too, and mostly you gets a lickin' when that happens. Now, if there wasn't no Sunday Schools, and no clean necks and boots and clothes, why, you could scrap in the dust all day and they wouldn't be no difference. Leastways, that's how I figure it out.

WHEN I got to the school, I found all the gang waitin' and I could see they was considerable excited, talkin' quiet among theirselves and lookin' like they was expecting something. Walt Wickman came up as soon as he saw me.

"He ain't come yet," he says, "but I guess he won't be long. Art Wilson seen him goin' in with the Doc. They been for a walk, I guess."

Pretty soon all the gang come up and they all wanted to know what was going to be done with the City Kid.

"Listen!" I says. "We ain't goin' to do nothin' to-day. It's Sunday, an' you know Miss Sinclair won't stand for any larks to-day. You all just gotta lie low an' leave it to me tomorrow at school. I got a lot of ideas, but I ain't got 'em prop'ly worked out yet."

Just then Alb Roberts looked round and gave a sorter jump.

"Here he comes," he says. "My, don't he look swell!"

All the gang and the other crowd of kids that was waitin' turned around to look at the City Kid. He was just like Walt had said, only worse. He had a new cap, an' a sort of button-up coat, an' baggy knickerbocks with new stockings an' new boots. He was all new. His collar was clean, an' looked like it had come straight from a laundry, an' spread half over his shoulders. He was thin an' about my size, and his face was sort of white with big goggly glasses perched on the top of his nose.

His hands was awful clean and looked like they'd been kept in gloves for a year. He had a big book under his arm.

"I bet that book's a present for Miss Sinclair," whispered Walt to me. "He wansta make a hit with her."

"'Taint a present," says Alb Roberts, excited like. "It—it's a Bible!"

And so it was. That new kid had actually brought a Bible with him. Most of the fellers reckoned it was for Miss Sinclair.

The City Kid must a seen we was all starin' at him an' talkin' about him, but he just didn't take any notice. He simply came right up to the school door and pushed it. When he seen it was locked he just set down on the step, opened his Bible, an' started to read it.

When the fellers seen that there was nearly a riot. Art Wilson wanted to slam a clod at him an' see what he'd do, but Billy Baker, whose Dad reads the lesson sometimes at the church over at Benson, said it would be wicked to throw at the Bible, so most of them didn't do nothing 'cept stare an' say what they'd do to him tomorrow.

THEN there was a scruffle among the girls an' small kids, an' a lot of them began to run down the road to meet Miss Sinclair, who was coming along.

When the new kid seen her, he shut his Bible careful like, put it under his arm and gave a sort of bow.

We all stared like we was at a circus, an' some of the fellers started to snicker, but the new kid didn't take no notice.

"Good morning, Miss," he says, polite like. "I am Thomas Carson, and please, I have been sent by my Uncle, Doctor Samson, to Sunday School."

The City Kid

Miss Sinclair looked kinder surprised. I bet she wasn't used to speeches like that. An' when she saw the Bible, she looked pleased.

"Oh, very well, Thomas," she said, and give him a smile. "Come right in, and I'll introduce you to the class."

Then she opened the door, an' all the kids an' us fellers went in. Some of the fellers was stuffin' their handkies into their mouths to stop from laughing, but I didn't feel like laughing. Any feller that had the nerve to come to a place new and make a speech to the teacher like this new city bird wanted a lesson bad, I reckon. An' I figured he was goin' to get one, too, but not the sort he thought.

When we got in, we see the new kid standin' by Miss Sinclair's desk. He didn't look at us at all, but seemed to be starin' out of the window at nothin'.

Sunday School days, Miss Sinclair never set at her desk, like on ordnary days. She had all the seats collected round her in the middle of the floor, away from our desks, an' set in the middle of us an' talked about Moses an' Saul an' all them old fellers.

We all set down, an' then Miss Sinclair brought up the new kid an' took him around. An' she told each one of us to shake his hand an' say "Howdy" an' "Pleased termeetcher."

After that we got on with the lesson. That new kid was a marvel. He'd never been there before, but he knew all the answers. I bet he'd learnt that Bible from one cover to the other.

When Miss Sinclair asked me something about Breaking the Tablets, I got stuck and said "Elijah."

The new kid gave a sort of grin, an' put up his hand.

"I know, teacher," he said. "It was Moses."

I marked that down as another one up against him. That kid was sure in for a warm time.

After school was over, I heard the new kid say, "would Miss Sinclair go up to see his uncle, as the Doc wanted to have a chat with her." So they went off together, an' the fellers didn't get any chance to guy him.

"Nemmind," says Walt to the boys when we got out. "Wait till tomorrow. Ed'll show us something then. Won't you, Ed?"

"Won't I just," says I. "*You fellers leave it all to me.* I'll make that Willie wish he'd never come to this old earth, 'specially to Mawson."

Me an' Art Wilson went off for a swim over to the Hollow Pond. They wasn't no train to see come in, being Sunday. Art wanted to know what I'd laid up for the City Kid on Monday, an' when I'd finished tellin' him he nearly died a laughin'.

"Oh you, Ed," he says. "I'd sooner be at school tomorrow than see a baseball match."

NEXT morning I got a long bit of string an' a drawing pin, an' went off to school, early.

Ma asked me if I hadn't made a mistake in the time but I told her I got to do a job for Miss Sinclair.

On Monday the school was opened before the teacher came, because Ma Crowcutt, the caretaker, used to clean it out before school an' leave the door open so all the kids could go in before Miss Sinclair came. The only other time it was opened early was on rainy days, so's the kids could go inside out of the wet.

When I got there, I found all the fellers had turned up early, too. I told 'em all to hang about the door, an' not muss around me an' Art, who was goin' to open the first part of the game.

Me an' Art went off a little ways down the road, to where two big trees grew each side. Art took one end of the string and got behind one tree, and I took the other end and got behind the other tree. We let the string lie loose across the road an' covered it with dust. Then we waited. One or two kids come by, but they didn't see us, nor the string. Then, in a bit, we spied Mr. City Kid comin' along. He was dressed all swell, like he'd been on Sunday, and he had a pile of books under his arm. He was walkin' fast, too, though it was only just about school time.

I grabbed that string tight and laid doggo. Along comes the Willie, an' just as he got up to the string, Art an' me give a pull. Next thing we saw, Mr. City Kid was scrabblin' around in the dust. His books was flyin' all over the place, an' his goggles was somewhere underneath him.

Art let go his end an' I sloped with the string back through the trees. By the time Art an' me got back to the other fellers, which wasn't long, we could see the new kid just collectin' his books an' tryin' to dust his clothes. He was a sight, too.

Some of the fellers was rollin' in the dust theirselves, they was so tickled. Then we see Miss Sinclair comin' so we sloped into school.

IN a bit, in comes Miss Sinclair an' the City Kid. He was all smothered in dust still, an' his nice new books was all mussed up anyhow. His face was all red an' he looked like he was tryin' hard to stop from cryin'.

"I seemed to pitch over something as I came along the road," he was sayin' to Miss Sinclair. "I looked around, but I couldn't see anything."

Our teacher looked sort of hard at us fellers, but we was all busy gettin' our books right.

"Well, well," she says, "That's too bad." She got out a brush from the cupboard. "Here, brush yourself up with this."

Then she spoke to us. "Now, boys and girls," she says, "Thomas has come all the way from the City to live with us, and I want you to make him quite welcome. He is far from his own home, and has no young friends here. I am sure you will all do your best to make him at home. He maybe is not used to your ways, but you must help him all you can. Edward!"

I stood up, wonderin' what I'd done.

"Yes'm," says I.

"Thomas will sit with you, and you must help him till he gets settled." She took Mr. City Kid by the arm. "There, Thomas," she says, sort of gentle, "Edward will look after you."

Oh, boy! I had to keep my head tucked down so's the teacher shouldn't see how I looked. Just the thing I wanted. Here was that city bum put right alongside me. I'd help him! Oh, yes! I sure would.

The Carson kid sat down beside me an' began to sort out his books.

In a bit he leaned over to me.

"Excuse me," he says, "but I must have lost my pen. Could you lend me one?"

"I ain't got only one," says I. "'You better ask teacher."

He stood up, an' in a tick I pulled out the drawin' pin, an' stuck it, point up, on his seat. Then I shoved my nose in my books.

The new kid asked for his pen an' sat down. He give a awful yell, an' jumped up again, red as fire. As soon as he jumped up, I grabbed the pin an' shoved it back in my pocket.

"Why, whatever is the matter, Thomas," says Miss Sinclair, surprised.

"I—I think something must have stung me, Miss," says Thomas, lookin' sorter silly. "I had an awful pain as I sat down."

He put his goggles straight and looked at the seat. He said, "I'm sorry," to the teacher, an' set down again.

Miss Sinclair looked sorter suspishous when she sees some of the fellers laughin', but she didn't say nothing.

THAT kid sure had a brain. Nothin' seemed to scare him. In the 'rithmatic lesson, he started in at his sums like he'd seen all the answers in a book. Me, I was fair struck. 'Rithmatic is my faint spot. So I whispers to him to tell me the answers.

He didn't say nothing, but just tore a bit of paper outer one of his books an' scribbled on it. Then he shoved the note across to me. It said:

> "You have got a nerve, you big Georgie Glue. I saw you take that pin away, though I didn't say anything. Go and ask the teacher for the answers."

Well, when I got that note, I was so plum knocked silly you could a knocked me over with a paper bag. This knock-kneed city bum to talk to me like that! So I sent *him* a note:

> "You gogle-ide citty bum i did put the pin there an i tripped you up on the road an i will do worse i will nock the stuffin outer you after skule you wait."

Well. I'll say that kid had sand. He didn't seem a bit scared. It didn't take me long to send a note round to the fellers to let them know as there was going to be a scrap after school. All this happened after recess, so there wasn't any time to talk it over.

I tell you, the excitement was fierce. Those chaps just couldn't keep still all morning. Myself, I was feelin' pretty good. I figured that the Doc would have considerable trouble in sorting out his nevvy by the time I was through with him. Now an' again, I looked at the City Kid. He just went on with his lessons like he had a fight every day. He sure had sand.

AS soon as Miss Sinclair tapped the bell which was the sign that school was over, the fellers all rushed for the door an' made a line for the clearin' at the back of the school where we always has our scraps. I waited for Mr. Thomas Carson to show him the way. I didn't figure on lettin' him get away with it.

Eddie Day

In a bit, out comes Miss Sinclair, and went off home to dinner, an' afterwards the new kid come out, cool as you like. He looked at me over the top of his goggles.

"Oh, here you are," he says. "I've got to teach you a lesson, I think."

"Looky here," says I. "'Taint fair to keep the boys waitin'. They wants to git home to dinner."

I led the way to the clearin' where all the fellers had gathered. I went up to Alb Roberts an' Billy Baker.

"Alb," I says, "I want you to look after the new kid. 'Taint right he should be all alone. You stop in his corner, an' you too, Billy. Anyways, someone'll have to be handy to pick up the bits."

Alb could see this was fair, but Billy wanted to be in my corner. Still, he said he'd do it, as I wanted it.

I must tell you that whenever we have a scrap at Mawson, we always do things real stylish. We has corners an' seconds an' a referee just like they do at the big fights.

All the fellers wanted to be referee, which was usuly my job when I wasn't fightin', but after a lot of arguin', Art Wilson had it.

All this time the new kid had been standin' sort of quiet to one side. He took off his coat and laid his goggles on top, an' rolled up his sleeves. An' he didn't seem to be a bit blind, though his goggles was off.

The fellers all sat around looking like they was at a birthday party.

"You ready, Ed?" called Art.

"You betcher," says I. I'd peeled my coat an' rolled up my sleeves.

"Righto! Go to it," says Art, an' we squared up.

That kid sort of jazzed around on his toes an' the fellers begun to yell.

"Oh, Ed boy. Sic him!"

"Eat'm alive, Ed!"

"He's come to dance, not fight!"

"Go to it, Eddie!'

Well, I reckoned I had it easy, an' I let drive at the new kid. But somehow, every time I made for him, he wasn't there. He was just a-dancin' all over the place, movin' his hands in front of him in a funny sort of way. Then I begun to git mad, and rushed him.

The city kid stopped. "Now," thinks I. "This is where he gets his," an' I sailed in to finish him in once. I slugged at his head, but it wasn't there. Then, Bingo! I felt a awful wallop in my eye, like a hammer had hit me. I turned around, and there he was dancin' away like as if he was doin' it for fun I got madder then, an' we mixed it.

My! I soon seen I'd made a bloomer thinkin' that kid was green. He was greased lightnin' *and* a hitter.

WELL, I won't tell you all of it. I don't like to think of it even now. That kid finished up with a busted ear an' a thick lip, but I had a real beaut of a eye, an' my both lips was cut an' all swelled up so's I thought I'd never eat dinner again. An' I had a lump over my other eye like a big egg.

I know I finished up sittin' in the dirt, an' Art come up to me lookin' miserable.

"I'm sorry, Ed, but I gotta do it," he says. "That city kid done you fair." He didn't wait for no answer, but yelled out to the fellers, which was all quiet now.

"Fellers. The new kid has licked Ed Day!"

They was still all awful quiet, but I reckoned it was up to me.

I got up, an' you can bet I wasn't fellin' gay.

"Boys," I says, "I wantcha to know we all hit one big rock. This kid's not what we thought he was. He licked me, an' I reckon he done it fair. He deserves the rah-rahs I'd a got if I'd licked him. Give it to'm."

Well, then they all yelled like mad, an' the new feller went all red, like a kid. He came over to me and held out his hand.

"You're a sport," he says, "an' I'd like to know you better."

We shook, an' the party broke up. My, but that kid had give me a dandy hammerin'. An' I knew I was booked for another lickin' when I got home, but somehow I didn't care much. I'd begun to like that City Kid. He helped me on with my coat, an' we talked a bit before we went home.

"I just want to tell you this," he says, "Don't always think a chap's a soft guy because he looks one."

"But you acted soft right along," I says.

He grinned. "You mean the Good Little Willie act. That's all in the game. You see, Dad's mostly on the move, an' I've had to go to a heap of new schools and places. That's why he's sent me to live with Uncle Samson. Every place I go to I put over the good little boy stunt till they start getting fresh, an' then they get a powerful shock."

"But you knew all the answers at Sunday School," I says.

"Shucks!" says the Carson kid. "If you're puttin' over a game, it's no good, 'less you do it properly. And anyways, it always pays to keep on the good side of the teacher."

I reckoned I'd found a new teacher, too, an' one *I'd* keep on the right side of. We was good pals after that. And the more I come to know Tom Carson, the more I come to know he was a long ways from being the Georgie Green he looked when we first seen him. He don't wear his specs now, neither.

"The Northland Trail"

Oh! the trail strings out to the Northern lights,
The long trail, the lone trail;
Pigmy forest and river still,
Tundra rough and barren hill,
Scaring blast o'er wide sand bar;
And the cry of the wolf for his mate afar.

God! how the white of the weakling shows
On the long trail, the lone trail;
Pain that is part of the wild north moan,
Bites into heart and flesh and bone,
And ever the white death lurking there;
By the long lone trail neath the Northland air.

'Tis a short cry back to the man-wolf days,
By the long trail, the lone trail;
When a man is blood of the padded feet,
And the lust to kill makes his footsteps fleet,
For he needs must eat or he else will die;
By the long lone trail neath the cold grey sky.

And the baser breed have trod the trail,
The long trail, the lone trail;
Where the law is naught but a futile frown,
And they tread its futile barriers down;
And the curse is set in the native child,
Of the long lone trail thro' the Northland wild.

And ever and ever on it goes,
The long trail, the lone trail;
And stripped is man of his man-made creed,
And ever he answers the call of need,
For the God of man is revealed up there,
On the long lone trail thro' the Northland air.

—John Bathurst.

The Diamond in the Rough

By Emily Gardner

"BUT, Tom, I've made up my mind—absolutely." And Lucille paused in her washing of the milk-pail to fling her delicately-shaped though toil-worn hands in a gesture of impatience. "So what's the use of starting the argument all over again?"

"Lucille, listen—oh, you can't mean it. The last two weeks, while you have been down to Winnipeg, have been just hell to me. I couldn't wait to get you back. And now to think you are planning to go for good—Lucille."

"Tom, don't look like that," cried Lucille, with a startled glance at her husband. "You make me feel so heartless. You've always admitted we were—oh—different. I am still young, Tom. Just twenty-five, and—"

"And beautiful," interrupted Tom. "God, but you are beautiful. Even in that old, faded, print dress, you look like a princess. A princess in a shack," he added, somewhat bitterly, with a glance about the dingy, cheerless room, upon whose walls the dim light from a small coal-oil lamp, cast large, ludicrous shadows.

"Since I was just a child, I have always wanted to go on the stage," Lucille went on eagerly, stimulated by Tom's praise. "Why, at school, and in college, I always took one of the principal parts in every play that was put on. And—well, you know what the papers said about me."

"Yes, yes dear. I know the life I took you from, when I brought you to this uncivilized hole, but——"

"I don't blame you for anything, Tom. But when I got back to the city, and saw the life I had missed, I just felt that this couldn't go on. The moving pictures—I just thrill at things they do. Such an opportunity to express oneself! I went to Mr. Lowry, who used to manage our college plays, and he said he would bank on my success. He'd pay my fare, he said, to California, and advance me money until I begin earning."

"I guess he doesn't need to be so generous," said Tom between clenched teeth. "I'm poor all right, but I don't think I'll let old Lowry, or anyone else, pay my wife's fare to California. Why, if you've got to go, I guess I could get a job down there, and be near you."

"But Tom, dear, listen! You're different. You know what I mean."

"Different! You mean I am big and rough, and don't always use the right word—or the right fork at the table. Yes, I am all that, and worse. But I love you, love you," he repeated, trembling with passion, "and you're mine in the sight of God. If the kid had lived—"

"Tom, don't!" And Lucille thrust out her hand as though to ward off a blow.

"When do you want to go?" asked Tom more evenly.

"Do you think you could take me to the station tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow! Yes. If you've got to go. You'll need money, so we'll go early, and take the big team along. The fellow at the livery stable said he would give me my price for them any day."

"Not the big team? Why, how would you get the summer's work done?"

"Oh, I'll manage."

"Dear old Tom! There never was anyone who could understand like you," said Lucille with her old sweet smile. "Don't think that I am doing this without a heart-ache. It is just that my soul is expanding with a great hungry longing to express itself." And with a conscious, dramatic little gesture, as though multitudes were watching it, she added: "This life is cheating me. Stifling me. It's all right for you. You like it."

"Yes. It's just like the life for a big, rough guy like me," said Tom with a grim smile, as he reached up to a hook on the wall, and brought down a lantern, which he lit. Then as he stood up straight, a picturesque young giant, in faded blue overalls, his bronze-colored hair only partly concealed by the battered old felt hat which he had placed on the back of his head, he added: "Just to do my work the best I can, and maybe lend a hand to a fellow that's down, is all I know. And I guess I can do that on the prairie as well as I could on the stage. Run to bed now, Lucille, I'm going to finish the chores."

THE next morning Lucille tried to sing as she stowed her belongings in an old trunk. "No more drudgery," she told herself. "No more greasy dish-water. No more"— but oh, an awful weight was on her heart—"no more Tom.

"I won't, I won't let my mind dwell on that side of it. If I do, I can't go.

"Well, just for once, I'll allow myself to picture the last five years. Then they must be a blank in my life. For if one wants success," reasoned Lucille, "one must be willing to make the sacrifice. It is weak to vacillate, or count the cost."

And kneeling on the floor, her elbows on the old trunk, her head fell heavy on her hands.

Once again, she felt the swish of water on the sides of the canoe. She saw the corn-flower blue of the Manitoba sky. She tingled with the sparkling sunlight. And Earl Clifford—yes, fastidious Earl Clifford, whom all the girls envied her, he was telling her he loved her. He would die for her. Then, the sudden squall. Oh God! how cold the water was. The breathlessness. The gasping. The quick pageantry of her life that flitted before her eyes. Then there were strong arms. She was clinging tightly. But when she opened her eyes, it was not the dreamy, languishing gaze of Earl Clifford that was bent upon her. No, here were grey eyes, clear and steadfast. She saw, not a face of delicate contour, but a determined jaw, lips firmly set, and hair, a mass of it, pure bronze.

"Who is this wonderful hero?" she remembered wondering. "Did he drop from the sky?" How tenderly he had set her down on the sand, and didn't seem to want thanks. And oh! the revealing moment when she found that Earl Clifford had swum to shore—and forgotten her.

She could still see the big man with the bronze hair, as he came to her home in the city to inquire for her. She could feel the ecstacy of the moment when she found herself in his arms, vowing that she would sooner be his wife, on the remotest homestead on the universe, than live in Paradise with any other man.

THE HILLTOPS

One day I walked with you
Upon the hill-tops,
And saw the sun-rise fair.
Far down beneath us, in the valleys
Many slumbered,
Nor dreamed of all
The glories painted there.

Waking they turned
Each morn to toil and labor ;
With striving bargained o'er their wares
Yet we who danced
On rose-kissed clouds of sunlight
Ignored those petty cares.

The vixen worry,
With her grey gaunt clothing,
May follow after—and she will—
But we who know
The sunlight and the laughter
Choose life upon the hill.

Lereine Ballantyne

HOW foolishly proud he had been when he showed her about the little place, and told her his plans for the future. How bravely he had borne the discouragements. The fire. The hail. The frost. Never one good crop. And oh! the black, black day they had carried out little Jim. How the neighbors had come to Tom for help. Yes, he had lent the hand to the fellow that was down. But above all, his love for her; his great protecting love. "Oh God!" she sobbed. "Don't let Tom find me like this. If he does, I'll never have the courage to go."

Lucille rose quickly to her feet, and wiped the tears from her eyes, focusing her mind upon a little, perfect apartment in California. There would be a maid, of course; and glorious work. The absorbing work one loved.

As they drove off to the station Lucille didn't look back at the little house on the hill. She didn't look back at all, because she had taken the curious fancy that there was "reproach" in the patient faces of the big team that Tom had tied to the back of the buggy. His pride, they were; and she had to talk constantly to drown the measured, solemn sound of their hoofs on the road. She didn't look too much at Tom either. His shoulder was so close. It would be so easy, so unutterably sweet, to let her head fall upon it, and whisper, "Let's go back home." But no, hadn't she read somewhere that a great career is always born of a great sacrifice? It would be weak to draw back now.

LUCILLE felt strangely uncomfortable under the inquisitive glances of the neighbor women as they drove up to the station, depositing their cans of cream on the platform, there to await the incoming train which would carry them off to the city. "Land sakes! Going away again! Why, haven't you just got home?" was what she read in their eyes.

But Lucille merely tilted her chin a little higher. For, what could they know of a flaming ambition? And she was soon gone from their horrid, staring eyes. Just a few minutes—then a shrieking whistle, a jangling bell, a sudden crushing embrace, a whisper in her ear, "Come back any time; I'll be always wanting you," and Lucille was speeding away to fame.

And in her mind was a picture, which a last look from the train window had given her, of Tom, courageously waving his old felt hat, his bronze hair shining in the sun.

"I won't go. I can't," she sobbed. "I'll come back from the next station." But when Lucille reached the next station, she was in fancy a 'Star'; one of the enraptured gaze of the multitudes, to come back to brightest on the screen. And she couldn't leave the nonentity, and Tom.

Tom held his head high until he got out of town. None should know how Lucille had hurt him. It wouldn't be fair to her. How could she continue this dreary existence, when her whole soul craved life, and beauty? And how like a lovely foreign flower she seemed, among the neighbor women. Her image was burned in Tom's memory: the limpid violet of her eyes, the delicate oval face, in its frame of dusky hair. But when he thought of her laughing lips, a burning light gleamed in his eyes. "God!" he said, "if any man ever touches those lips, I'll kill him."

TOM worked hard in the days that followed; dreadfully hard. He tried to do the work of two men; and it wasn't easy to get along without the big team. When he came in from the fields he had his meals to get. And often, too tired to eat, he would just slip off to bed without his supper.

But what a crop! Such bounteous fields of yellow wheat. A great sea of pure gold, they were. "If only Lucille could see them," he would say. "Poor little Lucille, she saw nothing but failure. No wonder her soul grew sick."

Such wonderful letters came from Lucille. "My success has been far more than I ever dreamed possible," she wrote. "Of course the work is dreadfully hard, and I get very tired. But you'll excuse me, won't you, Tom dear, if I don't write often?"

Sometimes Tom grew impatient, waiting; then a long letter would come to cheer him up. Such glowing accounts of her friends, how people praised her looks, and, best of all, how she could act. True, she asked few questions as to how Tom was getting along, or as to what the crop was like. But she always signed herself, "Yours lovingly, Lucille," and Tom could tirelessly feast his eyes on those three words. Once she said, "Tommy, I'm lonesome for you tonight." And Tom's eyes glowed, and he dreamed a dream.

"This crop will be all for Lucille," he planned. "What a surprise I'll have for her. When the harvesting and the fall plowing are done, I'll come down for the winter. "I'll get books and study at nights. Lucille shall not be ashamed of me. I'll even handle the cutlery according to Hoyle," he thought with a grim smile. Then time flew. So much to live for after all.

The neighbor women came splendidly to Tom's rescue to do the cooking for the threshers. And with an eye on the door to see that Tom was in the distance—far in the distance, they enjoyed many a pungent gossip about Lucille. She had looks, they would admit. But there was nothing else to her. "But oh! if Tom should hear us," they would say with a shake of the head. For the news went the rounds that one day in town Jim Webster had walked up to Tom, and before the whole crowd had said: "What's the use of being married to a good looker, Tom, if she is going to gallivant around to pleasure resorts, instead of staying home?" And they didn't care to repeat the word that Tom said, as with one hand he sent Jim to the ground, a sprawling mass of humiliation, that would be sent back flat each time it tried to rise. And how the crowd did roar.

THROUGH the keen, sparkling, pellucid air of November, Tom, pink-cheeked, joy like wine tingling through his veins, the mists of anticipation glowing in his grey eyes, in reality drove home from

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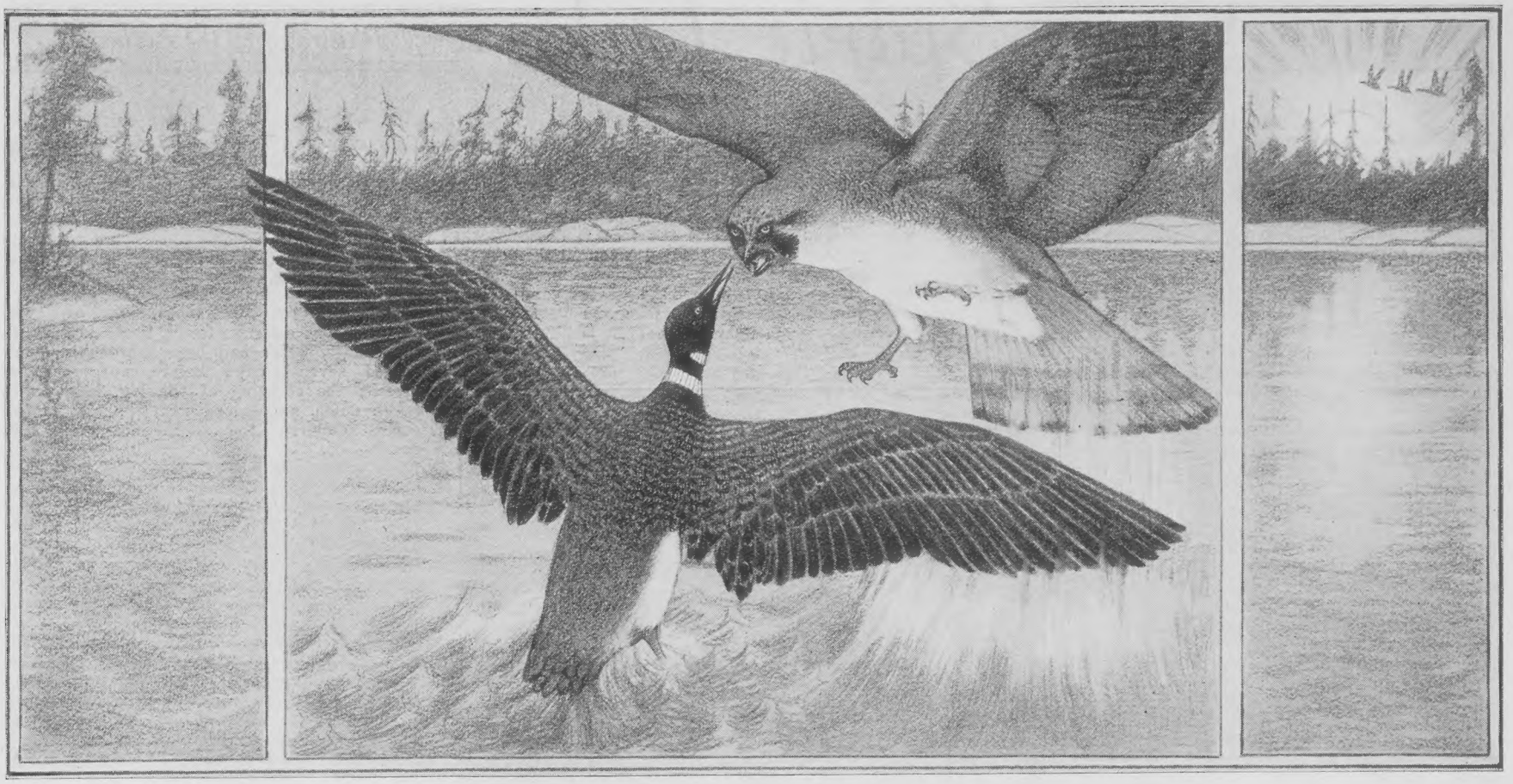


The Coming of the Loons

By H. Mortimer Batten, F.Z.S.

Illustrated by E. Gordon Smith

SIGFRIED OHWALL was at a loss to understand it, and his nerves were all on edge ere he got to the bottom of the mystery. Night after night he was wakened by sounds which could best be described as resembling the screams of a terrified child, terminating in peal after peal of crazy laughter; and these sounds, ringing across the lake and echoing among the many fairy islands, had a strange effect upon the settler's mind. For Sigfried Ohwall lived alone, as he had lived for the past fifteen years, on the shores of Lake Myriad Isle.

The first time he heard the sound he sat up in his bunk, convinced that something dreadful was happening somewhere in the woods, but as he listened his better judgment told him that some bird or beast must be responsible. Yet it was strange that he had never heard it before during the past fifteen years, and the next night he was wakened again. Then came sleepless nights of waiting and listening, convinced a dozen times that the sound was there until it really came. In the end he found out as follows:

Ohwall had two boats which he let to fishermen camping in the locality. By these he obtained what cash he needed, for he lived on fish and what the woods produced in the way of vegetable fare. Indeed, he had saved a goodly sum during those fifteen years as boatman at Lake Myriad Isle, for often he accompanied the fishermen to take charge of the oars and to show them where the black bass and the rainbows rose most freely. Today, as the wind was from the east, he took his fishermen straight across the lake, and in one of the sloughs they found the bass really moving, and the fishermen never saw what Ohwall saw.

At the end of the point there stood the stump of a giant pine, the jagged extremity of which, twelve feet from the ground, bore a huge pile of sticks—the nest of the fish-hawks, which for many years had nested there. This spring they had returned as usual, and Ohwall, watching one of the fish-hawks, saw it suddenly swoop down at what appeared to be a small bird floating on the surface. But as the osprey struck, its object suddenly attained the most astounding dimensions, and the Scandinavian realised that what he had seen was merely the head of the bird protruding above the surface. Now it revealed its whole body, standing up, so it seemed, on the water, and assuredly it was the size of a goose, while even at that distance Ohwall could see the curious blotches and speckles of its plumage.

The fish-hawk rose with a scream as the sabre bill of its intended victim shot out with snake-like quickness, then wheeling like a falcon about the bird in the water, it again attacked, but this time it was met in mid-air by a maelstrom of flying spray, which the big bird dashed in its direction, striking the surface rapidly with its wings. So effective was the defence that the osprey actually fell into the lake, and the water foamed in the wake of its foe as the latter dashed to the attack. Only just in time did the osprey rise, then without further comment, he flew to the eyrie on the pine stump, and sat in the dazzling light, shaking the water from his feathers and glowering angrily at his antagonist.

MEANTIME the water bird was waving its wings triumphantly as it stood up on the mirror surface, striking at imaginary foes above its head, and now Ohwall heard again the sound which had wakened him—peal after peal of crazy laughter, interposed by the frightful screaming of a child. And there is no sound in all the woods which has so strange an effect upon the human mind.

Ohwall was a man of few words, and the men who were with him would have been glad to have seen what he had just seen. Now one of them remarked idly—"The old loon seems to be letting himself go."

Ohwall stared. "The loon!" he repeated. "That bird a loon?"

It was the fisherman's turn to stare. "Why of course!" he replied. "Do you mean to say you've lived here all these years, and don't know the loon—the Great Northern Diver?"

Ohwall slowly shook his head. He had often heard of loons, of course, but he had not travelled much. This was the first time they had appeared on Lake Myriad Isle.

On the day following he rowed over to the point in the hope of satisfying some of his curiosity, for from what he had seen of the loons he felt sure that they were nesting there. As he drew near, one of the birds appeared on the dazzling surface just beyond the point, but no sooner had the bird caught sight of the boat than it suddenly submerged. Previously it was floating with its whole body above the surface, but now it sank till only its head and neck protruded. In this manner it proceeded to circle round, once or twice drawing so near that Ohwall could see its bright eyes, and the strange spangled markings of its neck.

Presently the man landed, and searching among the dead, rank rushes at the foot of the fish-hawk's tree, while the latter wheeled and screamed overhead, he presently found another loon lying full length with its neck curiously outstretched. Finding itself observed, the bird raised its head and began to hiss at him, while the one on the surface clattered the water with its wings; but Ohwall got a branch, and, out of reach of the formidable bill, he used this to lever the bird off her nest. When at length she got up she presented a laughable spectacle, for her legs were so far back as to be almost useless on land, but by dint of one or two ungainly flaps she managed to reach the water, where she joined her mate.

There were two eggs of a dull russet brown, sparingly speckled with black—not very beautiful eggs, to be sure, though Ohwall knew that they might be worth several dollars to him. But he was a bit of a poet at heart. So far he had not liked the music of the loons, but he might yet come to like it. A dollar or two was not of much consequence to him, while the eggs were doubtless the dearest things on earth to the strange birds which possessed them. And after all, this was the first time that they had come to these shores. So Ohwall pushed off his boat, leaving the nest undisturbed, and he was glad later that he had not yielded to his mercenary instincts.

I have said that Ohwall lived chiefly on fish, and these he took for the most part by dint of drift lines. A chunk of cedar served as a float, and this was set adrift with four or five feet of line dangling below. At the end of the line was a bait and a large knot, fish-hooks being too expensive and too difficult to obtain out there in the wilds of Tamiskaming. Moreover the knots served tolerably well, for the fish, having gorged the bait, did not as a rule get rid of the line before Ohwall came along and raised them skilfully from the water, no surgical operation being necessary.

One day there was a strong west wind, with the result that while Ohwall was out, several of his floats were swept across the lake, and not a few of them lost.

That night Ohwall heard constantly a long, sad "woo-who," which he knew by repute to be the loon call. It seemed to him that one loon was calling sadly to another, and he wondered what had befallen them. At dawn next day he pulled across the lake to search for his missing floats, and quite two miles from the point he again saw one of the loons with its conning tower above the surface. But this time the bird remained quite still till he was within thirty or forty yards of it, then, as it made off, Ohwall saw a ripple on the surface behind it, and realised that it was dragging one of his floats. Therefore he gave chase, the big speckled bird making short dives and at intervals flapping frenziedly across the surface, till at length, in desperate straights now, it accomplished a remarkable feat.

What had happened, of course, was that a fish had taken Ohwall's bait and the loon had taken the fish, but realising now the necessity for extreme action, the bird managed to disgorge the fish, which was a pickerel weighing well over a pound. So Ohwall got his float back, while the loon, diving and swimming, made the best of its escape.

A LITTLE while later the Scandinavian was out with two young fishermen of a type which, alas, is all too abundant in the northern woods. Seeing the male loon on sentry duty at the mouth of the slough, nothing would suit them but that they should try to catch it, and it was not for the silent Ohwall to interfere. It was merely for him to obey orders, and in any case he felt fairly sure that they would not succeed in their quest. Their faith was, indeed, based on the assumption that loons cannot fly, and this Ohwall knew could not be so. Certainly he had never seen the birds awing, but obviously they had come as springtime migrants with the rest of the feathered throng. He commented upon this, in the hope of inducing the sportsmen to relinquish their quest, but one of them replied—"Wall, I guess the loon is the same as the mallard. The mallard can't fly, you know, soon as he starts his springtime moult, and in any case it is a known fact that

Continued on page 62

Spirit Lake

A Serial: Chapter VII

By Arthur Heming — *Illustrated by the Author*

AT-TICK soon recovered. While lounging about camp for a few days before taking up his regular work again, he continued to court Mi-na-ce. Every evening they sat together under the blanket. One night old Noo-koom, convinced that the lovers had sat under the blanket long enough, decided that it was time they sat upon the brush together, or were married. Accordingly, she talked the matter over with Standing Wolf and his wife Ko-ko-hay. They agreed with her. Said Standing Wolf:

"It is well that At-tick and Mi-na-ce should be married according to the custom of our people, but it is also well that we should retain the friendship of the priest and of the nuns. On our return to the Post, therefore, the children must be married again 'in the face of the Church.' We must not forget that when we arrive at the Post the Redcoats will be there also; and—as they will endeavor to capture the buffalo killers—they will search our outfit for the buffalo skins. We need the buffalo skins; moreover, they belong to us; so I will not part with them. There is but one way to escape detection, and that is through the friendship of the nuns. I charge you all not to let any one at the Post know that At-tick and Mi-na-ce have already been married after the custom of the people. It is well that we should live according to the ways of our forefathers, and it is also well that we should seem to adopt the ways of the white man. Now call Mi-na-ce, and let me hear what she has to say."

When the girl came in, her father told her that At-tick was a good boy; that he would certainly make a successful hunter; and that, if she would sit upon the brush with him, they would give her plenty of marrow grease for her hair and some porcupine quills for her moccasins. They might even buy her some ribbons, beads, and silk thread for fancy work. Furthermore, At-tick would be given enough moose skins to make a lodge covering.

Mi-na-ce chewed meditatively upon the large piece of spruce-gum in her mouth, while she listened with averted eyes and drooping head.

Noo-koom, supposing the child to be in doubt, interposed:

"You must sit upon the brush with him, because I have promised that you would. Did we not eat the fat and the blood, and use the firewood he left at our door?"

The remembrance of all that dainty eating decided the child, and she gave her word that she would sit upon the brush with At-tick if they would promise to buy her a bottle of perfume when they returned to Fort Determination.

When Mi-na-ce had left the lodge, Standing Wolf called At-tick in, and said to him:

"Listen, my son; Noo-koom tells me that you have been sitting under the blanket with my daughter Mi-na-ce. She is a good girl and will make you happy, for she can make good moccasins."

"Yes," replied At-tick, "I know the girl, and I want her."

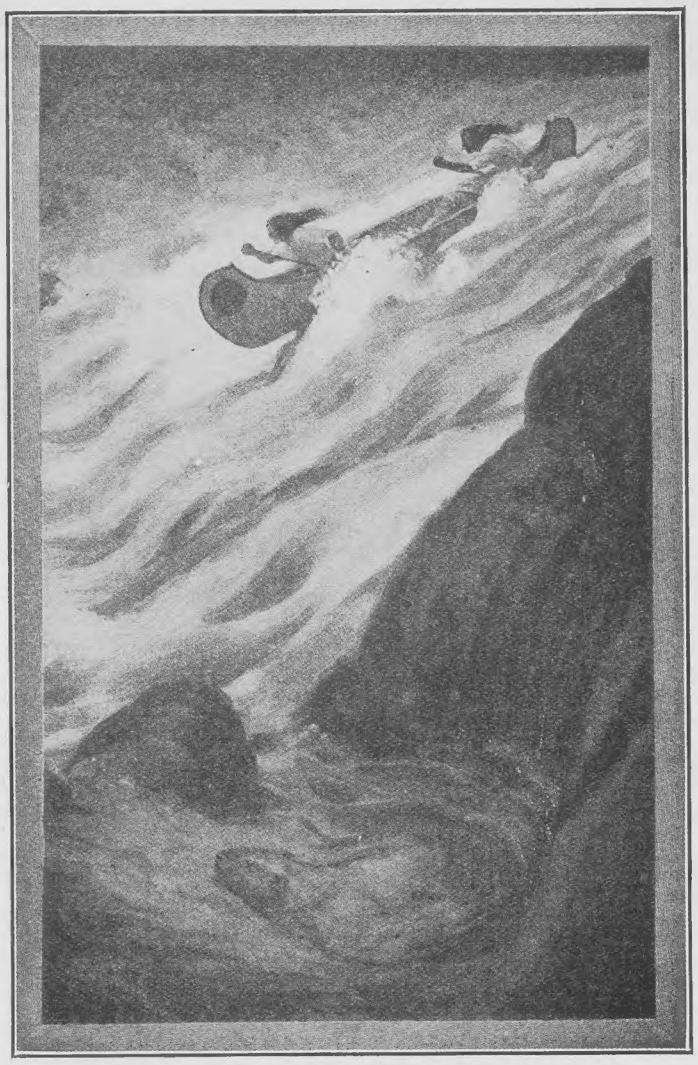
"To-morrow, then," said Standing Wolf, "you must sit upon the brush with her. I will tell the women to prepare the feast."

By daybreak next morning Mi-na-ce was sitting beside the fire greasing her hair, her supple, girlish figure glowing in the ruddy light. She was now, for the first time in her life, to wear the badge of womanhood; for she was about to reverse her dress and button it up in front instead of at the back. It is the Saulteaux custom for girls to button their dresses behind, and for married women to button theirs in front. In the absence of a new gown for her wedding, the bride-to-be simply reverses the old one.

Later in the morning At-tick bedecked in all his finery entered Noo-koom's lodge, seized Mi-na-ce by the hair of her head, and dragged her out. The girl's struggles to escape from the grasp of her abductor were edifying in their propriety. Her shrieks were heartrending—or would have been had they not alternated with delighted giggles. The wedding march had begun.

The struggling lovers led the way; the children, bubbling with laughter, followed, and the old people brought up the rear of the joyous procession. The happy couple tussled with each other until they reached a spot in the bush where At-tick had cleared a space and laid a carpet of balsam brush beside a fire. There the groom deposited his bride. With a final shriek she accepted the new conditions, and at once set about her matrimonial duties, while the others returned to their lodges to put the finishing touches to the wedding breakfast. How the child bride's face glowed with pleasure at the thought of now really possessing a hunter, and being endowed with all his worldly goods!

Beside a great fire built in the open there was laid a carpet of brush, in the centre of which a blanket was spread, and upon it the feast. There were hares, grouse, and fish roasted upon sticks. In one pot boiled fresh moose and caribou meat. In another simmered lynx entrails, bear fat, and moose steak. In a third stewed ducks and geese. In a fourth bubbled choice pieces of beaver, muskrat, lynx, and skunk. Besides, there were caribou tongues, beaver tails, bear meat, and foxes' entrails roasted upon the coals. Strong tea in plenty, fresh birch syrup, forest-made cranberry wine, a large chunk of dried Saskatoon berries served with bear's grease, frozen cranberries, and a little "bannock" made of flour, water and grease, completed the bill of fare.



Shooting Death's Rapids

Mi-na-ce sat beside At-tick and ate out of his dish. She even used his pipe for an after-dinner smoke. An interval of rest followed, and then dancing began.

The Saulteaux woman, like her civilized sister, is the willing slave of fashion. Her code of etiquette prescribes a special costume for the marriage feast. Possessing, as a rule, but one dress, she cannot afford to cut the top of it off; she, therefore, simply unbuttons it down to the waist, and is at once ready for the ballroom.

At Mi-na-ce's wedding the women, of course, appeared in "evening dress." Equally, of course, the dancing had to be vigorous in order to keep Jack Frost from becoming too familiar. To the measured beating of a drum the dancers began circling the fire. Round and round they moved in silence. Then, breaking into a chant, the men faced the women, and from time to time solemnly revolved. But the women never turned their backs upon the fire. It was a slow, monotonous measure, only relieved by the women and children throwing feathers at one another. Between each dance the company partook of refreshments, and so the festivity proceeded until daylight.

Next day Standing Wolf gave the young couple some wholesome advice and took occasion to announce that, as he had had a profitable winter's hunt, he would leave on the following Monday for Fort Determination, where, as usual, they would spend their summer. He and the boys had already finished their beaver and muskrat hunting, and had gathered in all their steel traps and had sprung their snares and deadfalls. The women had made their birch syrup and pressed the winter's catch of furs into rainproof packs. By the end of the week all was in readiness for the voyage, and Sunday was spent as a day of rest.

ON Monday morning, before the breaking of dawn, the camp was astir. After a hasty breakfast, the canoes, which had been thoroughly overhauled several days before, were gummed afresh; the covering of the big lodge was taken down, and—along with the rest of the outfit, children and dogs—packed in the canoes.

The older ones stepped aboard, and away they all paddled down Lonely River and out upon Spirit Lake. Everyone was happy, for they were leaving behind the toil and the solitude of their winter life. Soon they would be spending the balmy summer with old friends at the Post, where there would be few cares to disturb their joyous, lazy days upon the tribal summer camping-ground.

A favorable breeze arising, Standing Wolf had the two smaller canoes lashed on either side of the larger one, rigged a "three-point" blanket for a sail. Masses of ice were still floating on the lake, and—while the rest of the party reclined, smoking and chatting—Ko-ko-hay was kept busy wielding the steering paddle. It was a beautiful May morning and summer was fast coming in, for geese and loons and ducks were sporting upon the sparkling lake, while overhead a few white clouds were drifting lazily along on a southern breeze.

About sundown they drew close to the head of a rapid, and found the river blocked with ice. The easiest thing to do was to push the canoes in among the willows and spend the night in them. The water had risen to such a height that the banks were flooded and the jam of floating ice prevented their landing. So they fastened the canoes together among the trees. The Marten climbed up into a large lightning-shattered poplar, and, chopping off some dead branches, built a fire in an upper crotch of the dead tree, and boiled the water for their tea.

Next morning, after a paddle of about a quarter of a mile, they landed at the head of the portage, and, as the rapid was not a dangerous one, Standing Wolf determined to run it, and went ashore to see if the main channel was free from ice. On his return, he instructed the others to follow his lead about four canoe-lengths apart, so that in case of mishap they could help each other. Down the canoes plunged one after the other. The children wielded their little paddles, and screamed with delight as they swiftly glided through the foaming spray past shores lined on either side with wells of ice fully ten feet high.

As the canoes rounded a sharp bend in the rapid, Standing Wolf descried a black bear walking on the ice that overhung the eastern bank. The animal seemed as much surprised as any of them, and, instead of making off, rose upon its haunches and gazed in amazement at the passing canoes. There was no time to land, so Standing Wolf, quick as a flash, seized his gun, and, firing, hit the bear in the shoulder. For a moment the brute tore at the wound; then, apparently thinking that the canoes were to blame, galloped along the ice-ridge after them. At the foot of the first rapid the hunter killed the bear with a second ball fired from his canoe. Then they went ashore to skin and cut up the carcass.

While they were thus engaged, several Chipewayan Indians suddenly appeared. Hearing the firing, they had set out from their camp to learn the cause of it. They told Standing Wolf that over forty of their families were camped on the river bank below. They had grown dissatisfied with the trader at Fort Defiance, and had come down to trade at Fort Determination. On their invitation Standing Wolf decided to spend the rest of the day with them.

About sundown, while Standing Wolf's family were pitching their camp near the Chipewayans, a canoe was seen descending the rapids. It came abreast of the camp and stopped in mid-stream. Presently it was joined by another canoe, and still another, until in less than fifteen minutes there was a flotilla of some seventeen canoes manned, apparently, by Wood Crees. After a little parleying, the Crees landed on the opposite bank, and a few of the old men came over to pay the Chipewayans

Continued on page 60

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Mr. Tibbs Treats the Missus

By EDITH G. BAYNE

MR. TIBBS até his supper in absorbed silence. When the meal was concluded he pushed away the dishes and laid out some paper and a pen in the cleared space. Mrs. Tibbs, who had been eyeing him askance, watched this proceeding open-mouthed. He appeared not to notice her, but lighted his pipe and drew his chair closer to the table.

"Wot are you going to do?" she asked, at length.

"Oh," he replied lightly, "just a bit of 'ead work."

"Wot with?" she wanted to know, still agape.

Mr. Tibbs ignored the question.

"Mrs. Tibbs," he began impressively, "'ave you any idea wot day tomorrow is?"

"Tomorrow!"

"Your 'earing is hexcellent, Mrs. Tibbs."

"To-morrow's Thursday." she said, still puzzled.

"But wot else?"

"The twenty-second."—with a glance at the calendar.

"Wot else?" he persisted.

"Wot else!" she repeated. "Ain't that enough to put at the top of a letter?"

"'Oo's talking of a letter? This is a bit of figuring I'm doing," Mr. Tibbs condescended to explain. "If you must know," he added carelessly, "I've 'ad a rise."

Mrs. Tibbs sank into a chair.

"At last!" she exclaimed.

"So, seeing that tomorrow is our wedding anniversary—" he continued, in studiedly casual tone.

"Our wot?" cut in his wife quickly.

"Wedding anniversary. 'Ave you never 'eard of a wedding anniversary?" he demanded.

Mrs. Tibbs opened her mouth to speak but thought better of it. She regarded Mr. Tibbs in a bewildered way.

"I've asked for the afternoon off," he continued, "and we'll 'ave a bit of an 'oliday and a treat," he said, grandly.

"Oh Alfred," cried Mrs. Tibbs, tremblingly, "ain't you feeling well?"

"Five and seven's twelve and six is eighteen," mumbled Mr. Tibbs, busy with his pen. "Eighteen divided by two—"

"Maybe if you went and lay down a while—" his wife began.

"Now Mrs. T.," he said briskly, "say wot you'd like to do. 'Ere's my idea: we'll go down town and pick out a dress for you, then we'll 'ave hoysters—"

"And cream rowls!"

"Cream rowls. Then we'll go to a show. Not the pictures, mind, but the hopera—comic hopera. After that we'll go to a nice dance 'all—"

"Dance! Me!"

"It won't 'urt you, will it? A bit of hexercise—"

Mrs. Tibbs rose. She drew a long, quavering breath.

"I say, pinch me Tibbs," she begged, half-tearfully.

"Look 'ere!" said Mr. Tibbs sternly. "Are you coming or not? A nice wife I've got! Standing off 'umming and 'awing when I'm planning a treat for 'er!"

"Oh Alfred!" murmured Mrs. Tibbs. "Can—can we really do it? Can we afford it?"

"Afford it!" he shouted. "Wot 'ave I been telling you? Didn't I get a rise?"

"But tomorrow—"

"And does an anniversary come every day?"

"Wot a memory you've got!"

Mr. Tibbs became mollified.

"It's good someone in the family 'as a 'ead," he remarked.

The following afternoon, true to his word, Mr. Tibbs came home and got into his holiday attire. They were ready by two o'clock and went off followed by the wondering stares of all the neighbors. (Mrs. Tibbs had thrown a shawl over her head and run right over to Mrs. Hobbs before doing the supper dishes the night before to tell her about Mr. Tibbs' loving regard for and generous behaviour toward his wife). The program as outlined by the model husband was carried through in every detail, with additions by Mrs. Tibbs herself, and when just before the dance Mr. Tibbs put a bunch of violets into his wife's hand that lady's bliss and pride knew no bounds.

"Oh Tibbs," she murmured half-brokenly, "wot a 'eart you've got under that rough hexterior!" Nor did she remind him how often she had had to call their wedding date to his attention during the fourteen years that had passed since they were made one.

They both found the dancing rather strenuous. Mr. Tibbs breathed like the exhaust of a steam-dredge as he moistly propelled the panting partner of his joys and sorrows around the dance floor. They left early and on the way home Mr. Tibbs purchased a box of chocolates for his wife. It was the cap-sheaf.

Mrs. Tibbs, unashamed, threw her arms about his neck when they had reached their own porch and dissolved in tears of happiness the while she kissed his passionately on the ear. She was possessed of enough to boast about for ten years to come.

"There, there! 'Ave a bit of sense!" he protested.

"Oh Alfred, if all 'usbands were like you!"

He patted her shoulder.

"Get along in. You'll 'ave the neighbors talking!" he said.

"Not even a cigar for yourself! Everything for me!"

"Don't talk so loud."

"And to think I almost hinsinuated that you'd gone balmy."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it," he said awkwardly, as he struggled from her embrace and unlocked the door. "'Ave I left anything hundone, anything which I ought to 'ave done or done anything which I ought not to 'ave done?"

"Let me get your slippers for you, Tibbs. And sit 'ere by the fire. I'll fetch your pipe. And there's tea on the 'ob."

"'Ave I? Be so good as to hanswer my question, Mrs. T."

"You know you 'aven't!"

"'Aven't wot?"

"There was no 'itch anywhere." She regarded him lovingly and he returned the gaze complacently.

"'Ere's 'oping we 'ave many 'appy returns of the day!" Mr. Tibbs said, drinking his tea.

Mrs. Tibbs was silent a moment.

"Alfred—" she began and then hesitated.

"Well, wot's on your mind?" he inquired, good-naturedly.

"Alfred, there was only one thing—one little thing—"

"My word, if that ain't like a woman! Wot now? Wot's this little thing?" and he removed his pipe and stared at her incredulously.

"Alfred, the twenty-seventh is our anniversary—*not* the twenty-second!"

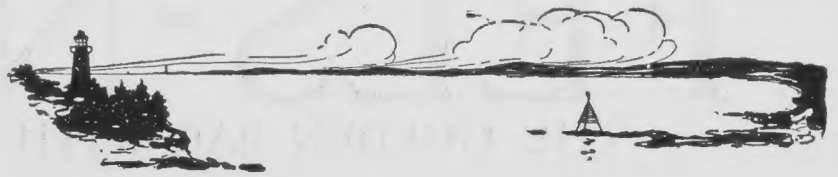
Mr. Tibbs frowned. He cast his eyes up and seemed to be trying to recall the past.

"Well," he said slowly, "*something* 'appened on the twenty-second! Something queer and hupsetting, I know that."

"Yes, Alfred. That was the date your pa fell down stairs and broke his leg and the same day lightning struck the 'ouse and set it afire."

"Wot a memory you've got!" he remarked.

"It's good someone 'ere 'as a memory," said Mrs. Tibbs, gently



Marie Antoinette Czaplicka

The Only Woman Who Ever Led An Arctic Expedition

By WILLIAM THOMPSON

FROM the classic shades of Oxford to the blizzard-swept tundra of the extreme north of the unknown wilds of Arctic Siberia is a far cry in contrasts, but such was the venture of Marie Antoinette Czaplicka, a remarkable woman.

A native of Poland, she graduated from universities of Russia and Poland, and wishing a broader life than the strict conventions of her country would admit, went to England bearing the Miniawaski Research Scholarship. In England, she continued her studies at the London University and Somerville College and later became head of the Department of Anthropology at Oxford.

After completing an expedition to Asia, Miss Czaplica turned her interests to the subject of aboriginal Siberia, but finding little data in the vast library of Oxford, reported the fact to the commission in Anthropology, and after consultation with the authorities of that department, was asked to head an expedition to the land of Ostyaks, Samoyeds and Tungus.

MARIE ANTOINETTE CZAPLICKA

Who was sent by Oxford University at the head of the Siberian Arctic Expedition, 1914-15. Her death, in Bristol, England, at the age of 35, is a great loss to the world.

From childhood, the desire to travel and enjoy an independent life was her great ambition, and to her came the supreme opportunity. Siberia meant to her the most desolate and remote geographical area on the habitable globe, and to her—born of one of the most distinguished families of Poland—the adventure was hailed with great anticipation. "This opportunity came to me," Miss Czaplica told the writer, "through the wonderful power of friendship that the Anglo-Saxon race revealed." The greatest achievement for Miss Czaplicka was to sweep away the prejudice that had always pervaded Oxford traditions, regarding woman's active participation in the affairs of that ancient and honorable institution.

Dr. Nansen has given to us a fleeting chronicle of his journey to the frontier of the Siberian Tundra, and also a glimpse of the Tundra tribes. Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," certainly proves that he knew much of the country of the south gleaned during his journey from Western Siberia to the White Sea. Miss Czaplicka spent thirteen months in intimate contact with these nomads of the North who were driven to the extreme limits of the ice lands of Siberia by the Tartars—always a menace to a peaceable and industrious race. Hundreds of her countrymen, many of noble birth, had been exiled to the shores of the Angara and Lena Rivers, and they had found strange symbols of a pagan and prehistoric race, confirming Defoe's description, both of the people and the relics of a remote civilization.

TO this land of almost unlimited geographical area, was this ambitious little woman to go, where she hoped to find the many secrets that could only be acquired by personal contact. Going first to Petrograd and afterwards to Moscow in advance of her party, she made preliminary arrangements for supplies and transportation, the other members arriving a few days later. From Moscow they went by the Trans-Siberian Railway to Krasnoyarsk, where they boarded a little paddle-wheeled craft for their journey of about 1,800 miles up the Yenisei River.

Amid the "odorous gloom" of the complement of passengers, nearly all of whom were fishermen going for their annual "catch" on the lower reaches of the river, the adventurers for nearly three weeks bided their time along its waterways on whose banks little of interest was revealed. Frequent landings were made to unload the outfits and fisher-folk who sought each year their old fishing haunts, most of them being Sibriaks. Miss Czaplicka and her comrades spent the time reading, writing and sleeping. At last Golchikha was reached, where the party was to land, and many were the strange conjectures of the natives when seeing them. They said the strangers had not come to fish as they had no nets, nor were they prepared to trap for furs, nor to hobnob with the Samoyed chiefs of the Big Tundra. They concluded that a strange madness had come over the party who had come from a more comfortable and temperate climate, where all the delights of life could be obtained.

The explorers had some difficulty in landing, though it was the end of June, as great ice drifts still clung to the shore. They found two deserted log huts that had been occupied by Russian traders. Immediately taking possession, they remained the rest of the summer. As Golchika was well within the Arctic Circle, daily receptions were tendered the Dolgan, Yurak, the Samoyed nomads that were camping near the huts of the "anglusha speditsia" who had come for no good purpose.

The Samoyeds are said to be descendants of a fair-haired race who as late as 500 B.C. inhabited the upper and southern Yenisei valley and who, after that time, mingled with the people of Turkish blood. There are many conjectures as to the meaning of the word "Samoyed" as applied to these people. The Russian meaning of the word is "flesh eaters." Schrenk derived the name "Samovedes" from "Syroyadsty" or "Raw-eaters." The Yenisei Ostyaks, like the Blond or Coppermine Eskimo, prefer raw meat to cooked, and are alike in their reverence for their Shaman or Medicine Man, who in their belief has a supreme control over the destiny of mankind. They are equally skilled in the fabrication of bows and arrows.

From Golchikha long and short sledge journeys were made by the members of the expedition, as there was ample snow for the reindeer to make good progress. The tribes visited were found to differ more in traits than by any specific marked difference of physical characteristics. They are dark of hair, yellow-skinned, and short in stature, resembling the Coppermine people of Coronation Gulf and Victoria Land of our own continent, and having little resemblance to the Mongolian in the formation of the eye. There is also a marked feature in the size of the hand and nose of the Samoyed, that simulates the Coppermine, both being small. Medicine, no matter how bitter or unpleasant to the taste, is to them like a delectable chocolate sundae to an American child.

THE first summer Miss Czaplicka spent in the country around the mouth of the Yenisei River. The summer was

Continued on page 63

No Excuse Now

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A NEW way has been found to combat film on teeth, and millions of people now use it.

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AS YOU know, sore throat is often the warning sign of more serious ills. The mouth is the open door for disease germs. You breathe them in unawares. Then comes trouble.

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Montreal	—Nov. 26, S.S. Melita	to Belfast, Glasgow
Montreal	—Nov. 26, S.S. Montrose	to Liverpool
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A Record of the Rocks in Western Canada

By DAN McCOWAN

ONCE upon a time, and that time some five millions of years ago, the entire area of western Canada was a semi-swampy region giving growth to luxurious vegetation of a tropical character. Feathery palm trees waved in the gentle breeze on the present-day site of Edmonton city; fig trees blossomed and bore fruit where Calgary now stands; at Medicine Hat the wind sang through the giant sequoia groves; everywhere great plane trees with massive trunks and wide-spreading branches budded and shed their leaves through many a silent century.

This was the age of the Dinosaurs or Terrible Lizards, huge ungainly creatures that stalked solemnly through the steaming everglades, most of them rivaling in size the elephant and the rhinoceros, some of them much larger than any existing land mammal. Many were plant eaters, several species fed on flesh. Some walked on all fours, others maintained an upright posture and strode upon strong hind legs. Several of these great lizards had toes to which were attached long sharp claws; others were furnished with peculiar hoof-like nails upon the feet. Many were clad in coats of bony armour—all were of formidable appearance.

A type of Dinosaur inhabiting this continent millions of years ago

It is clearly shown in the record of the rocks that these monsters did not perish in any sudden cataclysm of Nature. At that far-off period in the earth's history the Rocky Mountains were being gradually upraised, a process which resulted in the draining of the swampy region to the east of that great chain of hills. Thus the original habitat and natural food supply of the Dinosaurs disappeared and they, being non-migratory in habit, in course of time became extinct. The world's greatest known cemetery of Dinosaurs is situated on the banks of the Red Deer River in the province of Alberta. In recent years many petrified skeletons have there been unearthed and brought to light, giving to this present age a knowledge of the ancient forms of wild life native to prehistoric North America.

One of the largest and best known Dinosaurs has been named Trachodon or "Duck Bill." Similar in appearance to the lizards of this age, but with a head nearly four feet long and a body almost as large as a railroad box-car this animal must have proved of awe-inspiring aspect. At home in the slimy swamps, his food consisted entirely of succulent water plants. The fore feet were webbed, clearly indicating that "Duck Bill" was chiefly aquatic in habit. When he came ashore and walked upon the land his trail was easily discerned, each footprint being over three square feet in extent. A thick and heavy tail assisted the creature in swimming and also served as a balance when he walked erect.

The teeth of Trachodon must have proved a source of great annoyance to the beast. During the course of his long life there was no period in which he was not "cutting new teeth." Each jawbone carried from forty-five to sixty rows of teeth, ten to fourteen teeth in each row, one above the other, two thousand teeth in all. As the top layer wore out the under rows moved slowly upwards, new teeth being constantly in process of formation at the base.

LIVING in an earlier age than Trachodon was the water-frequenting Saurolophus or Crested Lizard. He was similar in appearance to "Duck Bill" but was furnished with a long spiney crest which extended backwards from the top of the head. Saurolophus was of a harmless disposition and being without adequate means of defence depended upon his ability to swim well when danger threatened. A strict vegetarian, he browsed freely on the rank tropical water-plants which grew abundantly in the humid swamps. The remains of this most interesting type of animal were first discovered in 1911 at Tolman Ferry on the Red Deer River, one hundred miles east of Calgary.

Another weird-looking monster was Triceratops, the Horned Dinosaur. Common to the everglades of long-ago America he was, in all probability, the largest land animal the world has ever known. In general appearance this great beast resembled remotely the present day rhinoceros. Armed with two large horns he was well equipped for fighting. There is evidence in the rock records that he did fight tremendous battles, fossil bones having been found which were fractured and had mended during the life of the creature. From beak to tail-tip Triceratops measured about twenty feet in length and stood eight feet high at the shoulder. Although possessed of an enormous skull measuring no less than nine feet in length, the animal had a very small brain. In the Victoria Memorial Museum at Ottawa are to be seen splendid rock impressions from the skin of this big-headed beast. It was covered with thick scales. From the structure of the teeth and from the knowledge of his habitat it is evident that the Horned Dinosaur lived chiefly upon plants and shrubs.

Although incomplete skeletons of horned Dinosaurs had long been known to scientists, it was not until 1914 that a specimen complete in every detail was unearthed. This type, known as Monoclonius, was resurrected from his rocky tomb at Sand Hill Creek in Alberta. Monoclonius was closely reated to Triceratops and resembled the latter in size and in appearance. He walked on all fours and was very bow-legged. A beak like that of the turtle was particularly well adapted to the clipping of branches and snipping of shrubs, for this giant, like most of the others, was a browser. Prominent on the ugly misshapen head was a single horn placed directly over the nose. A large scalloped frill extended from the back of the head and covered the somewhat short neck. On the front feet were five toes, three of them bearing small hoofs. From the appearance of the eye it is supposed that this animal was nocturnal in habit and could see well in the dark.

Moropus was an odd-looking animal, being in general appearance a combination of horse, rhinoceros and camel. There is but scant reference to this type of mamal in the rock libraries but at least one

extraordinary characteristic has been discovered. On the fore feet were large claws, this on a herbivorous animal being quite unusual and indeed problematical. It has been suggested that Moropus lived in an arid region and made use of his claws in digging for water.

A stocky short-legged animal was Ankylosaurus. Browser by habit he was a meek and inoffensive fellow, fond of solitude and desiring to be left undisturbed and unmolested. Clad in a complete coat of armour he must have been almost invulnerable to attack. This grotesque quadruped even possessed movable plates which, placed over each eye, could be dropped in like manner to the visor of a mail-clad knight.

IN that far-off age, even as at present, there were many kinds of predatory creatures hunting and capturing the grazers and browsers. Chief amongst these carnivores was the giant Albertosaurus whose five-foot jaws armed with terrible dagger-like teeth were capable of rending and tearing the tough hide of Triceratops and ripping the armour plate from the body of inoffensive "Anky." This monstrous terror of the slimy swamps walked upright and must have awed all living creatures as he stalked in unchallenged supremacy. This great brute measured forty feet in length. His front legs were very short being used chiefly in grasping and holding his luckless prey. Albertosaurus, were he still included amongst living species, could without stretching in the least, push his head through the second-floor windows of any ordinary dwelling house. This comparison may serve to convey some idea of the height of this mighty monarch of the prehistoric jungles of North America.

These various types lived during what is known as the Upper Cretaceous period. Dinosaurs existed however in a much earlier period than this. One of the most interesting forms of wild life native to the North America of ten millions of years ago was Stegosaurus or Plated Lizard. A splendid fossil specimen of this creature was discovered thirty-five years ago. Extending upwards from the spine are two rows of huge horny plates, their use unknown to mankind. Although this animal had a body which weighed several tons the head was comparatively small. Indeed the skull could not have contained more than two ounces of brains. It would seem that Stegosaurus was distributed over a large area of the earth's surface as fossil remains have been found in England, France and East Africa as well as in North America.

About thirty-five years ago magnificent fossil deposits were discovered in the Canadian Rockies close to the town of Field in British Columbia. From time to time these areas have been carefully examined by competent geologists and much of the early history of this old world has been deciphered from the rock records on Mount Stephen, Mount Burgess and Mount Wapta. The fossils found in this region are those of marine invertebrate life—the earliest known form of life to exist upon the earth. As far as is now known there were then no fishes, no land animals and no trees. There was however, even at that remote period, an abundance of primitive marine creatures such as crustaceans, jelly fishes, trilobites and other like forms. When and by what means these creatures came to their death is yet largely a matter of conjecture. It is clearly evident however that the agency of destruction was not a violent one. From the exquisitely preserved state of the many delicate organisms visible in the rocks it has been inferred that a considerable quantity of carbonic acid was present in the water and mud when these primitive forms of life were put to everlasting sleep and buried in a limestone mausoleum.

Dr. Walcott, the eminent geologist, speaking recently of this wonderful phenomena, said:

"One can hardly realize that these varied forms of life were buried in the mud twenty millions of years ago and have remained undisturbed while several miles of thickness of sediment were deposited over them, changed into rock, elevated into mountain masses and later, eroded to form the present mountains and canyons."

BACTERIA are popularly supposed to be modern forms of life. Yet the microscope of the scientist has revealed such minute organisms in the fossil wood of Carboniferous time and has even traced their existence into the first known epoch in the earth's history.

At the present time all living creatures are divided into Orders, Families, Genera and Species. There are about one hundred and twenty orders in the animal kingdom alone. This is a close estimate and includes all animals of this age and also those of past times which have left fossil remains. Today, all the ancient orders of birds and beasts are still represented. No order of fishes, insects or worms is known to be extinct. Only in the reptile class has there been any marked disappearance. It is a most extraordinary circumstance that so few of the ancient animal types are missing, when one takes into consideration the aeons of years which have elapsed since the record of the rocks began.

We are indeed fortunate in having these rock libraries in easily accessable parts of North America. Deep down in the canyons of the Red Deer River and high on the flanks of the Rocky Mountains one may at any time cut and turn new pages in Nature's Book of Knowledge and learn of the profound periods which passed before God had breathed the spirit of life into human nostrils, or ere man had become a living soul.

A restoration of Stegosaurus or Plated Lizard

Fulfilling The Requirements

Willie came up to his mother with an expression of anxiety on his face. "Ma," he asked, "if a poor, hungry little boy was to come to the back door and ask for something to eat, would you give him that piece of pie that was left over from dinner?"

"Yes, Willie, of course I would," said the mother.

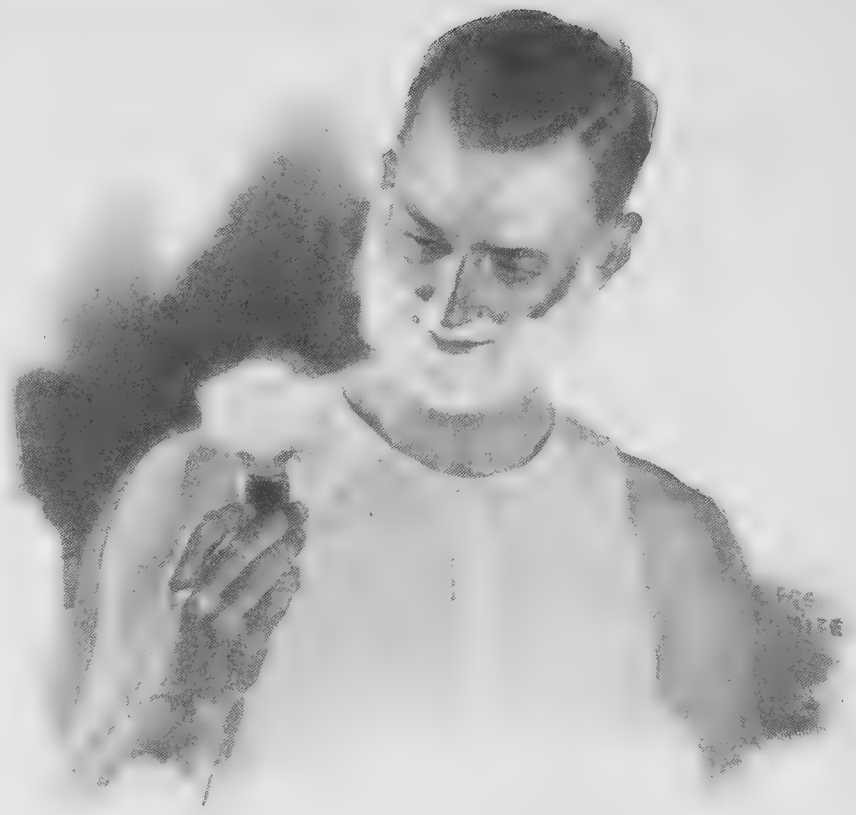
Willie's face cleared.

"All right," he said, "just wait a minute till I run round to the back door."

The Mule As A Boy Sees It

Being told to write a brief essay on "The Mule," Ralph turned in to his teacher the following effort:

The mewl is a hardier bird than the guse or the turkie. It has two legs to walk with, two more to kick with, and wears its wings on the side of its head. It is stubbornly backward about coming forward.



Why Not

Accept this test now? Find out if this Shaving Cream is all that men claim?

By V. K. CASSADY, Chief Chemist

GENTLEMEN.

The other day a man wrote in saying he had been reading my ads for three years. And had discounted all the claims I made.

He wanted to thank me for the 10-day tube his wife had sent in for! Said it had given him a new conception of a shaving cream.

Maybe you are in the same position. Think your present cream or soap embodies the supreme. 90% of the men who come to Palmolive Shaving Cream start from that point.

That is why we say "don't buy." We rest our case on a test. A test we send you free. Won't you do me the kindness to mail in the coupon and to make it?

Excels in 5 big ways

Palmolive occupies a unique position in its field.

Scarcely five years old, yet it occupies top place. More men turn to it every day than to any rival. Its success is a much discussed sensation.

It represents the experience of 60 years in soapmaking . . . the best men know in that field.

Over 130 formulas were discarded before the right one was found.

It embodies the 4 requirements 1000 men told us that they wanted most in a shaving cream. And a fifth, for which no one thought to ask, yet supremely important—strong bubbles.

We're told no other man has ever matched it. That it brings to shaving, delights unknown before.

Now a test — please

Now in justice to yourself and us, we ask the courtesy of a trial.

It may bring you a new conception of shaving. May let you find the advantages other methods you know have always lacked.

Mail the coupon. Detach it now before you forget.

5 Delights

1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2—Softens the beard in one minute.
3—Maintains its creamy fullness 10 minutes on the face.
4—Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5—Fine after-effects, due to palm and olive oil content.

PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM

MADE IN CANADA

Follow with Palmolive After Shaving Talc.
An invisible way to that well-groomed look.

10 SHAVES FREE

Simply insert your name and address and mail.

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Keep Friends with Health

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your test by giving you your first week's supply.

"It seems to me that it would be a wise plan for mothers, particularly, to think of this test in connection with the health of their families.

"Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply right away."

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

HEALTH is too valuable an asset to be considered lightly. It is very essential, if you are to take a leading part in business, to get the greatest pleasure out of life. Abundant health depends upon steady nerves—nerves untroubled by poisons often unknowingly taken daily into the system.

These poisons are Caffeine and Tannin—in coffee and tea. They are detrimental to the whole nervous system—frequently cause restless sleep, excitability, indigestion and other troubles which affect health.

Keep friends with health through Instant Postum, the hot, full-bodied drink which is friendly to all. Delightful and wholesome at any time, it is made instantly in the cup with boiling water. Economical—costs half-a-cent a cup. Ask for it at your restaurant, your club and on the train. For those who prefer it, there is Postum Cereal, made by boiling for twenty minutes. Take advantage of Carrie Blanchard's offer.

Send the Coupon

Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Limited

Head Office: 45 Front St. E., Toronto

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Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Limited.
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I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, the first week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM ☐

POSTUM CEREAL ☐

Check which you prefer

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... Prov. .....

(72)

"There's a Reason"

INSTANT POSTUM

CHILDREN LOVE INSTANT POSTUM *made with milk!*

You know how many children do not like the taste of milk. You know how they like to have the same drink as the "grown-ups." You know, too, how good it is for them to have a hot drink!

Make Instant Postum for them, using hot milk instead of boiling water! They'll like the taste immediately! And they will get the food elements of wheat, plus the nourishment of milk, in a hot drink that is economical and so easy to make!

250

The Work of the Canadian Air Force at Victoria Beach, Man.

By HELEN E. VIALOUX

THE casual visitor to that most delightful of summer resorts, Victoria Beach, Lake Winnipeg, who sees an aeroplane swoop down into the waters of the lake like a graceful bird, strong of wing, skim along some hundreds of yards, mount up against the prevailing wind and disappear over the tree tops, marvels at the speed and flight of the plane, but very often has no idea of the outstanding work accomplished by the Royal Canadian Air Force. The base of operations for the C.A.F. in the West, is Victoria Beach, with a sub-station at Norway House, the picturesque old trading post of the Hudson Bay Company.

"We have three important jobs on our hands," the adjutant told us when we dropped in for a chat one afternoon. "All three are being worked out with real success, and provide excellent training for the airmen in this, the only training camp for aviators in Western Canada."

One of the amphibian type fire-ranging on Manitoba waters

Major Basil Hobbs, Squadron Commander, has completed his flight of 2,000 miles over much unexplored country, up as far north as Port Nelson, that wonderful northern post, recently called "the lifeline" of Manitoba by an enthusiastic boat captain—and east to New Ontario. The little party of aviators had an expert photographer with them, taking wonderful aerial photos of the country for the topographical survey. These pictures are keyed together to scale, showing the contours of the surface of the country; about ten square miles is shown in close detail in each picture. Every foot of the territory is covered by means of the photos in sufficient detail to enable the experts working on the new maps of Canada, to be absolutely accurate in their work. These aerial scouting parties bring home a fund of information of great value in regard to the natural resources of much unexplored country. The seven planes (4 stationed at Victoria Beach and 3 at Norway House) patrol all the north country regularly, just as a policeman does his beat. The extent of timber lands and natural resources is noted—parts of this hinterland may be called a "trapper's paradise" where game of all kinds abound. As for minerals, it is a vast treasury of wealth, as yet untapped. It is interesting to learn how the planes are rationed to guard against mishap on aerial voyages. Besides the ordinary supplies, each machine carries an emergency ration which can be used when the crew are starving, and many times the officers go half hungry rather than break into their emergency ration.

At night the plane swoops down into a suitable cove or beach. Often the men sleep out in the open, rolled in blankets miles from any living soul. 1924 will go on record in the pilot's log for wonderful freedom from the mosquito and fly pest, usually such a severe trial to aviators and fire rangers. A silk tent weighing 3 pounds only and a fly netting canopy, is usually included in an airman's equipment, to save him from being tortured at night by flies and mosquitos.

ANOTHER job handled with ease by the air force is paying the annual treaty money to the Indian tribes. An aeroplane carries a treaty-paying official and crew, who seemingly come from the boundless blue, swooping down with his bounty to pay the long-anticipated treaty money to the Indians, who have become well used to the antics of the airmen. At first these children of nature fled away into the dense bush or called upon the rocks to hide them when these uncanny contraptions appeared out of the fathomless blue of the heavens. The lonely homesteader and the Indian tribes are more familiar at the present time with the doings of the air force than the man on the street. The treaties are paid on all the reserves in about one week, the Indian tribes gathering as usual with much ceremony, for the big event, making a grand celebration. Under the old order of things, it took several weeks for the treaty official to travel by canoe with his trusty guides, to accomplish the annual task, which was a big undertaking.

The Aeroplane Station at Victoria Beach, Man.

Perhaps the most important task of all is that of fire protection, which now is entirely worked out with the assistance of the aviators. Chief Ranger Bob Harvey, told an interesting story of fighting and preventing fires by means of the plane service. The three patrols on their regular beats, over 1,000 miles, send word of a fire in a few minutes to Chief Harvey, who at once gets his fire-fighting equipment in the plane, a midget fire engine, chemicals and coils of hose, rations for himself and men. Say the blaze is at Fort Alexander. In ten minutes the news comes to him by plane. Within an hour he is away to the forest fire. The plane is beached in a bay and the handy apparatus soon gets the fire under control. A puff of smoke, indicating a fire, can be seen from the

Continued on page 68

Strangers in a Strange Land

By MARY HOWARD

"HOW is Metro this morning?" Miss Heartfelt asked as the little neighbor girl brought her in her daily quart of milk.

A bright smile lit up the girl's face as she replied: "Oh, he is better this morning. He wants to play. When my mother went out to milk the cows he got up and ran to the window to see."

"I am very glad he is better and I hope you soon will be able to return to school."

"What lessons are they reading now? Every day I try to study some, so that the others will not get past me."

"That's a good girl, Lena, and I think they will not if you can come back soon, because you learn so easily."

The teacher then showed the child the lesson for the day, and her wistful brown eyes smiled happily up, as she said "Goodbye."

"It is such a relief to know that the child is better," mused Miss Heartfelt. "I have not gone over to the house, for fear the disease might prove to be contagious, and I might therefore endanger the school. I am doubtful about receiving this milk. I do wish the people would send out for a doctor when a sickness becomes serious, so that we might know when precaution is neceessary. But, cheer up! why worry now? The child is better—perhaps it was only a cold." And Miss Heartfelt hummed, relieved and happy, as she spread her morning meal. Taking up a magazine which she opened at one side, she immediately was lost to anxious care, as she read and sipped her tea.

The school house and the teacher's wee cottage

At the schoolhouse the children were delighted to hear of Metro's improvement and that Lena, and perhaps he, would soon be back to school.

"Now we may shout and play in the school yard again, may we not, Miss Heartfelt? If he is better, you know?"

"I think we may."

A busy hum pervaded the place, the teacher calling up class after class in quick succession. Such eager, anxious little ones! Such difficulty getting their tongues around the strange English words. In the more advanced classes what trouble they experienced finding the exact shade of meaning from the difficult construction.

"George, now what is this? The man was sleeping soundly. Just what does that mean?"

George begins to run his fingers through his hair; and, to himself, "Yes, sound—a sound is a noise." Then aloud, "He was making a loud noise."

The teacher broke into a merry laugh, and George in his anxiety for the moment forgets his diction.

"Why you laugh? I hear my father make loud noise."

Saunda comes up and coaxingly whispers, "Please, I cannot use 'throughout' in a sentence."

"Well, Saunda, it is your exercise, I cannot help you now. Just try."

Later the sentence appears on the board: "I never got throughout of a window."

Jennie, who has been using the dictionary to get assistance in comprehending the meaning of "sweat," replies in class, "To underpay the worker."

Willie has the far-famed classic: "Woodman spare that tree" for a reading lesson, and the teacher questions him. The beautiful couplet

"'Twas there my mother kissed me,
My father pressed my hand,"

calls for the question, "Willie, why did the father press his hand?"

"Because he wanted to hurt him"

Then a labored description is given, that the father pressed his hand for the same reason that the mother kissed him. It was a mark of affection, of love. And the lesson proceeds. "Forgive this foolish tear," is quoted. "Willie, why did the young man cry?" "Because that hurt him," declares the strong-headed Willie.

But recess comes at last, and teacher and all scamper out to enjoy an hilarious game of "Aunty-Over."

They see two little white faces looking out at them from a window of the house across the way; the house kept so neat and shining by the careful plastering and whitewashing done by a painstaking woman. The children wave their hands to Lena and Metro as they hurry back into school.

"Now, Miss Heartfelt it is baseball at noon you know. Don't be long, don't be long."

"I'm pitcher!"

"I'm catcher!"

"Our side's in to bat!"

These and sundry other cries follow the teacher as she makes her way towards the little one-roomed shack that stands at the back of the school grounds.

WHEN the gentle tap, announcing the arrival of the milk, was made the next morning, and Miss Heartfelt had opened her door, a little tear-stained face looked up at her from its encircling shawl.

"Lena, what is the matter?" cried the already apprehensive teacher. "Is anything the matter?"

"Metro is dead! He died!" sobbed the child.

The woman threw her arms around the little one, and together they wept. When it was possible to get an explanation, Miss Heartfelt, in her ignorance and inexperience, decided that the boy must have had a sudden attack of croup, and that his parents, having no remedies, had been helpless to aid him.

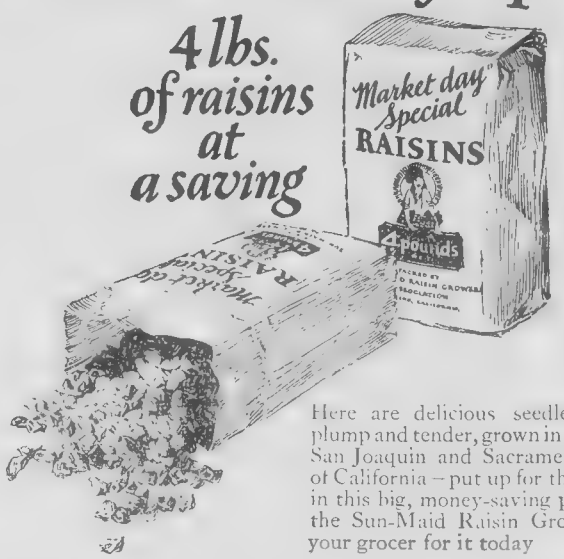
There was no noisy playing in the school yard that day, and the children from time to time, saw their parents and older brothers and sisters passing to and from the stricken house.

The following day a special word was received from the mother of the dead boy, that the "professaka" and children must come over to the house. So at the noon hour a line solemnly marched across, two by two, teacher and girls first, and then the boys.

Continued on page 64

Here it is—
The new "Market Day Special"

4 lbs. of raisins at a saving



Here are delicious seedless raisins, plump and tender, grown in the famous San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys of California—put up for the first time in this big, money-saving package by the Sun-Maid Raisin Growers. Ask your grocer for it today

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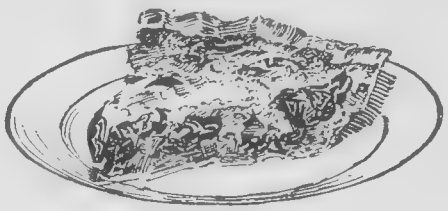


Sour Cream Raisin Pie—ready in half the usual time

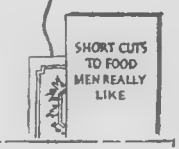
No more need to miss giving your family extra "treats"—just because time is too short.

Serve Sour Cream Raisin Pie, made this new way. It has a wonderful flavor all its own and is amazingly easy to prepare—ready for the oven in ten minutes. The filling is not cooked separately—just mixed. Give your men-folk this pie tomorrow and see the contented look it puts into their eyes. Just follow the recipe printed below.

Many practical recipes and hints of this kind are given in the folder, "Short Cuts to Food Men Really Like." Use the coupon below to send for it—and also the new 46 page book, "Recipes with Raisins."

Sour Cream Raisin Pie

1½ cups sour cream; 1 cup sugar; 1 egg; 1 tablespoon flour; ½ teaspoon each cinnamon and nutmeg; 1½ cups raisins. Mix flour, spice and sugar, slightly beaten egg, sour cream and raisins. Pour into a pie shell and bake 30 minutes Will serve 6 persons. Top pie crust may be added if desired.



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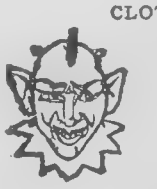
CLOTH REMNANTS



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Gifts From Your Piece Bag Which Will Be a Help to Santa Claus

By SYLVIA SIMS

EVEN Mrs. Santa Claus has not time now to do all the bits of stitchery that she would love to undertake! Can't you see her enthusiasm over such fascinating pieces of scrap-bag magic as are pictured here?

Not that the first of these toys I ever saw came out of a scrap bag! Far from it. They came, indeed, from the haughtiest little children's specialty shop you ever saw—a friendly, delightful, witch-crafty sort of place if one entered it with a plump pocket book to lend countenance to a long Christmas list, but a doleful place, truly, if one had to be scared off by the price tags on the dear, enchanting toys.

Doleful, that is, if one possess no bit of witchcraft of one's own, no touch of deftness in one's finger tips that send them rummaging in the piece bag in no time at all, and in still less time, set them at the joyful task of making something out of nothing, much out of little.

An oil cloth bib, for instance. Not a homely thing, humiliating to any young person of taste. But the most discriminating infant would welcome a bib such as this one of black oilcloth bound in his favorite color and adorned with flowers embroidered right on to the oilcloth with bright yarns. You probably wouldn't have to buy a thing but the trifle of oilcloth, for whilst binding tape is a little easier than anything else to put on, it isn't really necessary; strips of any cotton material will answer nicely. The binding can be quite narrow, leaving an excuse for blanket-stitching the edges with wool in another colour. We do like good colours and lots of them, when we are at the bib age!

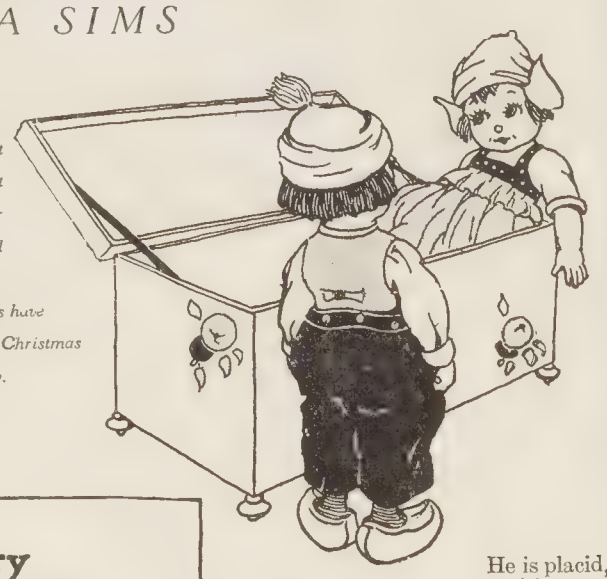
If you are a quite clever person, you may decide to outline some interesting things like chicks, ducks, rabbits or butterflies, instead of making lazy-daisy flowers. If you do not draw very well yourself you can always buy designs for the most-loved animals, from any pattern service.

And if you are enjoying the work, why stop at a mere bib? A juvenile table set would be a most acceptable gift—and would lend the greatest possible impetus to good manners. It is better, perhaps, to paint on the design instead of embroidering it, in this case; no experience is necessary, if you transfer the pattern on to the oilcloth and then paint it in solidly with tube paint thinned down a little with benzine.

An oil cloth bib in black will do,
For Jumbo bound in navy blue,
A tassel tail, a button eye,
A blanket red and a curtain ring,
In the jungle now are quite the thing
As a Christmas toy or a nursery seat,
This elephant is most complete.

Meet Mrs. Bunny, a warm friend at night,
When Mother departs and puts out the light.
Just a hot water bottle tucked under her dress,
Is the secret, I know, of her social success.

A chest just like the pirates have
To hold their ill-got booty,
Crammed full of all the Christmas toys,
Has found a pleasant duty.



Infantry Specials

EIDERDOWN carriage boots on woolly lamb soles.

A splashy bow of satin ribbon for the knitted carriage robe

Quaint little hand-quilted bibs.

A play pen.

A lightly quilted pad, appliqued with cretonne nursery figures, for the floor of the play pen.

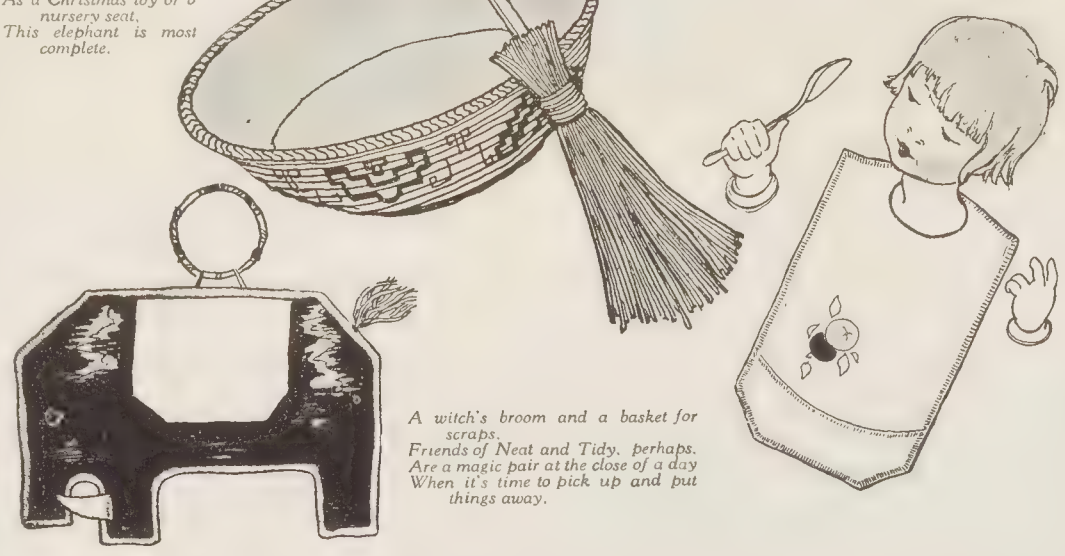
Crib counterpanes of Indian head cotton decorated in coloured patchwork posies.

A snap-shot book, a tiny camera or a half-dozen films.

Bath tub toys in celluloid.

Hans and Freda, the Tulip twins,
Have woollen hair and sateen skins.
Born in a bag of patches
By the far-off Zuyder Zee,
They make bewitching dollies
For any Christmas tree.

In kindergarten fashions,
There's nothing with more charm,
Than oil cloth bibs for "two-to-six"
Decked out in coloured yarn.



A witch's broom and a basket for scraps.
Friends of Neat and Tidy, perhaps,
Are a magic pair at the close of a day
When it's time to pick up and put things away.

A Character Doll?

Of course it can be made at home—a pair of them, if you will. What would make a cheerier Christmas than a pair of wide-eyed Dutch dolls, in flaring pants and petticoats of blue cambric? If you were to work with scissors and paper for a while, don't you think you could evolve a very fair pattern? It would be no trick, then, to cut each one from doubled pink sateen. Big, wide-open eyes, amazing lashes and a bit of nose and mouth are painted or drawn on and the flawless pink sateen complexion is touched up a trifle on the cheeks. Yellow wool stitched into their crowns, makes admirable hair—the girl's long enough to make two long braids, the boy's a typical "Dutch cut." Gretchen's Dutch bonnet is made of white muslin with the turned-back flaps above the ears and her brother wears the familiar white cap.

Cut the dolls about ten inches tall and centre your attention chiefly on the heads, hands and feet, for the Dutch clothing is thoroughly enveloping and trifling deformities of body will remain your own secret, once the clothes are firmly sewed on.

A doll must of all things be cuddly, so whatever you do, don't overstuff it. The same is true when you are making a kitten, rabbit, and so forth.

Draw the faces a few times on paper before you take any chance of marring those pink complexions; just copy our little illustration on a larger size until you get an expression that pleases you.

Mrs. Bunny, too! No snugglier, cuddlier person ever shared the go-to-sleep-hours or companioned one through all the adventures of an eventful day! I'm sure, if you are at all the clever person I think you, you will be able to fashion a very respectable head for Mrs. Bunny, after you have practised a little with scissors and paper. Once you evolve a satisfactory pattern, it is easy to cut it out of canton flannel and stuff it with soft cotton batting. That done, you may dress Mrs. Bunny in any style you choose (although you have made no body for her yet), if you will remember that only soft warm materials are a suitable alternative to her accustomed wolly coat.

Mrs. Bunny has the warmest heart—as a matter of fact, it is a child's hot water bottle, attached at Mrs. Bunny's neck. The mouth of the bottle is, of course, at the open end and is just cleared by the little lady's voluminous skirts. These skirts are sewed together at the bottom except for the small section which is left open so that the stopper end of the water bottle may be drawn out for filling purposes.

Since Mrs. Bunny has no arms, tiny mitt-like hands are sewed to the ends of her sleeves.

A toy-box will not be regarded as a monument to duty, if it is attractive in itself. It will rank *with* the toys it if is painted and then stencilled with nursery characters. Or if you are no hand with the paint brush, get a roll of nursery wallpaper, cut out the figures, paste them on, then shellac the whole thing.

And here's Jumbo the Circus Elephant! He is placid, as only a good disposition and years of training could make him. His hide is of black oilcloth and he is bound all round with coloured skirt braid. My model measures about twelve by sixteen inches. Jumbo takes on a pleasing plumpness when he is stuffed with cotton batting. His saddle blanket is of red flannel. His shoe-button eyes take in everything that is worth noticing and his new owner is due to experience a real thrill the first time a tempest of emotion causes him to switch his tasselled tail.

All difficulties of transportation are overcome by the simple expedient of attaching a bright new curtain ring to his back, and when travel is once under way he will make ample return for any kindness shown him during the journey by cushioning the seat for you.

In the interests of his continued good health and general physical fitness, I would strongly recommend that the braid be stitched on very solidly with the sewing machine.

A Corn Husk Broom could be made quite as attractive as the one in my haughty little toy shop; the original was made of regulation broom straw, open at the top, as shown in the picture, and bound firmly on to the stick with bright-coloured raffia which was then given a coat of shellac. The broomstick may be painted in any bright colour or in two or three colours, the peasant blues, reds and yellows being the best choice. A basket painted to match the broom would be a great incentive to "pickin' up" after a strenuous session of play.

A Cover for a grown-up's hot water bottle is recalled to my mind by all this talk of scraps of materials. In these days of universal knitting, there is inevitably a collection of half-balls of wool, as varied as Joseph's coat. They may be crocheted or knitted into an oblong bag that the hot water bottle may be slipped into. A ribbon will serve the purpose of drawing it close around the neck.

A Crazy Afghan offers another excellent use for a large accumulation of coloured wools. Knit or crochet squares, five or six inches each way. These are later whipped together, crazy-quilt fashion and a fringe of tassels or balls trim the ends. This makes a splendid light-weight cover to keep near the chesterfield or on the verandah to offset the coolness that cometimes comes with relaxation.

Runners, Mats and Cushions can be fashioned from many a hopeless looking end of silk or velvet. Trim them with antique gold or silver galloon, and eke out a plain material with a figured one or vice versa. The handsomest cushion I saw this season was made from an old black plush cloak; it had a centre medallion of dull gold and a heavy gold cord around its edge. Another successful cushion was shirred and puffed in

Continued on page 64

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"The Prettiest Little Home!"

By BERTHA LEE

WE had always encouraged our children to bring their playmates home so that we might know for ourselves the kind of friends they were making. And now that they had attained the age where they were being entertained at the homes of their boy and girl friends —and desired to return the hospitality—they were taking more notice of things around the house, and on more than one occasion Betty, at least, had spoken of something as being "dreadfully old-fashioned." I had been thinking the matter over for some time, and the conclusion reached was that very soon we would have to endeavour to remodel the old home. It had taken all our small surplus to keep the children neatly dressed and give them the education we desired them to have, without spending more than absolutely necessary on ourselves and the house.

The climax came the evening 15-year-old Betty returned from a party given at the home of one of her high-school friends. While Betty was undressing, I sat on the side of her bed and listened to the girlish chatter of the glorious time they had been having.

"And oh, mother!" she said, "We had such a lovely time. They have the prettiest little home. There is nothing wonderful about it, but everything is so fresh and dainty. And the floors! Oh, mummy, I just slid around all over although I tried to act as if I had been brought up on polished floors. Dorothy told me that her dad and brother scraped and re-finished the floors themselves, and that it cost them next to nothing. She said the floors were in very poor shape when they moved in." Then, a little wistfully: "I wish we could do something to fix up this old place. Everything looks so dull and shabby."

WHEN young people begin to criticize the old home, it is time for parents to look around and try to see things through the children's eyes. They must be made happy and content if we want to keep them with us at the home fireside. With this remark of Betty's I realized that our little girl was not just as proud of her home as she might be, and this would never do.

I decided there and then to introduce more close figuring in order to fix up the house and keep our little family satisfied with their home.

We had often talked of our dream house and the nice home we were going to buy when the children grew up. But business had not been very promising for the past two or three years and we could not pick up and buy a new home at a moment's notice. Still there were a great many things that could be done to make the old place more attractive. On talking the matter over with daddy the following day we decided that we could spare a little money for this purpose, and by doing the work ourselves—if our plans did not miscarry—our money would go further and great things would be accomplished. But it would mean a good deal of hard work.

Betty and our 16-year-old son, Tommy, were wild over the idea, and promised to do all they could to help. So with three able-bodied helpers I felt quite hopeful of results.

The Renovating Commences

AS the living-room is the most "lived in" room of the house, we started with it. The walls had been tinted green the last time they had been done, and had never been very attractive. So we set to work and washed them off thoroughly, leaving the walls as clean as possible. Any cracks that appeared we filled with plaster, and, after sizing the walls, we painted them with a soft tan toned flat wall paint. The roof we finished in a deep cream. The woodwork was sand-papered, washed, and revarnished.

Then came the floor. Fortunately it was a hardwood floor, but it was badly in need of varnishing. We washed it thoroughly with a weak solution of ammonia and clear cold water to remove all the dirt and grease. It was then sandpapered with fine sandpaper, and here I might mention that we were told to rub straight and with the grain, as a circular or cross-grain motion would show through the finishing coat. A fresh coat of varnish was then applied. When this had hardened, the floor was waxed, and we could hardly believe our eyes at the change we had wrought. We treated the hall in the same manner. I don't think any of us will ever forget the time and labour spent on the stairway, but it was certainly worth it. The kitchen walls were washed down and redone in a cream flat paint, which could easily be washed off when soiled, and the woodwork, which had been painted white, we re-painted and enamelled. The floor was just in its natural state with a covering of oilcloth. The oilcloth was pretty well worn, so we took it up, and after scrubbing, filling in the cracks with filler, and making as smooth as possible we painted it a rich grey. I find it very easy to keep this floor clean, as it takes only a few minutes to wipe it off.

The most worn pieces of furniture in the living room and kitchen we sandpapered and revarnished. The other pieces were given new life with liquid wax and a good deal of elbow grease. The curtains were freshly laundered, and it was surprising the difference the chintz side curtains made to the appearance of the living-room.

When all was finished, we were more than pleased with the result of our efforts.

WE rested for a week, and then started on the upstairs. The bedroom walls were washed down, and finished in different light tints, with cream ceilings. The walls and ceilings were all done in flat wall paint that could be washed easily when soiled. The woodwork was re-enamelled white. The floors, which had previously been covered with well-worn carpets, were stained and waxed, and from the best parts of the carpets we made small rugs. Plain voile curtains combined with dainty chintz overdrapes made the windows most attractive. The bedroom furniture was treated in the same way as the living-room furniture—what we could revarnish and enamel, we did, and what we couldn't manage, we polished up with liquid wax.

The bathroom we finished in white enamel, tinting the walls a pretty delicate blue, and the ceiling ivory. The floor was also stained and waxed. Snowy white muslin curtains completed the transformation of this room.

It all took much longer to do than it takes me to tell of our undertakings, but I will say, as do the children and their daddy, that it was well worth the labour, and we were certainly surprised at the results of our work, being merely amateurs at the job.

In conclusion I would just like to pass on to those of you who may be thinking of decorating a new house, or redecorating the old one, the following rules as a guide:

Interiors

WARM, luminous colours are to be preferred in poorly lighted or north rooms, while the colder tones can be used to advantage in rooms open to sunlight. Of course, the character of the furniture and hangings should largely influence the choice of colors for trim, walls and ceiling. When red predominates in curtains and hangings, for instance, cold colors may well be used, even in a north room, the warmth of the fittings correcting the bleak effect of walls and trim. The contrast of warm and cold tints, if handled with judgment, is sometimes very effective. The combination of mahogany trim with white walls, now so popular, illustrates this.

Admirable effects can be produced by combinations of either contrasting or harmonious colors, but when preparing a colour-scheme based on contrast, beware of extremes, particularly when dealing with the primary colors, red, yellow and blue. If a vivid red and a violent blue are placed side by side, the result is apt to be painful, but this can be corrected by the interposition of some dark neutral shade.

The same general rule for modifying apparent size by the use of colors applies to interiors as well as exteriors. Dark colors make a small room look smaller and vice versa, while the bad effect of an exceptionally high ceiling in a small room can be sensibly modified by "dropping the ceiling" or carrying the ceiling tint for a considerable distance down the side walls. On the other hand, by carrying the wall tint right up to the ceiling, the apparent height is increased.

Facts to Bear in Mind

WOODWORK will be receptive to varnish or stain only when it is dry and warm.

Open-grained wood should be well filled before the varnish is applied, in order that the surface may be even.

Puttying should be done after the first coat. Sandpapering should be done lightly after each coat except the last, in order to keep a perfectly smooth surface.

All varnishing and enameling should be done with the temperature as nearly 70° F., as possible; never when the temperature is below 50°. The temperature should be kept as uniform as may be possible until the varnish has set.

Be careful to have the surface, whether of woodwork or floors, in perfect condition, i.e., dry and level before varnishing.

If you must be economical, reduce the number of coats of varnish or paint; do not reduce the quality of the material.

Enamel solves the problem of what to do with old woodwork. It is beautiful, lends itself to proper decorative effects, and is easily kept clean.

Before putting the stain on the woodwork or floor it is well to select, if possible, a small board of the wood used: stain and finish it in the manner proposed, in order to be sure that the desired effect may be secured.

In the same way it is well to test the color for walls by painting a small board or panel and comparing it with the woodwork. This will show whether they will harmonize as well as give the effect on the wall. It is easier to modify materials before the work is really begun than to change after they are on the wall or woodwork.

Remember that it is not fair to expect one kind of varnish to do all kinds of work. One varnish is made to withstand the weather, and another to last for a lifetime on parlor or library woodwork. Procure varnish suited to each purpose.

While the floor is being varnished, the doors and windows should be closed and the temperature should be as nearly 70° as possible. Varnish is especially susceptible to chill, and is often ruined because care is not taken when the floor is being finished.

Painting The Outside Of The House

FINISHING the house outside and inside, building and grounds, is largely a question of colors—of harmonies and pleasing contrasts. Nature supplies part of the effect and the

Continued on page 66

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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg

A Neglected Library

By Annie Sheppard Armstrong

WHEN I was a child I used to go to two Sunday Schools, Presbyterian and Church of England, as I had a parent of each of these two denominations. I always enjoyed going, but about all that I remember about Sunday School is the white embroidered dress, red satin sash, white hat with wreath of daisies, and squeaky slippers with bows and buckles in which I was arrayed. Also I recollect the pretty cards, the books and papers I got to read, and, oh yes, the large colored charts depicting Bible scenes, amongst surroundings of a wild Oriental nature —tents, and bearded men in robes, and clumps of trees in sort of desert places.

But my mother offered me a prize if I would begin and read the Bible through, every word of it. The prize was to be a silver dollar. A dollar was a dollar in those days and I instantly agreed.

I began the reading of the Bible as a task, but it soon became a pleasure, for I really enjoyed it. The dollar was soon spent and forgotten, but the experience of reading the Bible through was a permanent thing, and now I often read it and find it the most comforting, old-tried friend I have. Whenever you hear some one finding fault with the Bible you can depend upon it that that some one is a person who knows very little of the Book of Books, has read it only in snatches and so is in no position to give an opinion.

It is a book, or a library of books rather, that is very little read, at any rate not as much as it should be. If it were a dry book, as uninteresting, I might say, as many much-read books are, one might understand this neglect —but it is not dry, far from it! If considered only in a literary light, aside from being a book of revelation and the history of the race, it is intensely entertaining and of great literary value. It relates the most charming of stories in the most wonderfully picturesque, brief, and telling language. The Bible has in it the most magnificent poetry, the kind you love to read aloud, so as to not only feel, but hear, the music of it. It has the sagest of philosophy, alongside of which the works of Herbert Kauffman or Frank Crane are as nothing (with all due respect to these admirable authors at that).

Bible characters are real characters, real, not because we are taught that they are so, but we feel that they are real, and much more human than such impossibly "good" heroes as secular history paints, such as Bruce, Alfred the Great, or George Washington, whose fullsome admirers rob them of all semblance to humanity. Moses is shown to us as a leader, but we feel that he was very human and forceful even in his anger, as witness his killing the Egyptian and throwing down the tables of stone and breaking them. David was brave and good, yet his frailities are revealed too; Jacob was great, but he was also a great schemer. They are all living, b r e a t h i n g, struggling, tempted characters like ourselves, stamped with u n d o u b t a b l e realism.

NOT long ago I read a continued story in a paper. I think the author must have been paid so much a mile for unrolling it, because pages and pages appeared, week after week, until, finally—it ended. Now in this immensely long analysis of the workings of the impossibly good and lovely heroine's mind and the hero's mind and the other people's minds there were really only about three or four what one would call dramatic situations to help the story along, before it ended as one knew it would from the start. I suppose thousands read that story, and thousands more will read it in book form. It was advertised, and headlined and thrust before people, and they thought it must be good whether it was or not.

Now that is the way I would like to do with something worth popularizing —the Bible. At Christmas time I got a sweet little book, beautifully bound and printed, with illustrations, and with a

Continued on page 67

The Invisible Player

By ALFRED H. R. HOWELL

SPIRITUALISTS may claim this as further proof of their belief. I do not know, and I do not intend making a fool of myself trying to explain a matter of which I know practically nothing. I will just give you the facts as they actually happened, and leave you to judge for yourself.

I was working last winter on the farm of John McDonald, an old Scotsman who had been in the west for over forty years, and had made good. He had a comfortable house, good barns, all his land fenced, and a good wind-break of Russian Poplar and Jack-Pine round the buildings. And, I believe, a comfortable reserve in the bank.

Besides himself, there was just his wife, a kindly silver-haired old lady, Jane Lamps, the servant girl; whose face, hands, hair, and temper were a fiery red; and myself, Roger Tremaine, hired man.

There were no children. Their only daughter had died during the 'flu epidemic which had ravaged the country three or four years ago. It had been a severe blow to the old couple when the centre of their little world, upon whom they had lavished the affection of their big loving hearts, and whom they had cherished up through girlhood into young womanhood was called away.

She had early shown a passionate love for music; a passion in which her parents had indulged her to the full. She had been taught the piano and the 'cello, upon both of which instruments she was thoroughly accomplished. But since her death neither instrument had been heard in that house, except when some visitor might play a little on the piano. For years the 'cello had stood in its corner beside the bookcase, carefully dusted off each day by the old lady; the only outlet for a heart that had loved so much, that it had to find expression of its love in some way—or break.

It was New Year's Night, and being Scots, they were celebrating it by entertaining some friends. There was Peter Loraine, a neighboring farmer, his wife, his son Jim, and his two daughters, Ethel and Lucy. Tom Price, Jane's young man was there. He had been courting her for two years now; said he was waiting for a good crop, but I think he was waiting for a rival to take what was becoming a serious obligation off his hands.

There was another bachelor present, Albert Moore, who was managing a farm of McDonald's about three miles away. He was a good-looking, well-dressed man of about thirty years of age, with the quiet unobtrusive manner and natural courtesy of a born gentleman.

Upon seeing the 'cello he had enquired for the player, and his genuinely sincere apology to Mrs. McDonald for his question which had obviously caused her some pain, settled him firmly in that lady's estimation and later in the evening, learning in the course of conversation that he could play, she gave him permission to use it if he wished.

He quickly tuned the instrument, and with Ethel Loraine at the piano he gave us a few selections. He was a good 'cellist and when they had finished they were heartily encored. Sitting down once more, he commenced to play unaccompanied, a soft melodious obligato. I had never heard it before, and leaning back in my rocker, I closed my eyes, and abandoned myself to the enjoyment of the music.

He had just reached a low, soft passage, with a dreamy kind of lullaby effect which seemed to almost rock one off to sleep, when suddenly I heard him falter, almost break down—and then once more he went on. But now it seemed to me as if another hand was playing a different tune. The touch was firmer, the music more confident. The 'cello was now in the hands of one who was its master. I have said that Moore was a good player, but the music now seemed to come from one who surpassed him as the sun the moon.

So strong was this feeling that I opened my eyes to assure myself. Moore was still playing, but the queer, fixed expression in his dark grey eyes amazed me. He was staring straight past me. Quietly moving until my head came within his direct line of vision, I looked him straight in the eyes. Not a sign of recognition did he give; his face was as expressionless as a mummy's, his eyes focussed on infinity.

Reclosing my eyes I listened to the flow of notes coming from the instrument. There was no fixed motif, but as I listened, I pictured a bright haired little girl playing in the sunshine round the farm. In and out she ran, emanating joy and happiness wherever she went. As the music went on I could see her growing up, now she was at school—and now she was away from home for a time. Home once more, and now she had her hair up. A young man was calling.

The music was flowing from the bow with the fullness and sweetness of perfect serenity and joy; when suddenly into it came a note as a blast of chilly air into a heated room. I felt a chill run up my spine. The foul breath of pestilence seemed to choke me. A clammy hand,—the hand of fear—seemed groping for my heart. Father in Heaven, will I ever forget that moment; when with a wail of anguish from those vibrating strings, its fingers closed on my heart, and they were as cold and clammy as death.

The music ceased. I opened my eyes; Moore was sitting as before, his unfocussed gaze still passed close by my

Continued on page 62

Arab shepherd among the palms at Memphis, Egypt

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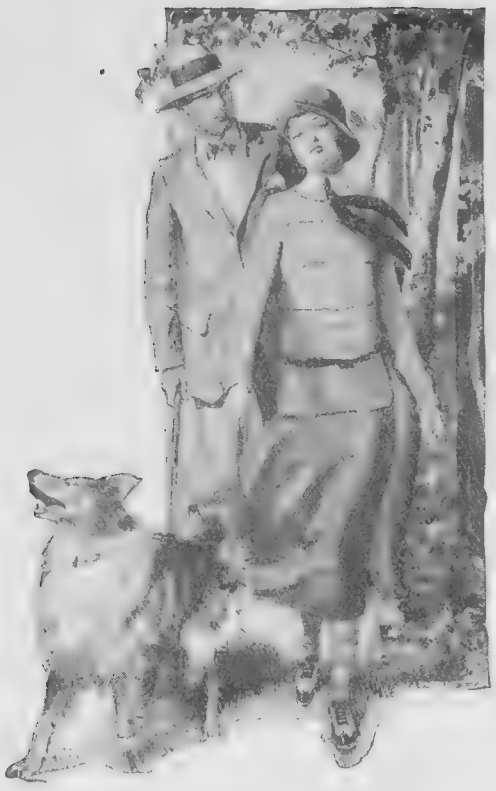

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MOTHER'S PAGE

Appreciate Children's Help

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

WE are always being told that, in housework, we should make our heads save our steps. This is all very well, as far as it goes, but those of us who have children might allow them to save our steps pretty often. Sometimes the eager little mites crowd round Mother and say, "Let us help," but we scorn their aid. I have heard mothers say, over and over again, "I can do it twice as quickly myself."

Why always want to do things quickly? We are not always catching a train! Why not let the children help, even if it seems to delay us a little?

It is very good for the children's character, and we should consider this before anything else. If, every time we start work we bundle the children out to play, and they see us work, work, work, it will never enter their heads to help us.

Be glad when they offer to help you. Try to change the housework into a game that mother and children play together. It will become so much more interesting and, what is more, the children's help that we despised at first, will prove really useful to us.

If the little ones ask to do some particular thing which we know they cannot do, there is no need for you to say, "You only get in my way!" Instead of this, pause to think for a few minutes, and then say, "I've something else I should love you to do for me," and then give them some light work more suited to their strength. If you do not want them to peel potatoes, for instance, and to risk cutting themselves, just get them to shell the peas instead. Shelling peas is fascinating work for children, and it certainly would save a great deal of your time. The children like to feel their services are appreciated. They do not like being told that they are no use when they have just offered to help! You wouldn't like it yourself; would you?

Children are very sensitive as a rule, even though they may not say much at the time. They turn away with a hurt expression on their faces and they are not eager to offer their assistance again, for fear of being repulsed. Children, of course, should not be worked too hard. When the mother sees they look tired she could say, "You need not finish that. I'll do it."

Remember children do not realise that when they offer to help they sometimes undertake more than their strength allows. I think a mother is very hard when she says, "Well, you said you wanted to do it, so now you've got to finish."

My little girl is very eager to help me, but I put her health first. Whilst I allow her to help me at the beginning because I know it is good for her and it pleases her, I often stop her in the middle and say, "You've helped me ever so much. I'll do the rest now. I don't know how I'd ever get on without my little girl.'

In this way she does not work too much, because I have looked out for signs of weariness, and sent her to play in the middle.

On the other hand, she is never repulsed when she offers to come to Mother's assistance.

A sensitive child often asks, "Was I really of use?" Do not hurt her feelings by laughing at her and telling her you could have done it twice as quickly yourself. I have heard this said. I think it very unkind.

Avail yourself of your children's help, even if it seems little at the time. Think of the love which has prompted the child to offer her services. Thinking of this, you will not want to upset her by undervaluing what she offers. After all, she offers her best, and no one can offer more.

Don't Live Too Much By Yourself

By Emma Gary Wallace

THERE are some people who are so engrossed with their own work, their own interests, and their own effort at having a good time, that they are actually out of touch with the people about them. If we stay in the house too much, if we deny ourselves the pleasure of enjoying a reasonable amount of the companionship of our friends,—we soon grow narrow, one-sided, and self-centered. This makes for a dwarfed and warped life and prevents our being able to do our work either well or cheerfully.

There are some kinds of recreation which are not of any special value in developing us in sympathy, intelligence or high-mindedness. These are those so-called pleasures of a somewhat superficial and feverish character. They give us no real opportunity to know people better, to be of service to them, or to give them a chance to be of real help to us. Social contacts of that character do not amount to very much.

When we live too much by ourselves, we are inclined to grow both critical and cynical concerning other people about us. Without realizing it, we are likely to get into the habit of drawing our Robe of Righteousness closely about ourselves and retreating a little farther away. We may feel that we have plenty of the best reading, and that is company enough. Good reading is splendid company, but we need to come close to people—real people and to get their reactions and to feel their moods and tenses, in order to understand and appreciate what we read thoroughly.

Then we never really possess anything until we share it with others. A good book is doubly enjoyed if someone else reads it, and we can talk it over with them. The individual who lives too much by herself or himself is likely to grow more and more disinclined to make the exertion to serve others. When we cease to serve others, we have begun to die, for then we are no longer a part of the great body politic. We become a selfish recluse given only to consideration of our own wants and opinions.

It is better far to be neighborly, friendly, cheerful and ready to help others. In this way, life becomes warm and sweet and tender, in place of cold and bitter and barren. Helpful contacts keep us alert and youthful in our viewpoints. They help us to see the beauty of life and keep alive those interests which make for beauty of spirit and charm of personality in ourselves.

Don't live too much by yourself!

November

The embers in the fire burning low,
The flickering shadows, flitting to and fro.
The night winds whispering at my window pane,
The scattering leaves, a fluttering in the lane.

And I alone beside the fitful fires,
Am 'ware of olden memories, vain desires.
The whispering of lost hope the dead leaf brings,
The dreary scattering of all precious things.

Bring back to me from some far distant spot,
The sweetness of the vanished dream, long sought.
'Mong all my scattered hopes faitn flutters low,
Oh night winds stir a gleam—"I need you so!"

-Ellen Douglas

Fair Play for John

By REBA RAY

"DADDY! Daddy! Daddy, dinner's ready!"

"Daddy!.....Daddy!"

The childish voice grew loud and shrill. I could see Daddy's head plainly, just over the fence, and knew that he must have heard perfectly, but he was interested in his work and didn't take the trouble to answer his small six-year-old son. Doubtless he would come presently, when he was ready.

"Daddy.....Daddy!... Daddy!"

Still no answer from Daddy.

John was an excitable, high-strung child. I had sometimes noticed his animated little face twitching nervously when he talked to me and thought what care and what sympathetic encouragement in self-control he needed—and was not getting.

I could see him now, dancing with nervous irritation; an unreasonably and wholly unnecessary strain on his nervous system. The cheerful dinner call became a half-crying shriek. Finally, when the noise probably had begun to irritate his own nerves, his father answered, with a sharp rebuke.

I wanted to catch the poor child in my arms and run away with him. These words flashed through my mind: "Fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged."

There was a great deal said when the writer was a child, about children obeying their parents, honoring their parents, and so on. "Spare the rod and spoil the child," was a very familiar quotation, and we were led to believe it was Scripture, and therefore unanswerable. A diligent search in later years has failed to reveal it in the Bible. The nearest approach, in meaning, is found in Proverbs 13:24, "He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes."

I used to think the Bible was partial to parents in its dictates and requirements, until I began to study it for myself; then I found, to my great satisfaction, that it had been rather misrepresented by many of the good folk who were so fond of quoting, or misquoting, it to the younger generation. It is the most impartial of books. It never fails to give both sides, to keep a perfect balance, so to speak; but one must search diligently and impartially.

TO return to wee John:

The worst was not over. On the morning following the incident I have related, John was playing in the garage when his Mother called him. We all know what imitative little beings children are; how they just naturally love to be with grown-ups and to do as they do. Yet how many fail to reckon with this proclivity, or to take wise advantage of it in dealing with children.

"John!"

No answer.

"John!"

Perfect silence. John's mother knew he was in the garage; so did his Father, who was again working near.

"John, don't you hear Mother speaking?"

Still no sound from the garage.

His Father laid down his tools: "I'll soon bring him!" And he did. And he thrashed him.

He thrashed his little son for doing exactly what he had, by example, taught him to do—for doing just what he had done. Oh, Consistency, thou art a jewel!

The whipping was not severe enough to harm the child, but his sensitive feelings were outraged and it made him frantic. That spunky little man turned on his big, stern Father, stamped his foot and screamed: "I hate you! I'll get even with you for this, some day!"

Of course it was terribly wicked, but I felt like shouting, "Bravo!" I'm afraid I did say it, under my breath.

John was thrashed again, much harder this time, for his Father was thoroughly angry with him now. His mother leaned helplessly against the door, shocked and horrified.

"To think that a child of mine would speak like that! I really don't know what to do with John. It will soon be impossible to control him."

I HOPE she reads this—and all the other mothers of Johns. I wanted to tell them both, right there, what to do with John, and with John's parents, but as I looked at the little heap of wretchedness lying on the grass, his body all aquiver with convulsive sobs, I couldn't. My own heart was too full of choking, suffocating rage, of pity, and confused emotions that I did not trouble to analyze.

John's world was all chaos: he cannot understand, but he is intelligent enough to sense the injustice, and high-spirited enough to rebel against it. He has been subdued by superior strength, but his brave little spirit is not conquered. Some not far distant day physical force will not control him, as his Mother said, and then his parents will indeed reap—are even now reaping—the harvest of their own sowing. But they cannot see it.

Why, oh why, are parents so blind? They demand respect from their child, and show him none. They require courtesy, and fail to treat him courteously.

What will become of John?

AN old master who prepared many students for that "noblest of arts, but sorriest of trades," the teaching profession, was wont to say, "Eternal vigilance is the price of freedom from trouble," in the schoolroom, or in the home.

From infancy, demand prompt and absolute obedience, but give your child a square deal. Do not give him free rein, or allow him to disobey with impunity until you are angry and then force your will on him. You may compel obedience while he is young but you cannot compel respect; you must merit it. If you do not, when you are unable to compel his obedience, there will be nothing to hold him and he will surely follow his own sweet will, whether it be good or evil, and will ignore or defy you.

Respect your child, as you would an adult. Give him your confidence, sympathy, understanding, companionship and love, first, last, and always.

"But," you will say, "all parents love their children."

Perhaps; yet I doubt if wee John was conscious of much love on the part of his parents. Children are very quick to detect and to resent inconsistency. And an older person than John might fail to see the love in the treatment he received.

I HAVE in mind a Mother and Father who almost worship their child. They supply her with everything possible except the one thing that she needs most, namely, their loving companionship. She is an only child, and a lonely child. An only child is a much greater problem usually than one of several. Marion's parents tell me that they live entirely for her, and assuredly they have strenuous, busy lives; but they are so occupied with providing every advantage that money can supply, and with social duties (?), that they never dream of reading, or working, or playing with her for one hour.

Marion's mother is an excellent housekeeper. She would not trust the maid to launder some of her linen. She must do that, and many other things, herself; but she does not hesitate to trust Marion to the questionable association of the same maid for hours at a time. She was shocked to find the child's mind becoming filled with filth; to discover her gloating over a book that no child should and no self-respecting adult would, read. Marion admitted that she had borrowed it from the maid. She was forbidden to read it. She begged to be allowed to finish the story. She said it was "great" and "what was the harm in it? Milly

Continued on page 58

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The Western Home Monthly

Winnipeg *Manitoba*

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

The Pulse of Progress

STILL strength of sincerity is the foundation of woman's progress in the world. From the office to the home, in the climb to feminine heights, there is the ever forcing power of careful accomplishment in her work.

As architects of destiny, women are building to-day, structures not on sinking sand, but on solid rock, for lessons from history have fallen on fertile minds and are being intelligently used in commercial, political and home making fields of industry.

Women are directors of financial institutions, contractors, advertising agents, commercial editors, millionaire merchants, and captains of scores of other industries as well as professional experts and artists.

This month we learn the story of Anne Nichols and her $5,000,000 play, "Abie's Irish Rose."

Six years ago no manager would produce it. Finally she produced it herself and borrowed money to keep it going. To-day it is breaking all stage records with its profits.

Down in Alabama an old lady seventy-nine years old is road commissioner and men high in government affairs go to her for advice. Good roads have been her life hobby.

Mrs. Anna Norris Kendall directs personally the construction of a new highway. In her girlhood she experienced the isolation and loneliness which came from lack of good roads, and to-day she makes communities prosperous as she concentrates her energy on the building of roads. She is an authority on soils, drains and types of pavement, and urges zealously the need of good roads as vital arteries of a thriving country.

Miss Virginia M. Murray, who is general secretary and directing head of the Traveller's Aid Society of New York, was chosen last year to organize and assume administrative direction of the Women's Division of the Detroit Police Department. Previous to that she organized probation bureaus for the police departments of New Orleans, Atlanta, and Memphis. Much as this woman has accomplished in this work, we believe our own Judge Emily Murphy, of Edmonton, pioneer woman in Canada in her work, will live on the pages of history as second to none on the continent in her administrative position of sewing up the seamy side of life.

About fourteen years ago, Mrs. Ora Snyder, with a capital of "One cup of sugar and the white of an egg," made with this five cents worth of material a little box of candy which she sold at a high-school store. To-day she has one of the best known candy businesses on this continent, and she has appointed her husband business manager of the enterprise—teamwork. Ten years after Mrs. Snyder had started on her capital of five cents, the day before Christmas, people were standing in line in front of her stores and the traffic policemen were on duty to keep the passage clear for pedestrians to pass by. Five minutes before closing time, flashlight pictures were taken showing the shelves and counters bare while the place was filled with customers. Yet Mrs. Snyder, in building up her business has never borrowed a cent, and had no "pull" to help her.

She says she has succeeded by promising to give people something they wanted, and by living up to that promise. She claims that anybody who has the courage to start, and the energy to keep on, can win by following those two principles. She had the first essential to success. She believed in her idea and says while she believes in listening to advice, one has to decide for one's self and not be a mere weathercock, turning and twisting with every wind of advice that has to blow. She says: "I don't make decisions impulsively. The time to hesitate is before you decide—not afterward. After making my decision I try to bring the results my judgment promised me. My business precepts are these: Sell something people want. Make it what you claim it is in quality. Be enthusiastic about it yourself. Think of your customers—not your competitors. Make friends for your business."

The next picture I have on my desk is a photograph of a mother with seven grown sons—all prosperous business men. Her face has the determined expression that comes from years of hard work. These seven sons started with nothing. To-day they own a tremendous business.

The interviewer says: "The world may have much injustice, but the story of this mother as she influenced her sons proves it is a human world after all—full of opportunities. Don't forget that the world is to continue being occupied by human beings. It isn't going to be redecorated and refurnished by a bunch of reformers, and then turned into occupancy for a race of gods. It is *our* apartment. We are still going to tramp through it—with our muddy feet and our awkward ways.

"Let's wash up and keep as clean as possible—but go on with the job. What is the use of breaking all the windows and setting fire to the house? Where shall we go if we destroy what we have? It's a long way to Mars—and we haven't even had a postal card from there yet."

In the great business of motherhood, let us get the vision of the home-training of these boys.

John Davey, their father, was a roller in a sheet-steel mill. His job consisted of feeding red-hot steel bars into rollers.

Was their rebellion and discontent in that home? Listen!

"Learn your trade thoroughly boys, know more than the other fellow. Finish what you tackle. Be fair. Your blood is pure—keep it pure! Make up your minds to have a will of your own some day." This was the ambition of the Davey family—the "dream mill" inspired them to become masters of their craft, to avoid dissipation, and to save their money.

To-day, their business in Mansfield, Ohio, is a tribute to a mother and father who were true home makers. As grown men these sons still go to her for help as her judgment is clear and her influence has been a great factor in creating fair play, loyalty and human feeling throughout the organization.

The influence of silent strength in home-making in the business of motherhood may in the next generation reach far out in the world's greatest attainments.

Weapons for Life's Battles

CARE, sympathy, love and courage are the weapons that help a girl in the difficult obstacles she meets.

Whether man admits it or not—he admires loyalty to truth in woman. Our thoughts weave themselves into character. This is the value of spiritual influence in the mind of a girl—it is a lifting power that gives her the vision of influence, beauty and power. These three qualities are the most valuable gifts the average woman longs to possess.

A great woman leader says: "She who would create harmony within her immediate circle, would radiate joy, peace and quiet dignity, must live often with the ideal, must put herself in harmony with the unseen forces of her being—with her Creator. Then she works with the surety of strength and power which such conscious union alone brings."

A man cannot exemplify the best in manhood without a holy love and reverence for some good woman. On canvas, in statuary, in literature and music we feel the education of beautiful womanhood.

What is beauty in woman? Beauty of thought, of life, of character, mirrored upon the body. Care of the body as well as the mind is necessary for beauty. To know how to dress is a wonderful asset in any calling.

Girls—let me tell you something. Take care of the first twenty years of your life and the next twenty years will take care of you. Resolve with vital energy—not half-hearted. Any girl who adapts herself to her environment is energetic, willing, ambitious and cheerful in disposition.

It is a mistake to be mortgaged to the past. Everybody who ever amounted to anything has made mistakes. They are useless baggage—get rid of the worry about them.

Life is full of larger meanings that you and I are missing because we are so busy with our small problems. We ask ourselves too many personal questions like: "Why am I not popular? Why can't I be gay and full of bright talk like the rest? Why am I not beautiful? Why am I poor? Why can't I have advantages like the other girls?"

From morning till night we could ask questions like that and never see beyond the "I." We can never get a hint of all the wonders of life and deep meanings of it far outside while we dwell on such personal problems. Life can only be appreciated and loved if we question it largely. Questioning is our great privilege—the desire to know is a fundamental desire of the human heart and mind—the fine minds, the great hearts question greatly.

Are our "why's" big ones or little ones?

The Wealth of the World at Her Feet

IF I were asked this question, "Where is the most fortunate girl in Canada?" I would reply, "In the country home."

Why?

She has the wealth of the world at her feet. She is close to nature. She may attain health and happiness—the strongest pillars of womanly beauty.

Everything that a home contains is bathed in the ether of personality. Health and happiness are the strong foundation stones of a perfect home and surely this is the ambition of most girls.

Every girl owes to her parents the best she can give—then she must be a power in the family life. Let her be glad to labor for others comfort and relieve the careworn mother and burdened father. We must do our share of work for the mutual comfort of the home. Home is where love rules, where unselfishness, tact and harmony exist—it is God's kindergarten, where souls are trained for humanity and heaven.

Some say home is where we keep everything but temper, criticism and advice.

I think one great advantage that girls who live in the country have over those brought up in the city is the closer relation between parents and children and the "mothering" which the woman on the farm seems to find time to give her girls. It is this very mothering that makes family life a power. Too often the city mother has too many outside interests to give her time to the business of mothering. Oh, if young women could only understand the weariness, the crushing out of all independence, the homesickness, the narrow confines of living, the loss, in many cases of all the sweetness, innocence and womanly traits which make a girl lovable and the fit wife for a decent man—all that she misses of the real good of life—for the bare satisfaction of wearing more stylish clothes and having what they call "fun," the country girl would never leave the sheltering home and face the trials and temptations of a city office, store or factory. The girl who hates to do housework has no high ideals. She never considers these homely tasks as a part of sacred womanly work of home-making. Household tasks should be an harmonious union of the practical and the ideal. Every neglected or poorly done piece of work stamps itself ineffaceably on your character. There is but one failure—and that is not to be true to the best one knows.

Learn to love work and hate indolence.

A girl can never pay the debt she owes her father and mother, but she can help keep up the interest on it by kind words and helpful deeds.

It is an appalling fact that each word spoken has its influence on someone's life and leaves its stamp indelibly on the speaker's character. A single bitter word may disturb the home for the whole day.

A father, speaking to his careless daughter, said: "I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed the careworn look upon her face. Of course, it has been brought there by no act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away.

"You owe her a kiss or two—it will brighten her dear face. A long time ago, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face.

"Through years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little dirty-chubby hands whenever they were injured with the first skirmishes with the rough old world."

"Mother" is the motive power that keeps the whole machinery in motion.

Happiness is like cream. It will rise to the top of almost any circumstance, and frequent stirrings are not conducive either to quantity or quality. Fill your home with the sunshine of cheerfulness.

"God has lots of sunshine to spill behind the cloud."

In the country home the girl may have the world's finest jewels—health, happiness, love and ambition.

Six Rules for Hiring Women

A BUSINESS executive gave the following rules to a reporter:

My Six Rules for Hiring Women

1. I never hire any woman under thirty years of age. Business, for men, is not a part of life; it *is* life. In our company we want to regard it the same way.

2. I choose short, compact women, rather than tall ones. Generally speaking, short or middle-sized people—men and women both—have more vitality than big people. Many say I am wrong about this.

3. I choose brunettes rather than blondes. They are less temperamental, less sensitive, and more dependable.

4. I look at the corners of their mouths. Drooping corners are often the mark of a woman who enjoys poor health. Frequently they denote self-pity, the most deadening of all the emotions.

5. I look at the hair, their finger nails and their shoes. Girls who don't care enough to look well, won't care enough to do well.

6. I never hire a girl who is expensively dressed. The girl who is careless with her father's or her husband's money will probably be careless with things that mean money to us.

This executive further stated:

"I believe business has sacrificed a great deal in being so willing to pay for the youth of women, and so slow to appreciate the value that lies in the 'feminine instinct' when it has been matured and trained by the experience of years. It is as if we paid only for the muscles of men; and discarded them at the very period when they were beginning to be ripest and most dependable in judgment.

"Because they are steadier; because they are healthier; because they work with less friction; because they are less restless under monotony; because they do not ask for special favors—these are some of the reasons why we employ only women of thirty or more.

"No employer likes to lose an efficient employee; and yet every employer ought to hope that every young woman will have a home of her own.

"Few men place higher value than I upon the value of women's services in business. But business should have the second, not the first, claim upon the women of the world.

"It should be content to take those who for one reason or another have passed by marriage or have lost their men, or have found it necessary to supplement the income of the household. It should not seek an equal place with marriage in women's eyes as a career.

"Too many of our present troubles are due to the fact that the home is falling down on its job.

"We do not compete with the home: we give love and marriage the ten years between twenty and thirty. At thirty, and after, we bid for women's services in our business."

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NOW···· A NEW WAY

in solving woman's oldest hygienic problem

Immaculacy, charm, exquisiteness under circumstances which most women find exceedingly trying

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Graduate Nurse

MODERN science has discovered a new way in personal hygiene. A way immaculate, exquisite, safe.

It supplants old-time "sanitary pads" and other makeshift methods.

Discovered only a short while ago, it is today used by eight in every ten women in the better walks of life throughout America.

The name is Kotex—and this offers you a test—free. Simply use the coupon.

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Kotex is a soft, pure white absorbent of extremely rapid absorption. Made of Cellu-cotton, it is far more absorbent than ordinary cotton.

Then it is easily disposed of—a point every woman will appreciate.

In comparison with old methods it presents safety, assurance and daintiness in contrast to uncertainty, lack of poise, and frequently embarrassment. *It has five times the absorbency* of ordinary sanitary pads.

A trial without charge

I think every woman and every girl owes it to herself to try Kotex.

Once you use it and feel the peace of mind and comfort it brings, plus two other secret advantages I cannot mention here, no other method will ever satisfy.

Now I have asked the Kotex laboratory to permit me to offer women generally a trial of Kotex—free.

Simply mail me the coupon. You will receive a packet in absolutely plain, unmarked wrapper, by return mail, postpaid. Clip it now, before you forget.

Kotex is sold by all drug and department stores. It comes in packages of twelve, regular size. Also Kotex-Super, packages of twelve, extra size.

KOTEX

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Musterole is a clean white ointment made of oil of mustard and other home simples. It is recommended by many doctors and nurses. Try Musterole for sore throat, cold on the chest, rheumatism, lumbago, pleurisy, stiff neck, bronchitis, asthma, neuralgia, congestion, pains and aches of the back and joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet—colds of all sorts. Seldom fails to deliver results. 40c and 75c, at all druggists.

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"Look, Nell—this coupon! Remember the night you urged me to send it in? Then how happy we were when I came home with the news of my first promotion? We owe it all, Nell, my place as Manager, our home, our comforts—to this coupon.

Thousands upon thousands of men now know the joy of happy prosperous homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools prepare them in their spare time for bigger work. You will find them in city, town and country—in office, factory, shop, store, mine and mill, on farms and on railroads.

There are clerks who become advertising Managers, Salesmen and Executives, carpenters who became Architects and Contractors; mechanics who became Engineers and Electrical Experts; men and boys who rose from nothing at all to splendid responsible positions.

For 31 years—in every line of technical and commercial work—men have advanced themselves in position and salary through I.C.S. help.

The first step to success in the I.C.S. way is to choose your career from this list and mark and mail this coupon here and now.

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DURING the past three weeks, I have done some very interesting reading, beginning with a collection of stories by the greatest of English novelists, Thomas Hardy. Not a new collection by any means, but I picked up the volume on a sale counter of a Winnipeg store several months ago and have only just read it. "A Changed Man," is the title of this collection (published by Harpers, of New York and London), which was made by the author himself. I mention this fact because it is as good as saying that the stories are eminently worth reading. One cannot imagine a man of Hardy's critical acumen, republishing magazine stories unless he felt that such a volume would add one more gem to the booklover's shelf of Hardy literature. These stories had a curious effect upon me. So quietly, so simply and directly are they told, that one feels as if one's mind is being borne gently down a stream until it reaches the harbor named La Fin. And then all is over. The inevitable has happened, without noise, without physical violence, almost indiscernibly. I can think of no exception where the "inevitable" as conceived by Hardy in each of these stories, is not definitely tragic or tinged with irony. Is this not life?

Last month I told you about Hardy's latest publication, "The Famous Tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall." I noticed a report in the Sunday Observer to the effect that this veteran of letters had motored fifty miles to Glastonbury with Mrs. Hardy to witness a performance of this play. He was reported to have been much pleased with the work of the actors who had interpreted the spirit of the tragedy as conceived by this great artist.

Ugly Sights and Smells

I SAID "interesting" reading, mind you, not pleasant. No one could derive pleasure from perusing the pages of "Haunch, Paunch and Jowl" (Boni and Liveright). Ugly sights and smells on every page. An anonymous autobiography the title page says, but since publication, the name of the author has been revealed. "Haunch, Paunch and Jowl," which depicts, all too vividly for art's sake, the east side gangs of Hester Street, New York, was written by Samuel Ornitz, who at present owns a small newstand and bookstore on Fordham Road, New York. Although Mr. Ornitz is only thirty-two years old, his life's experiences have been varied and bitter. Raised in the Ghetto of Hester Street, he played with the "gangs" he describes in his book, and when only twelve he acted as East side guide for O. F. Lewis, a Boston newspaper man. Later, Mr. Ornitz spent five years employed by the Prison Association and his duties brought him in contact with East side gunmen, labor leaders, lawyers, politicians, and judges. It is not fair to blame Mr. Ornitz—as certain well-known Rabis have done—because his experiences were so unsavory. But what seems to me to be so sad, is the lack of one redeeming feature in this book. If only out of the dank and mire, the eyes of the author could have beheld a fair vision arising, one would not close this book with a shudder as Meyer, the chief character, heaves his great bulk out of his chair and waddles towards the dining room to eat pot roast and potato pancakes!

After all, when one considers for one moment the glorious traditions belonging to that race who gave the world the Greatest Book, it is rather depressing to find that Mr. Ornitz sees nothing in these people but characteristics that repel. Bad art, Mr. Ornitz, and worse history to have concluded your book with such a description as one finds on pages 295 and 296. Reading them, I could but think of Israel Zangwill's Ghetto pictures wherein the spirit of sacrifice, the love of learning, the fostering of ideals made some very beautiful flowers to grow in quite dirty, evil-smelling places.

Indigestible Food and a Bitter Draught!

STRANGE that I should have picked up from the review pile, two unpleasant books, one after the other. No sooner had I laid aside "Paunch, Haunch and Jowl," than I began "The Plastic Age," by Percy Marks (New York, The Century Co.). From the picture Mr. Marks has drawn, one gathers that life in an American College, far from having an ennobling and enlightening effect upon its students, boys at the plastic age, has a detrimental, pernicious influence that in some cases is irremedial. At this college, called for the sake of the story by the fictitious name of Sanford College, we see young boys drinking, swearing, dissipating, gambling, doing everything in fact but studying. The language is appalling—not the cursing which is bad enough, but I refer to the young American's college English. It is awful! Slipshod, meaningless, vilely pronounced, utterly inane. One is reminded of Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street" and "Babbitt."

We see the nice youth, Hugh Carver, entering this College and we see him, four years later, leaving it. Thanks to his home upbringing, Hugh Carver does not fall into the vicious ways of the majority of his colleagues, but what a waste of time his college life seems to have been. As far as I could judge, after four years academic training, Hugh was fitted for nothing whatsoever. As a matter of fact, had those four years been spent in, let us say, a departmental store, Hugh would have learnt more of life and work than he did in College. I know two Winnipeg graduates who failed to "hold down" jobs in a store and I'm sure Hugh Carver would have been a third.

However, a job in a store is not the be all and end all of existence for many, nor is Sanford College, as described by Percy Marks, typical. Doubtless some of the evils exist in every college. But crowd them all into one, and you have your picture sadly out of perspective. Mr. Marks and Mr. Ornitz are guilty of exactly the same fault—the one gave a picture of East side life, the other of college life, without any regard for perspective. Hence, my two unpleasant captions: "Ugly Sights and Smells" and "Indigestible Food and a Bitter Draught."

Dreary but Delicate

SUCH are the short stories by the late Louis Hemon, published in a volume (Toronto, The Macmillan Co.), entitled "My Fair Lady." Perhaps "dreary" is not a just adjective. Love of alliteration prompted me to find an adjective that began with "D"! Delicately wrought they certainly are and tinged with sadness. Some throb with tragedy—especially the last one, the life story of the little dancing Lizzie. What surprised me so much about these stories was their un-French, un-Canadian character. I did not know that Louis Hemon was so intimate with English cockney life as to be able to write, in the realistic manner of Katherine Mansfield, the story called "The Last Evening." This tale narrates how Bill and Tom and Sal spent their last evening together. Because the beer ran freely, their sorrow was none the less deep!

The story I liked best of all because of its originality and condensation is the one called "The Old Woman." She is a hundred and seven, this old lady, and her one desire was to fall from her chair, "to leave forever the eternal, motionless attitude which hurt her, to lean over and fall face forward on the floor, shaking off at once the burden which crushed her down upon herself and the pain in her bones. She felt that the earth was calling her and that if she could fling herself forwards, lay her worn out body on the cool soil and stay there several moments, the intolerable weariness of her members would turn into repose."

Chums
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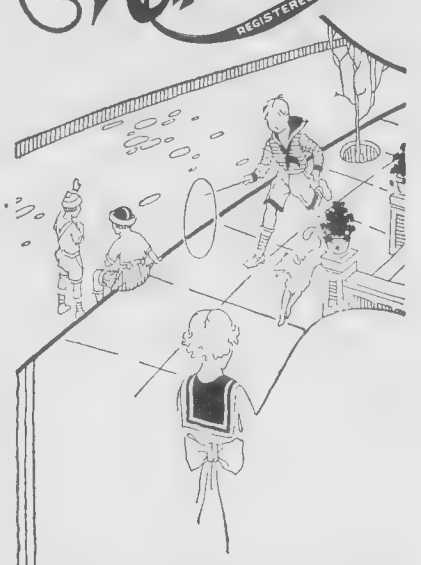

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Because Chums are especially made to protect the feet of growing boys and girls of all ages.

Ill-fitting shoes produce fallen arches, double or crossed toes, hammer toe, and spinal trouble.

Feet encased in Chums shoes grow in nature's way.

Chums shoes provide the utmost in strength and durability and if the sole wears out you can send them to us, through your dealer, for resoling and resizing up to and including size 10½.

There is no shoe like Chums. Ask for them by name.

Write us for booklet and name of your nearest dealer.

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MAPS

Excellent pocket maps of Manitoba, or Saskatchewan, or Alberta, showing all towns, post offices, railways, range and township numbers, etc. Price only 25c for each province, postpaid.

For sale at the best stationers, news dealers and drug stores of Western Canada or direct from

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A Complete Printing Service.
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Retain the Charm Of Girlhood
A Clear Sweet Skin
Cuticura
Will Help You
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FOR COUGHS—
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Tickling coughs and sore throat will be over sooner if you take a teaspoonful of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly at night and occasionally during the day. *It is tasteless and odorless* and stops that irritating tickling, soothes inflamed membranes and gives nature a chance to do its healing work. As "Vaseline" Jelly is absolutely harmless, it may be taken repeatedly until relief is obtained.

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Look for the trade-mark "Vaseline" on every package. It is your protection.

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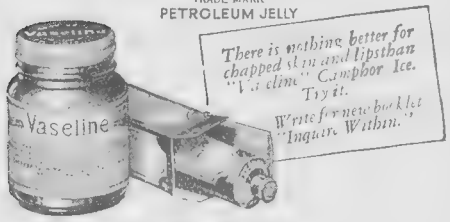

The Cheer of Well-kept Shades

YOUR housekeeping is known by the windows you keep. Choose Hartshorn quality both in shade rollers and shade fabrics and you are assured of perfection in appearance and service.

Say "Hartshorn" at your retailer's when you renew your shades this Spring. Sold by retailers everywhere.

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SHADE PRODUCTS
Established 1860
ROLLERS — SHADE FABRICS

COME LET US READ A WHILE

Continued from page 24

But the poor old woman was not permitted to sink into death. Each hour or so, she was awakened by a hand shaking her shoulder and by an imperative voice shouting,

"Hey, Mother! Here's some folk coming!"

And then she had to gather strength to tell these visitors to the museum that she remembered the Emperor, yes, she had seen him and she had witnessed men torn to bits and heard the cannon roaring.

"If only—O pitiful God!—she could find strength to lean over and let herself fall forward, to reply to the call of the earth!"

To tell you the end of this story would spoil your future pleasure in it. Please do read it for yourselves.

Lavender and Lace

I WISH I knew Susan Ertz. I would like to thank her for having written "Madame Claire" (New York, D. Appleton and Company). After reading "The Plastic Age" and "Haunch, Paunch and Jowl," it was like sitting beneath a wide spreading tree within sight of a silver stream on a boiling hot day, to read "Madame Claire." A beautiful, fragrant story, wonderfully woven like exquisite lace that has within its folds the sweet perfume from English grown lavender. And although this is beautiful, free from the curse of modern "sex stories," it is none the less sophisticated, up to date, clever and amusing. It is a human story of charming people, of faulty people, of old and young, of mistakes, failures, achievements, and fresh beginnings. It is a story that makes one feel that life is beautiful, people are generous-hearted and Old Age has its enviable phases no less than Youth.

Madame Claire, seventy-eight years old, lovely in soft silks and exquisite lace, reminds me of that great personality who lately passed away—Lady Colvin, friend and inspiration to Robert Louis Stevenson. Lady Colvin, like Madame Claire, lived to a ripe old age and one can imagine her, like Lady Claire, being the centre of young folks—grandchildren and their friends who came to listen to her wisdom but mostly to give vent to their own cleverness. How Madame Claire loved to hear her grandchildren commenting upon their elders! Another very charming feature of this unique volume is the interspersion of letters written by Madame Claire to an old lover who like herself is now sitting on the quiet hill-side of life watching the sinking sun. As one clever critic said to me, "Madame Claire has all the elements that I love to find in a novel: delicacy, humour, action, character portrayal, whimsical letters and nothing ugly."

A Garden of Perennial Delight

IN Contrary Mary's Garden there grew several rare specimens, but quite useless. For after all what could one do with cockle shells, silver bells and a harem? But in Stephen Leacock's playground "The Garden of Folly" (Toronto, S. B. Gundy), the seeds there sown, have brought forth a tree of life bearing the fruits of laughter, wit, and wisdom.

A very jolly garden this, in which to wander. The garden of modern life with Leacock, the Jester, to guide us through the intricate mazes. Perhaps my years of work in an advertising office have made me particularly responsive to Leacock's wise nonsense anent the Perfect Salesman and the Power of Advertising. I laughed and laughed over these chapters. Made a joke, too, all to myself, about Leacock's garden abloom with adsters and quills! Not bad, eh? Hope he sees this review. If I were quite sure of his reading this, I would continue to be really funny. As it is, I'll just tell you, my readers, in confidence that when reading "The Garden of Folly," I thought of another garden to which Maud was invited at a most compromising hour! Had Leacock been Tennyson, I wonder how he would have invited his cousin Maud to stroll in his garden. Like this, I suppose.

Come into the garden, Maud,
And see what your Stephen has grown.
Come into the garden, Maud,
It's dull to be laughing alone.
And the fame of this garden is wafted abroad
Since my seeds of folly were sown
And I said to my nose, the brief night goes
For I smell the factory smoke.
Oh, dirty vapour, do you suppose
My Maud will laugh at my joke?

In case she doesn't, I bid you all adieu!

"We Sing to Thee, Oh Canada'

Oh Canada, we sing to thee,
The land of promise, and we see,
Within thy shores a people true;
Strong, loyal hearts will beat anew,
For Canada, dear Canada

Thy stately maple stands to greet,
The forest deep and city street;
Thy people everywhere are blest,
And by the love of God caressed,
In Canada, dear Canada.

Thy singing rivers rise to meet,
The golden waves of ripened wheat;
And o'er the land from shore to shore,
From mansion fair and cottage door,
We sing to thee, Oh Canada.

No coward's boast can hurt our pride,
For God and Truth shall be our guide;
With flag unfurled, and hearts aglow,
We march along, and fear no foe,
In Canada, dear Canada.

God keep us free from nation's greed,
From stress and pain of battle freed;
May only Love and Peace abide,
Within this land, where side by side
We sing to thee, Oh Canada.

—Margaret D. Tolmie

His Definition

"Son, what is an average?" asked the father.

"Why," answered the youth, "it's what the hen in the arithmetic lays an egg a day on."

Bungalow Camp at Lake O'Hara, from Hector Station, B. C.

Eat more Toast

Advocated by Medical Authorities

Toast promotes mastication and thereby aids digestion of bread, "the staff of life." What could make a better breakfast than delicious, brown, crispy, piping hot toast. Medical authorities advocate it not only for the delicate in health, but for all. Now you can have toast every morning and for every meal, the equal of which you never before have tasted.

Sterno has solved the problem. Sterno Canned Heat makes toast far superior to other methods. And to prove it to you, we offer you without charge, a Sterno Toaster to make toast quickly, easily, conveniently, to have it PIPING HOT RIGHT ON THE TABLE. No waiting, no running to the kitchen stove.

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It has hundreds of uses. Indoors or outdoors, all year around you can use it for cooking meals, heating milk, or water for shaving, or for the curling iron or sad iron. No matter what your walk in life, you can enjoy its comforts, whether you are a traveler, farmer, doctor, teacher, nurse, office or shop worker, etc.

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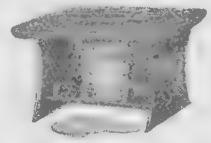

With this 35c *Stove*

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How to Get the Toaster Free

If you are a user of Sterno Canned Heat, go to your dealer and buy six cans of Sterno. *Send the six labels to us* and a Sterno Toaster will be sent you at once. You can use it on any Sterno stove.

If you have never used Sterno, for only 35c buy the folding Sterno Stove with can of Sterno and extinguisher. Cut out and *send us the name and phrase "Sterno folding stove for light housekeeping" from the box* and receive the Sterno Toaster.

If Your Dealer Cannot Supply You

send to us direct for either the stove or the six cans of heat—or both at the following prices: Stove—35c. Heat—15c can. We will ship free toaster with either order.

Write Letter or Send This Coupon

STERNO OF CANADA LIMITED
10 McCaul Street, Toronto, Dept. 30.

Enclosed find six Sterno Canned Heat labels or name Sterno and phrase "Sterno folding stove for light housekeeping" from Sterno Stove Box for which I am to receive a Sterno Toaster. No charge.

Name _____

Address _____

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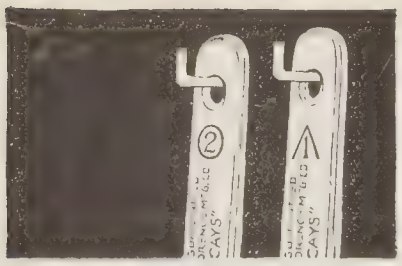
This offer expires Nov. 30, 1924



Give *your* tooth brush an *even* chance

Your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush does its best work when you give it a chance to dry out thoroughly between brushings. The saw-tooth-bristle tufts are more resilient when they are dry. That's when they can chase germs the best.

Keep two Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes on hand. Use them alternately. Then for each of your four-times-a-day brushings you'll have a Pro-phy-lac-tic at its best. They last longer that way, too.

A Pro-phy-lac-tic at its best keeps teeth at their best—free from decay, white, strong, and beautiful.

Sold everywhere in Canada and all over the world. Prices are: Pro-phy-lac-tic De Luxe, 75c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 65c; Small Size, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 35c. Each is made in three different textures of bristles—hard, medium, and soft. The Dental Plate brush is 65c. Send for "Tooth Truths," our interesting booklet on tooth trouble and how to prevent it. Florence Manufacturing Co., Limited, 275 Craig St. West, Montreal, Canada.

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

Always Sold in the Yellow Box

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Romance via Ouija

By ROBERTA EDWINA CLARE

IT'S astonishing, but it's happened. So far it's come true. I mean what the Ouija said. I'll tell you all about it from my Diary, because it's written there just as it happened, and of course, if I told it to you from memory I'd be sure to make it sound a whole lot more beautiful than it is.

Oct. 5th. Laura is my room-mate this year, Diary. I am so sorry Dot is gone, I shall certainly miss her. Laura is rather stiff and old maidish, still she's all right. So far she hasn't had much fun in her. I do like a girl who has some pep and can take a joke, don't you Diary?

Oct. 10th. Oh, Diary I'm so excited! If Laura hasn't much humor, she has heaps of electricity. Someone sent her a Ouija board, and for the last few days we've been having such fun. We haven't told any of the other girls yet, we have just kept it for ourselves. We asked it some of the funniest questions, Diary. I asked it who I was going to marry, and it spelled out Harold Welton. Oh Diary, I'm so excited. I do wonder if Ouija boards tell the truth? It didn't hesitate the least bit, but just spelled it right out. They say it reads your mind, but that would be impossible, for you see, I wasn't thinking at all of Harry Welton. Why how silly when I don't even know him Diary! I really don't care much for the name, do you? Oh glory, there comes Miss Sims. Now if she should ever find you Diary, please for my sake shrivel up or something. Good-night Diary, I think I see her green eyes looking through the keyhole.

Oct. 11th. Dear Diary, I nearly collapsed this morning, for Miss Sims called my name the very minute we entered class. Her green eyes seemed to turn greener, and she popped the question at me so suddenly that I made an awful slip Diary. "Why were your lights on after hours last night, Doris?" she said. It just seemed like I was paralyzed from the neck up, I didn't know what to say. I couldn't give you away Diary, because that would give our fun away, which would be worse than anything that has ever happened here. She just simply would burst if she didn't get a look at you. And then what do you think I said Diary? I was getting absolutely desperate under her warlike glances when I began to speak. "I—I don't know Miss Sims, I think I went to sleep the minute I—I got to bed, and I didn't wake up till you looked through the keyhole." Oh Diary wasn't that an awful thing to say? I thought she would murder me, but she knew only too well, that she'd be hung if she did, and that's the only thing that held her back. I'm going to hear her verdict at four-thirty this afternoon. Of course you know Diary she sent me right up to my room. I'm in an awful quandry because I don't know whether she'll have me expelled or send me to jail. I know one thing I'll bet I don't get my dinner.

5:30. Oh Diary, it lasted half an hour, I mean Miss Sims' lecture. It was the hottest one I ever had, I think it was hotter than the Mexican Tamales we had for dinner the other day. She made me apologize. I wouldn't have refused to, I'd have kissed her if she had really asked me to. Of course I know she wouldn't, but I was so glad she didn't have me expelled. I'm happy even if I don't get my dinner, because after all the things I've done and got away with, it would be perfectly shameful to be expelled in my last term. But do you know Diary, my conscience doesn't hurt me a bit, and for what I said I'm not even sorry, neither are the girls. Jean said it served her properly well right for spying on us. She's been spying so long that her eyes have turned green, and she can see as well at night as she can in the day.

6:30. I've changed my mind about Laura, Diary, she's just lovely. You could never guess what she did for me tonight. They had roast beef for dinner, and she made a sandwich out of some of hers, and when Miss Sims wasn't looking she slipped it into her serviette, and some of the girls slipped some pie and fruit into something and they all gave their donations to Laura at the door with their compliments. Glory, but wasn't I hungry? So you see, I didn't go to bed the way Miss Sims had planned at all. You'd think the way she acts that she had never been a girl herself. Some of the girls think all she ever had for companions were a cat and parrot. And some think by the way she acts towards the boys from the other college, that her lover must have jilted her, if she ever had one, but I doubt it don't you, Diary?

Oct. 13th. Some more about the Ouija, Diary. Somehow it leaked out about Laura's Ouija board, and now we have just grists of girls in our room every night. I wonder if Miss Sims won't find out? The girls laugh so much that I'm sure she will. She is just like an ice-berg these days, not only to me but to all the girls. It's good we're humans and have some warm bloods in our veins, or she would turn us into icicles with every glance. I think she'd be delighted with herself if she could, don't you, Diary?

Lonely Days

Though the world be young yet,
Sunlit the way,
Shadows of loneliness,
Hollow and grey.
Break through my happiness
Darken my day.

Ever will memories come —
My loved one's voice,
Or just a tiny flower,
Frail, but his choice—
How may my way be glad
Or heart rejoice ?

Lonely as mountain peaks,
Lonely as night .
In a gay careless world
Shoddy and bright.
Oh God, through lonely days
Send me Thy light !

—Lereine Ballantyne

Oct. 15th. Oh Diary, we pretty nearly lost Ouija last night. If the girls had only kept quiet, it wouldn't have happened. Jane always asks such foolish questions. She was pushing the thing with Laura; you know, Diary, it always seems as though your partner is pushing the little table around. Well anyway Jane asked it if Miss Sims had ever been engaged, and it ran up to "yes." Then of course we all got curious, and Laura said, "Who was the lucky bird? (now wasn't that an awful way to put it?) and the thing spelled out "Charlie." Then Jane asked it if she would every marry? And it ran up to "Yes." Well of course we all exploded, and we were making an awful noise, when one of the girls looked around and—Oh horrors! There stood Miss Sims in the doorway with her arms folded. There were about six girls between Laura and Miss Sims and quick as a flash she slipped the Ouija board under the carpet. We didn't know what to do with the little table so I grabbed it and as I turned to face Miss Sims I passed it to the girl behind me and squeezed her hand as she took it. I hoped she would understand. She did. When it got to the last girl, she threw it out of the window. I felt an awful weight lifted off my shoulders with that gone. Of course Miss Sims hadn't seen a movement for all her green eyes, it was done so stealthily. Anyway she was reading us such a lecture she would not have had time to see. She made each girl file out before her, and apologize for being so boisterous and loud. When she got Laura and me alone she asked us what we had been laughing at. She suspected of course that we were at the bottom of the noise. I told her we had been telling funny stories. She looked daggers at me while I tried to look innocent. I must have succeeded for she told us to get ready for bed and she would attend to us in the morning. I suppose she left it till the morning because by that time she'd have looked up the meanest punishment she had written down in her punishment book. I think, Diary, that we'll all be able to act the criminal part in the movies when we graduate from this school.

OCT. 16th. Well, Diary, she attended to us in the morning all right. It was Saturday, and we always go into town every Saturday, but she told us we were not to leave the grounds. Now just imagine taking away our only real holiday of the week. There is only one bit of consolation and that is she has to stay in also. I wonder what in the world Peter thinks of me. If he writes down all the fibs people tell, he must have two books full for me. But it isn't my fault, he should put every fib I say, down in Miss Sims' books for if I had told her the truth always, she would have expelled me long ago. Life with Miss Sims would be an awful problem don't you think so, Diary?

Oct. 24th. The impossible has happened, Diary. I have met Harold Welton. It was this way. The boys in the College a short distance from ours gave a party for us girls. There are a lot of girls here have brothers in that college. Laura has one. It was very pretty the way they had the ballroom decorated, the boys did it themselves. You would just think you were in the woods with the moon and stars shining overhead, and the lovely fresh woodsy air. Oh Diary it was so romantic. Laura's brother introduced him, Harold I mean. He's the most beautiful dancer, but I'm a bit disappointed for he is not the least bit handsome. He is going to be a lawyer though.

Oct. 27th. Harold called for me, and with Miss Sims permission took me to the theatre. His family knew her when she was over in England, and so of course she is nice to him. He says she is a ripping sport when she is out of the school. At least she was over in England. I said she was ripping mad lots of times in school, but I had never seen her a ripping sport. Isn't it funny that I should have met Harold, Diary? The girls here are green with envy, they all ask the Ouija the name of the man they are going to marry.

Nov. 1st. We had our first snowfall today, Diary, it stayed on too, everything is a glistening white, and it seems pretty cold out. When the snow gets deep enough we are going to give a snowshoe party and dance, and we girls are going to show the boys how to decorate. We'll be able to coast down the hill at the side of the college, later on.

Nov. 10th. Isn't it perfectly dreadful, Diary? They are planning the first toboggan party of the year, and I have such a cold I daren't go, because I had the "flu" two years ago, and I'm not going to take chances. The boys from the other school are coming over. They always come to our pleasures and we always go to theirs. You know, boys seem so necessary because they carry the toboggans, and are always so handy. We are going to have about twenty-five toboggans. I think maybe by the 12th, that is when its to be, I might go if I had a heavy woollen sweater. I just have my blanket coat, and it's so cold this winter it wouldn't be enough.

Nov. 13th. Oh Diary I went. Harold is a perfect dear. He took me out for a sleigh ride on the 11th, and I told him I could not go, and he was so disappointed I told him the reason why. And he said it was so easily remedied, that it wasn't worth thinking about. We just had a lovely time at the party. We are going to have another one Tuesday of next week. Harry lent me his beautiful new sweater. I could not have bought one for two very good reasons. First, because my allowance for this month is running low, and second, we are not allowed to shop in town until Saturday unless we need medicine.

Nov. 19th. Oh Diary, I have some medium bad news for you. Miss Sims has broken her ankle. Now what do you think of that? We had our party last night (Tuesday) and the toboggan Miss Sims was on turned over, and they all rolled to the bottom in a sprawling heap. I'm sure I don't know how it did, but it did. Miss Sims had to be carried in and put to bed. We sent for the doctor, and he fixed her ankle up. There was no one else hurt. Now we'll have to have a substitute for a long while. Miss Sims is going to stay right here and have a trained nurse.

Continued on page 29

Home-Made Cookies for Kiddies

The kiddies just can't help it — they've got to eat 'tween meals. Why, what's the use of having 'tween meals if there's nothing to eat? With

ROYAL
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Cocoa Cookies

4 tablespoons shortening
1 cup sugar
¼ cup milk
1 egg
2 cups flour
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup cocoa

Cream shortening and sugar together; add milk and beaten egg; mix well. Sift one cup flour with the baking powder, cocoa and salt and add, with more flour to handle easily. Roll out ¼-inch thick on floured board; cut with cookie cutter. Bake in moderate oven (385°) about 12 minutes.

Royal Contains No Alum — Leaves No Bitter Taste

MADE IN CANADA

Why not the table of her dreams?

Janet had looked forward with delight to entertaining her friends and Henry's in this new home. In her mind's eye the gateleg table was set for four or at most six. Always it was resplendent in her wedding silver—the six knives, the six forks, the six spoons and the serving pieces. But here, right at the start, was a party that called for more than "six of each." Somehow this was not the table of her dreams. Those extra places, so sparsely and oddly set, banished the dream. She must get more silverware!

Have you silverware enough to set the table as you desire?

PERHAPS you, too, are often surprised to find that your wedding silverware, once so adequate, now falls short of your entertaining requirements.

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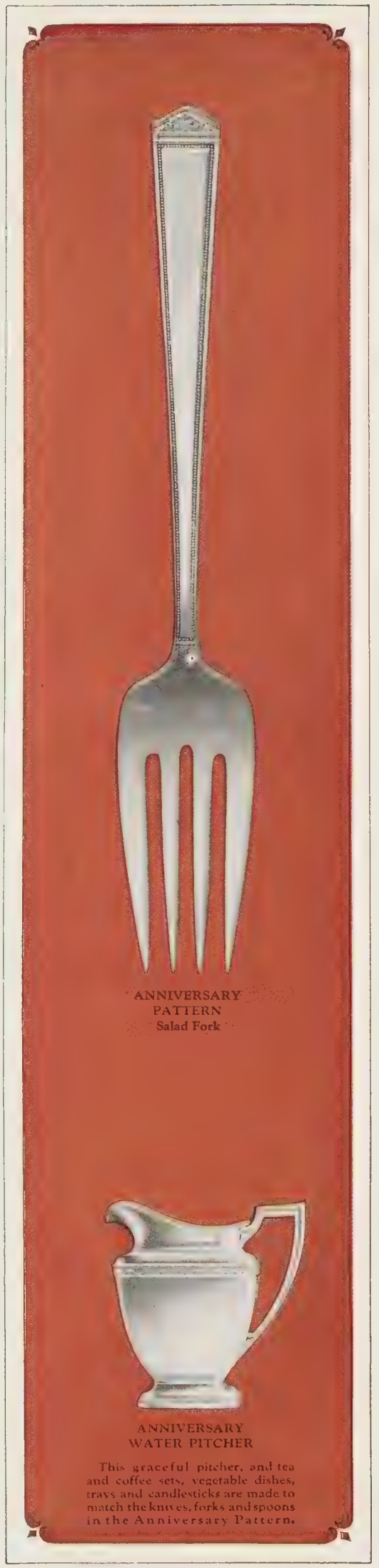

Romance via Ouija—*Continued from page 26*

Nov. 25th. Miss Sims is not much better. The substitute is here Diary, and it's a he. We will, I think, learn to appreciate Miss Sims when she gets better. Why he's a perfect brute. He treats us like infants. We even think he watches us through the keyhole every night like Miss Sims did. But we are going to prove whether he does or not. We clubbed together last night to plan revenge, and one of the girls suggested stuffing the keyhole so he couldn't see in. But I said that was too tame, I suggested punishment. They all agreed and so for tonight we've fixed up an apparatus just above the spot where he will stand. It's made up of ropes and a tin pail so that when he stoops down to look in, he'll get a soaker of the coldest water procurable. We'll know when he is there because we are going to station a girl in the opposite room, and she is going to give us the signal from the fan-light.

Nov. 26th. It worked Diary. We took a dishpan from the kitchen and put some ice water in it, and sat it inside the storm window which was open, and let it get as cold as possible without freezing. Someone suggested hot water or tar, but I said I thought cold water was the biggest shocker and that it would have just as much effect on him without so much injury. Someone else suggested glue, but I insisted on ice cold water, and won. I said glue was too slow, he might see it coming and dodge. Well anyway, about nine o'clock we heard footsteps coming upstairs. They stopped directly in front of our door. We heard the signal and all hands took hold of the rope and pulled. There was a perfectly awful yell and splash, and we heard him retreating downstairs. We had forgotten he might yell. I hope Miss Sims was dreaming of Charlie, and didn't wake up. However we haven't heard anything from the nurse yet, so we think we're safe. When we entered first class next morning, he wasn't there. I think that time and the time he yelled were the only times any of us had misgivings about it. However he turned up fifteen minutes later, wearing a different suit. During class he sneezed and shivered. But he didn't say anything about the drenching. He knows we could put him off the school staff for spying on us, that was why he took it so meekly.

Dec. 2nd. I guess I won't have anything important to tell you now Diary till Christmas exams. are over. Because we'll all be studying like niggers till then.

Dec. 24th. Well Diary, exams. are over, thank goodness! Everything's ready for tomorrow for you see it's Christmas. We have the loveliest present for Miss Sims, and we are going to give her a surprise too. The doctor is going to help us. It is just this year's graduation class which is going to do it.

DEC. 25th. This morning the sun was out gloriously. It was perfectly divine. We got up very early. We had declined all invitations from the boys, and we had denied ourselves the pleasure of a visit home, but as it was our last year in the college, we wanted to leave some nice memories behind. We would be home in June anyway. Our parents all agreed it was the nicest thing to do. And everyone's father, including mine, sent them a check for fifty dollars instead of a present. We all came out right plump and plain in our letters and said we would rather have money than anything else, and so everyone of them sent fifty dollars, you'd think, Diary, they had been in co-operation. Jane and I slipped up to Miss Sims' room as soon as we were dressed this morning, with our arms full of holly. Miss Sims was still asleep which just suited our plans, so the nurse helped us decorate the room. When we had finished it just looked beautifully Xmasy. Later on in the afternoon the Doctor came. When everything was ready the Doctor and the nurse carried Miss Sims down and just as they reached the foot of the stairs, we put on the Victrola, our present to Miss Sims. We played Handel's Largo. You should have been there Diary to see the surprise on Miss Sims' face as she entered the Christmas Bower and saw her present and everything. It was just great! I decided then and there that her eyes were not green. We had the most delightful dinner, and in the evening we put on a little Xmas play, and at the end of it. we gave a short musicale. It was lovely, and Miss Sims was so pleased. But the biggest surprise was yet to come, I mean for us. Just as we turned on the lights after everything was over, the door bell rang and one of the boys from the college was ushered in. He had a great big sack on his back. He undid it and the first name he called was Miss Sims. I took her the parcel. He informed us that they were not to be opened till after he left. We were on pins and needles with curiosity to know who he was and to know what was in our parcels. Miss Sims was the first to open hers after he was gone. It was a most beautiful suede bound volume entitled "A Little Bit of Something from Every Poet." We all got either books or candy, not one girl was missed. Mine was a book of English Tales of the Fifteenth Century, from Harold. He had written a little note which read, "As you wouldn't let me come to your party, And you wouldn't come to mine, I thought I'd send you this little gift, And enclose with it a line." And on the end of the little poem he wrote, "May I come and take you to a theatre Tuesday night? If I don't hear from you between now and then, I'll come. H.—— The girls were fearfully jealous again. But I didn't care, I was tickled to death. Trust Harold to be original.

Dec. 30th. Of course Harold didn't hear from me, so we went to the theatre tonight. I have just come in, and I couldn't wait to tell you the awful trick they have played on me. His name isn't Harold Welton at all, Diary, its Harold Wells. Now isn't that an awful joke? I just can't get over it. Its terrible funny though. He said when Laura's brother heard about the answer Ouija had given to my absurd question he thought it a perfectly wonderful chance to have a good laugh.

April 3rd. Harry proposed to me last night, Diary, and gave me the most wonderful engagement ring. Oh I'm so happy and so excited. His parents are coming over from England, to be here for our wedding. Won't that be lovely, Diary? I guess I have left you alone for a long time, but there hasn't been anything worth telling you about, till now, and anyway it's our last term and we've had to do some real work. I won't be writing much after this, Diary, because we have to study for our June Exams., and that means hard work.

June 10th. Oh Diary, our Exams. are over at last. And it's drawing close to the wonderful day. The whole graduation class is coming to my wedding. I am going to have Laura and Jane for my bridesmaids. And Harold is going to have Laura's brother for best man. They are all perfectly delighted, and don't you think it surprising, Diary? Jane is going to marry Laura's brother. It will be a perfect match. But they haven't decided just when their wedding will be, maybe in September. I'll not be able to come to it, but then they are going to Europe for a wedding trip, and they will visit us in London, which will be just as nice. You see Harold and I are getting married as soon as we leave college because his father wants him to go back to England as quickly as he can because he wants Harold for a partner.

June 22nd. I arrived home today, Diary, and weren't they glad to see me? I graduated with honors, and received a most beautiful Penmanship Diploma. It's only a few days now, and I'll be very busy so I won't be able to tell you anything more, Diary, for a long time.

June 23rd. Why Diary you'll never guess what's happened. My Uncle Charlie is coming from India for my wedding. Daddy wrote and told him about it and a cable came this morning that he would be here in four days. Why you know, Diary, we haven't heard from Uncle Charlie for so long that I had nearly forgotten him. I haven't seen him since I was six years old, and I don't remember what he looks like except by his pictures. I've invited Miss Sims to my wedding too Diary, and she is going to come.

JUNE 30th. It's all over, Diary, and I'm Harry's, and Harry's mine. I have the loveliest stateroom. Harry had them fix it all up because I was a bride. It's a perfect dream, Diary. My graduation class, Uncle Charlie, Harry's parents, and Miss Sims were at my wedding. Afterwards when the reception was nearly over, I missed Miss Sims and Uncle Charlie. I looked all over for them, but they weren't there. I managed to slip away and look for them. I found them in the library together. You know I wasn't the least bit shocked, Diary, for Charlie was the name Ouija spelled out, the name of the man to whom Miss Sims used to be engaged. I had not connected Uncle Charlie with it till I missed them both. Miss Sims was in Uncle Charlie's arms when I entered. Of course out of curiosity I had to stare a minute. I thought I would slip out and leave them alone when Uncle Charlie saw me. He asked me to remain a minute, and I went over to them and they both told me all about their quarrel or whatever it was. If they ever read you, Diary, they will know that I knew more about it than they thought. You ought to have seen Miss Sims, she was beaming all over. Well, Diary, when I went up to change into my travelling costume, I threw my wedding bouquet. The girls, including Miss Sims, gathered around the foot of the stairs. Miss Sims caught it. You ought to have seen the surprise on the girls' faces. Of course, they didn't know what I did. So Miss Sims will be my aunt, Diary, and she will live in India and maybe I will go and visit her sometimes. Anyway I know she'll make a lot nicer relation than school teacher. Harry has just come in to take me to dinner. He makes just as nice a husband as he was a lover. I suppose this is the last time I will write in you, Diary. I'll not be afraid of Miss Sims reading you now because she could not expel me. Harry's parents have a stateroom next ours. But we hardly ever see them, they leave us to ourselves, for they have been through the process of honeymooning years before, and they know that "two are company, three are a crowd, and more than three would be a mob."

Torn from the Pages of Truth

By VERA ROBERTSON

Very often we hear of some man who is termed hard to know and who is called deep. In all probability there is nothing to know, and he is getting credit for non-existent depths.

Even the stingiest woman can be a regular philanthropist when it comes to giving a piece of her mind.

When a man watches two women kissing, who can blame him for questioning the sex of Judas?

Often it is kinder to put a little shirt on the naked truth.

It is wise to have a sound-proof cupboard for the family skeleton so you can't hear its bones rattling.

Some of the people who have married on love at first sight must wish they had possessed second sight.

A man with six sons had the conceit to lament that he had not a seventh. Surely the chap who reproduces himself six times has his egoism satisfied.

More often than not the pangs of jealousy a woman suffers over her husband are humorously unnecessary and not very flattering to her friends. Because he looks to her like an Adonis, it does not say other women have the same optical delusion.

A society man is often times nothing more than a highly polished receptacle for the servile flattery of foolish women.

Perhaps vanity is not the reason for some women looking so frequently in mirrors. They may be interested in Zoology and are seeking for an illustration for one of the Darwinian theories.

Bringing children into the world is about the only undisputed privilege a woman has.

From soup to dessert

FROM alpha to omega of dinner-getting, from soup down through dessert, in many a good kitchen Cox's Gelatine plays a helpful role.

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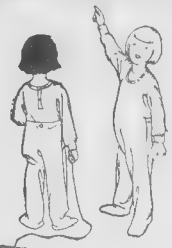

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Work for Busy Fingers

By MARGIE MOORE

Put Filet Crochet on Your Christmas Gifts

HOUSEHOLD linens finished with filet crochet are always lovely and greatly valued. The pillow-slip at the top is finished with square medallions in basket design. The one below is also formed of medallions and edge, is much simpler to make, and is very pretty. It might also be used as a towel-end. The third design may be used for a buffet cover, bureau cover, or, worked in ecru thread for a table scarf. The block patterns are given below.

Directions for Pillow Slip Edge (Basket)

Materials—Coats Mercer Crochet No. 100. No. 14 Hook.

Start at one end, working cross-wise. Ch 63.

1st Row—3 tr in 1st st, 1 tr in next st, 19 sp.

2nd Row—5 sp, 1 bl, 10 sp, 1 bl, 2 sp, 1 tr in each next 3 tr, 3 tr in last st.

Continue to follow design, adding 2 extra tr in each row on the upper edge until the design is finished, then repeat from 1st row.

Edge on Bottom

Start in 1st sp, 3 s st in same sp, 3 s st in next sp, * ch 5, 1 s st in next sp, ch 5, 1 s st in same sp, ch 5, 3 s st in next sp, 3 s st in next sp. Repeat from *.

Directions for Pillow Case (Scallops)

Materials—Coats Mercer Crochet No. 100. No. 14 Hook.

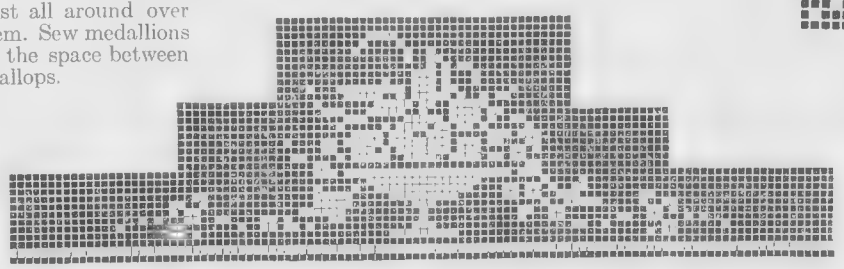
Medallions—Ch. 36.

1st Row—11 bl.

2nd Row—1 bl, 9 sp, 1 bl.

3rd Row—1 bl, 1 sp, 1 bl, 5 sp, 1 bl, 1 sp, 1 bl. Continue to follow design.

Put end of towel in scallops, turn up ¼ inch for hem, crochet s st all around over hem. Sew medallions in the space between scallops.



Edge all Around

1st Row—Start at end, * ch 7, 1 sl st in 5th s st. Repeat from *.

2nd Row—7 s st in ch 7. Repeat.

3rd Row—Ch 7, 1 sl st in center of 7 s st. Repeat.

4th Row—*4 s st in ch 7, ch 5 for p, 4 s st in same ch, 1 sl st over sl st. Repeat from *.

Directions for Scarf End and Edge (Bowl Fruit)

Materials—Coats Mercer Crochet No. 70. No. 13 Hook. Ch. 220.

1st Row—Tr in each st, beginning in 4th st from needle.

2nd Row—110 sp.

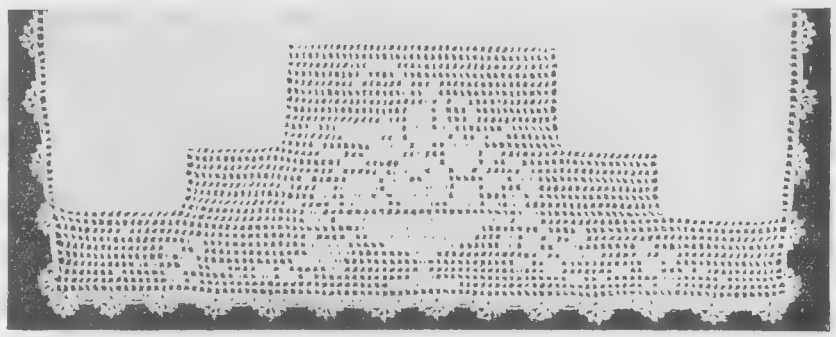
3rd Row—Start design and follow. Finish 11 rows and fasten thread.

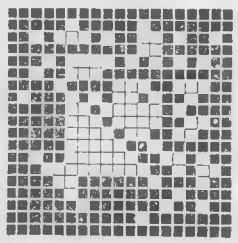
12th Row—Fasten thread in 23d tr and follow design. Finish 19 rows and fasten thread.

20th Row—Fasten thread in 14th tr and finish design.

Edge—Make ch as long as scarf is to be turn and fill with tr and sp.

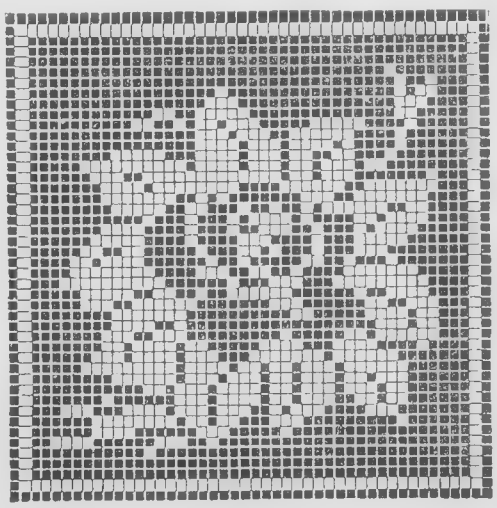
2nd Row—Fasten thread in corner and tr in 2d sp. p, ch 2, tr in same sp, p, ch 2, tr again, p, ch 2, p, ch 2, p, fasten in 4th sp, ch 6, sk 3 sp and repeat around scarf.

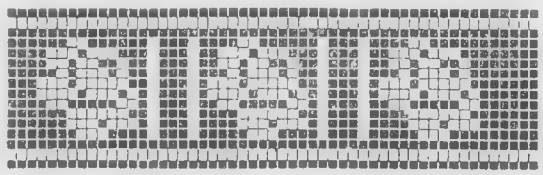


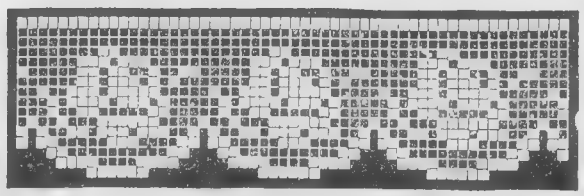


Medallion, Insertion and Edging for Lingerie

IMAGINE the daintiness of a slip of white Fuji silk, with this lovely rose medallion worked in fine thread, set into centre front, and flounce finished with insertion and lace of same design! The top may be simply finished with hem-stitched hem and straps of the material, or, if preferred, the medallion may be omitted and the top finished with the insertion and a narrow edging. The medallion also makes a pretty and effective corner for a luncheon cloth.







Editor's Note:- *Every Woman should read this true story!*

The Valley of the Shadow

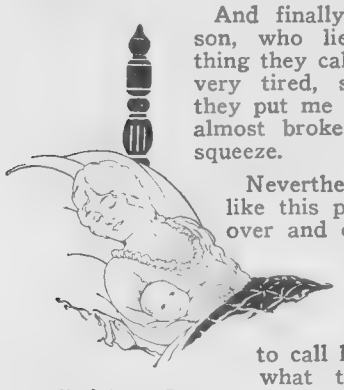
The Diary of a brave little Pioneer

June 1

WELL, here I am at last, and it's certainly a queer world I must say. This world has a white top and pink sides, and is inhabited by a lot of funny people.

There is a large creature all in white, with fur on his face, and everybody jumps when he says anything. Then there is another white person, rather nice I think, with a cap on her head.

There is another queer large person who walks up and down and says "Oh Lord, I'm glad it's over.'



And finally there is The Person, who lies on a big white thing they call the bed. She seems very tired, somehow, but when they put me alongside of her she almost broke me with a terrible squeeze.

Nevertheless, I am going to like this person . . . She said, over and over again, "Oh, my baby, my little baby."

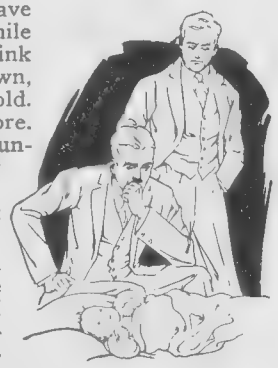
Baby. That must be me, I'm going to call her "Dearest." That's what the Walking Person called her. He bent over us and hugged us both . I guess I'm going to like him, too.

Just now they tried to take me away from Dearest, and of course I howled.

Then the White Person in the cap gave me what she called a bath. It was awful. But I have lots of toes and things, and I got interested in them. They are very pink. . . .

. . I am going to like the Walking Person almost as much as Dearest. I am going to call him Fatherdear. He says I can . . .

June 2



Goodness! They have changed the world while I was asleep. It isn't pink and white now. It's brown, and the air is mostly gold. It was all black before. They call the gold "sunlight.' Huh! A lot they know about sunlight. They ought to see it where I came from.

Just had a wonderful adventure. Dearest gave me my lunch. Now I know what was the matter with the things inside of me before it happened. They wanted lunch. . . .

Oh dear!

I just lost that lunch.

I lost some more lunch.

It isn't such a nice world after all. Guess I'll sleep some more.

June 3

The Big Person with fur on his face is back again. His name is Doctor. They told him about the lunch and he said "Hum" and scratched his head, and Dearest looked very unhappy, and Fatherdear began to walk again. There must be something wrong.

"Try him again," said Doctor, so they put me in Dearest's arms, and it was just as great as ever. If they would only leave me with Her all the time! I would try so hard not to lose my lunch.

I lost it. Somehow, I don't feel quite so good as I did. When I came, I could kick quite well. I can't kick much any more. . . .

June 5

Had a lot of adventures. Every so often they come to me with a hard thing you can see inside of, only you can't get at the inside; and they put the soft end in my mouth, and I think it's Dearest, only it never is. It's awful. I lose my lunches right along.

All the people are acting very queer. Dearest cries a lot, and Fatherdear walks around and says things to himself. I wonder what's the matter.

June 7

Doctor brings in other people with fur on their faces, and they stand around and look at me, and talk long words nobody can understand.

Then they all go into the kitchen and bother the big black thing in the corner that has sunlight in its middle and makes warm feelings, and then they come at me with the Thing. Its name is Bottle. It is never Dearest any more, no matter how we both cry.

Today they put me on a thing that bounced up and down, and Fatherdear said "Oh Lord, he's lost eight ounces." Then he told Dearest I had gained nearly a pound.

Each time they come at me with the bottle, it tastes different. It never stays long. I wish they could find something . . . the things inside of me are very unhappy . . .I cried almost all day, and Fatherdear started to walk with me, only they stopped him.

June 9

The world is better today. They let me stay with Dearest all the time . . . She got all excited and cried, and I cried, and she said they were going to take me away from her, and began to laugh out very loud mixed with crying, and started to get up out of the big white thing she lies on, so they left me with her. High time, too. It would be a very nice world . . . if the things inside would stop.

June 10

Today I slept most all day. I do not care much for the world. Dearest held me all day, and Fatherdear sat alongside. Dearest said "Shouldn't you go to the office, dear?" and Fatherdear choked.

I wonder why they are all so unhappy? Dearest cries and cries, and Fatherdear walks, and the big persons with fur are here all the time, and the white person with the cap cries too. . . . It is getting darker . . . darker.

It is no use. I must go back. I am sorry to leave Dearest, who is so soft and pink and white, and I love my toes and things. Yes, I will go to sleep, in the lovely dark. There . . . Darker . . . It was Fatherdear who woke me up that time. He tried to give me that awful bottle, but I wouldn't take it although I heard them say it was something new. What is the use? It never stays, and then they get unhappy.

But I looked at Dearest and her hair was all around her face, and she was sitting up in bed and crying with her shoulders shaking something awful, and Fatherdear looked as if something was going to happen to him right away . . . so I took it just to please them.

. . . Well, it was *certainly* very good. Fatherdear didn't give me nearly enough of it. And then he took me ever so carefully and laid me in Dearest's arms . . . and they both bent over me . . . and waited . . . and I waited—for it to come up—and Dearest's hair was all soft around me, and I loved it . . . and it forgot to come up, that time, and Dearest and I went to sleep . . . but it was not so dark, and the things inside felt better . . . and just as I was drifting off, very comfy, I heard the Doctor say "Cheer up, old man, Nestlé's Food has saved many a baby's life." I wonder what he meant?

June 11

I woke up early in the gold air, and howled, much louder than I could before . . . and right away they came running, and brought me more of the good stuff, whatever it's name is . . . and it *stayed*, and I kicked all the blankets off.

And Dearest held me in her arms all day long, and over and over she said "Oh, my baby, my little baby, you're *not* going away after all!"

And I guess I won't. But I think it's time for another lunch!

Epilogue

This is a true story written by the father of the little adventurer who went down into The Valley of the Shadow and came safely back again. It has been true of hundreds of thousands of babies all over the world for the past fifty years. The experience of the Brave Little Pioneer in his journey into The Valley of the Shadow, his brave fight for life, is one which is going on every day in hundreds of homes.

If you have a little pioneer who is undergoing similar difficulties, Nestlé's Food may play its part in bringing your little one back to health and strength.

If this little story accomplishes anything in the way of helping other small adventurers to avoid the hazardous experiments that took the Brave Little Pioneer into the Valley of the Shadow, it has not been written in vain.

If you will write to Nestlé's Food Company of Canada, Limited, 323 St. James Street, Montreal, they will send you a sample package of Nestlé's Milk Food sufficient for twelve feedings—also their Mother's Book which gives full directions on the care and feeding of babies.

Figuring

THE Philosopher was standing at the corner of Portage avenue and Main street, looking across at the building with the pillared front, which is one of the finest edifices in Winnipeg, or in Canada, when a friend of his came along and said, "Mr. Philosopher, you can explain everything. I wish you would tell me why the inscription on the front of the bank over there that looks like a Greek or Roman temple says ERECTED MDCCCCXIII? Why didn't they put it simply BUILT 1913?" The only answer that suggested itself was that the Roman numerals were used probably because the building, as the questioner had said, looked like an ancient temple. Whereupon the questioner said that MDCCCCXIII "was a fool way of writing 1913," and wondered how the Romans ever managed to do any figuring with such a clumsy system. But it is a mistake to think that the ancients were, in comparison with us highly intelligent moderns, stupidly clumsy about everything. Both the Greeks and the Romans had ways of simplifying their figuring. For one thing, they used the abacus, or "numeral frame," with buttons that could be slipped up and down wires, or strings. The "numeral frame" is still used in teaching children the rudiments of arithmetic; it is not at all an unknown thing in schools in Western Canada. You will see the "numeral frame" in certain bank offices and express offices in Winnipeg. When a Chinese business man desires to remit a sum of money to Hong Kong, or Shanghai, or Canton, he will ask the rate of exchange, and then do the necessary "figuring" on the abacus more rapidly than the clerk behind the counter, using pencil and paper, can do it. The decimal system we use originated in India, and about eleven hundred years ago spread to the Arabs, from whom it was brought to Europe. Possibly the average Chinese merchant, who is extraordinarily quick at figures, thinks that the white man's way of figuring with pencil and paper and the Arabic numerals we use is a "clumsy" one.

Digging Up Mankind's Past

IT is hard to believe that things of today, which are novelties to us, may be dug up thousands of years from now and regarded with the same kind of interest as is now given to things brought to light from the tomb of King Tutankhamen. The oldest things in the world were once novelties. The Philosopher remembers when electric light bulbs were marvellous novelties; and he has talked with men and women, still living, who remember that when the first coal-oil lamps brought to the West were lighted in Fort Garry they were regarded as wonderful. And when the first candle was devised by an ingenious cave man, think of what a novelty it must have been to his family, and how the fame of it must have spread to the neighboring cave dwellers! What an improvement it was on a flaring pine knot as a means of illuminating a cave! But we do not realize how many thousands of years ago that first candle was lighted. Excavations are bringing to light remains of vanished civilizations which flourished so many thousands of years ago that it is staggering to think of the gulf of time which separates us from them. In the royal palace which has been come upon by the archaeologists excavating in Crete there has been found plumbing at least four thousand years old, which is strikingly like modern plumbing. In Mexico an expedition is at work on the site of a city which was overwhelmed by a flood of lava from a volcano long before the time of King Tutankhamen; and it is announced that remarkable discoveries have been made in some Chinese royal tombs near Urga, in Mongolia, in one of which, dating back to 2,800 B.C., or four thousand seven hundred years ago, has been found furniture and figures of men, animals and birds.

Super-sweetness

A SHORT time before the Great War began, a chemist in Germany was working in his laboratory at a chemical problem which required the making of many experiments in the production of those compounds intermediate between alcohols and acids which are known as "aldehydes." (A well-known one is formaldehyde, which is familiar to everybody under its common name, formalin). He made a compound which he named "alpha-anti-aldoxine of perillaldehyde." It never occurred to him or anybody else to taste it until a few months ago. A Japanese chemist named Furukawa put a particle of it on his tongue, and found it surprisingly sweet. He lost no time in getting the stuff patented as a sweetener. It is made from the juice of a plant of which the botanical name is perilla, and is two thousand times sweeter than sugar. That is to say, one spoonful of it will sweeten a quantity of water which it would require two thousand spoonfuls of sugar to sweeten. This compound, whose name The Philosopher will not undertake to repeat, is ten times sweeter than saccharin, which is made from coal tar. The last issue of the Scientific Monthly records the making of another "super-sweet" by two chemists at Detroit, who have named it "hexyl-chloro-malonomide," which is three hundred times sweeter than sugar. These super-sweets, if we are going to talk about them, will have to be given shorter and more manageable names. Certainly neither of the two mentioned above will ever, under its present name, supplant honey in the old rhyme:

The rose is red, the violet blue,
Honey is sweet, and so are you!

The Philosopher

In Contrast with Dean Inge's Vision

THE famous Dean Inge, of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, who is one of the most original thinkers among modern writers, in discussing the idea of a pessimist that mankind ultimately commit suicide by highly organized mutual slaughter in warfare with now unknown scientific devices of destruction, says that in that case we may imagine a future historian from Venus (a far more likely planet than Mars for this purpose) writing in the preface to his history of our earth by the Venetians: "In Planet Number Three of the solar system the disappearance of the great lizards was followed by the gradual emergence of the Hominidae, a species of large apes walking on their hind legs. By means of a superior brain-development, this cruel and destructive race established a complete ascendancy over the land-surface of the planet, exterminating many species and enslaving the rest. Their career was brought to an end when they discovered, in what they called the twentieth century, how to disrupt the atom, a discovery which they characteristically used to extirpate each other and to reduce the earth to a desert condition, in which was found our first settlers. The fate of this noxious race is often referred to by our theologians as a proof of the providential government of the universe." Not that Dean Inge, who a couple of years ago was nicknamed most unjustly by a London paper "the gloomy Dean," believes for a moment that there is a possibility of such a fate being in store for mankind. On the contrary, he believes most earnestly that the principles of Christianity and of science, that is to say of the highest organized human knowledge will work together to bring mankind to heights of both moral and physical development far above the dreams of the "supermen" of certain German philosophers.

Why the Distress in Germany?

MONTH after month, week after week, day after day, wails of distress have been coming from Germany. There are heart-rending accounts of destitution among the masses of the German people, and especially of the injury that is being suffered by the millions of German people on account of their lacking proper nutrition. No feeling heart can fail to be moved in pity and sympathy with suffering. A great deal is being done by people living in other countries to relieve the distress of sufferers in Germany. But there is a side of the German situation which must be kept in view steadily. While it is true that there is lack of food and other necessities among large classes of the German people, it is equally true that other smaller classes in Germany are luxuriating in wealth and plenty. The distresses in Germany are mainly the result of the course deliberately followed by the rulers of Germany since the close of the war in destroying the German currency by a vast flood of paper money. In the years before the war the world was continually being informed from Germany that German brains were the best under the sun, that in no other country was there so much intelligence and capacity and ability as in Germany, that no other country had such genius for business and political organization and efficiency. But the world has never had such a spectacle of blind incompetency as Germany has presented since the armistice in the failure to manage rightly its currency. Partly in order to defraud Belgium and France of the reparations rightly due them for the devastations wrought by the German armies, partly because of the greed of certain profiteering interests in Germany which disregarded blindly and heartlessly the welfare of the German people as a whole, and partly out of sheer moral, intellectual and political impotence, the currency which in every country is the very life-blood of its daily economic life, has been weakened into worthlessness. The assertion made quite casually by a prominent friend of the ex-Kaiser's, that "Germany might starve, with bursting barns," is a simple assertion of fact. The grain harvest was abundant in Germany last year; but the German farmers have not felt disposed to give their grain away for worthless paper money. Post-war German statesmanship has failed to solve the problem of how to get the food to the people. And many leading Germans complain loudly that what has happened is the result of foreign ill-will and injustice to Germany; and some people outside Germany, giving way to mushy, sentimental thinking, regard this pernicious nonsense as true. Germany must deal competently with the problem it has created for itself by making its currency worthless; by so doing it will be helping more than in any other possible way, the increase of good will on the part of the rest of the world.

The Only Really Useful Citizen

IT cannot be said too often or too earnestly that every good citizen should take an interest in politics, and that in order to deserve being spoken of as a good citizen he must give practical proof of that interest by not merely criticizing but acting. It is not the man who contents himself by saying how bad politics and politicians are who will ever make politics and politicians better. It is only the citizen who makes himself an active force and makes his influence felt, whether as a member of a political party or group, or as an independent, who is doing his duty as a citizen. If he cannot find some people with whom he can conscientiously act, he must be a singular individual, indeed, like the recruit whose mother said, as she watched the company of recruits of which he was a member marching from their drill, "They're all out of step but our Jamie!" It is possible, of course, that such an individual may be in the right, and everybody around him in the wrong. Then let him stick by his principles, even if he is ahead of his time; he has a perfect right to try to convert others to his convictions. Better that than not to have any convictions or opinions which he holds earnestly enough to want anybody to share them and help to try to have them carried into action. Perhaps while he is endeavoring to persuade others to share his views, he will be surprised to find how much he is learning himself.

More Than One Side to Everything

THERE is more than one side to everything in this world. That is why no idea, doctrine or opinion, social, economic, political or otherwise, can be understood fully by giving attention only to what is said or written about it by its opponents. It is necessary to look at a thing from every side before you can size it up rightly. This truth is well illustrated by the fact that you can usually get a proverb to contradict a proverb. Two heads are better than one, for example; but how about too many cooks spoiling the broth? The injunction to look before you leap is a sound piece of proverbial wisdom; but there is another proverb which tells us that he who hesitates is lost. Does that mean that one or both of these contradictory proverbs is false? Not at all. Each in its own time and place may be right. The whole truth about anything is seldom so simple that it can be condensed into one brief and pointed maxim. Just as each and every one of us is a complicated mixture of frequently conflicting traits and tendencies. And just as a dog may be truly a devoted and delightful companion to the small boy who owns him, often truly a nuisance to the small boy's mother, and truly a terror to the cat next door.

In Regard to "the Good Old Times"

THE most ancient inscription yet discovered and deciphered among the hieroglyphics of Egypt it one which laments "the good old times." Is would appear that there never was a time some people were not lamenting the past as having been a better time than the present. There are always many people, of course, who are confident that the best time is coming in the unknown future. There are differences of temperament which make some of us look backward to the good times as having vanished in the past, and others of us look forward to the good times coming. There are millions of homes today where the sorrow and suffering caused by the Great War is felt. But for century after century famine and pestilence and sudden death used to be the common lot. In many lands today there is distress; but conditions are steadily improving. That the average conditions of human life in the world today are better than they were a few centuries ago is undeniable. Mankind is going forward. And it is true and will forever be true that for each and every human being life is in its reality what we make it for ourselves. The world for us is what we select to see and do.

Self-examination, Personal and National

PSYCHOLOGISTS tell us that one of the best and most practical helps in curing a bad habit is to think seriously about and determine definitely just exactly what the bad habit is, and then to put it down in writing. If we know the worst about ourselves, and face it squarely, clear-sightedly and determinedly, the battle for character is already half won. In the same way, why should not a nation profit by candid examination of the faults which check its true advancement? There is a legend of an island whose inhabitants met on a fixed day every year, and acknowledged their shortcomings and wrongdoings. A public whipper was elected beforehand, and twelve jurymen were also elected, who apportioned the punishments in fines and whippings; and the ceremony ended with the jurymen imposing whatever fines should be imposed on themselves and the whipper, after which the whipper whipped the jurymen who needed whipping, and himself, if he needed it. That is all very well for a legend; such a thing could not happen in real life. But would not a country be the better for some plain, honest realization of its shortcomings and wrongdoings? Booth Tarkington wrote recently that one of the most deplorable facts about the people of the United States is their national belief that "whatsoever makes money, that is beautiful." Is there a deplorable fact about the people of this country? If so, how should we like being publicly told about it?

The Home Garden.

The Garden in the Fall

IN the choice between the fall and spring as a time for cleaning up, the fall is the better period, or at least, should be made a time for cleaning up in addition to the inevitable straightening up that follows spring seeding in the garden.

When the deep snow of winter comes, all fields and gardens look alike in the fact that they are similarly free from rubbish as far as the eye can discern, but when the thaws of spring come, the trash hidden in the snow becomes sodden and perhaps incased in ice for some time. A general calling in of all implements and tools should be made before they are listed among the lost articles. Dead leaves, too, are far easier to rake up in the fall, otherwise they become embedded in the mud, then again, they are very useful for the purpose of mulching the bulb beds if collected in time. All the windfall fruit and broken branches of the fruit trees should be raked up and burnt. The strawberry bed can be mulched with clean straw after the ground is frozen.

It is not too early to plan the requirements for next season's activities in the garden and as much work should be done as possible to shorten the rush of spring when we may have but little time owing to a late opening of the weather.

Fall Seeding of Vegetables

AN interesting experiment was conducted at the Experimental Farm, Brandon, during this season to test the practicability of the fall seeding of vegetables. As this is the first experiment, conclusions cannot be based to a very pronounced degree on the results, but it should appeal to all enthusiastic horticulturists as being worthy of trial.

The vegetables under test were: Radish, corn, lettuce, beans, parsnips, peas, carrots, etc. The vegetables were sown in two rows, one in the fall and the other in the spring, so that each vegetable competed against itself under fall and spring conditions. Peas and beans were a failure from the fall seeding. Radishes were about ten days earlier than the spring seeded ones. Parsnips produced a full stand from fall seeding. There were various results from the other vegetables, but the average of those that succeeded in coming through in the spring was about three weeks earlier than the spring seeding in attaining maturity.

It may be said in defence of the vegetables that failed in the fall seeded rows that the weather conditions were against them, as they were sown in October when it looked as though the cold had come to stay, but later on, the month of November, proved to be one of the mildest experienced for a number of years.

The Last Flight of the Bees

BEES should be brought into the cellar after the last good flight they are likely to get. About the middle of November is the usual time this occurs, or perhaps a week later if the weather is still favorable. As the weather gets cooler before the hives are taken in, the entrances should be made smaller by means of slats or pieces of shingle placed so as to keep out a good deal of the cold air.

When it has been decided to remove the hives to the cellar, a soft cloth should be used to stuff into the entrance, this being done very gently so as not to rouse the bees too much, then when the hive is placed in position in the cellar, the cloth can be pulled away and used for the next hive. A good plan is to have a stand made in the cellar, well off the floor, the back rail slightly higher than the front so that the dead bees may more easily be ejected from the hives. Be sure that the entrances to the hives are opened to full size in the cellar for the purpose of ventilation.

The cellar in which the bees are placed should be free from offensive smells, well ventilated, quite dark and quiet. The temperature should be kept at about 45 degrees F. A cool and damp cellar is a very undesirable place for wintering bees. A good plan is to board off a portion of the cellar so that one may more readily control the temperature and ventilation in addition to having it more secluded from noise and light.

Fattening Cockerels for the Table

IN the crating of cockerels for fattening, one should bear in mind the fact that best results are obtained when the birds are put in at four or five pounds weight. It has been found that smaller birds do not seem to stand the forced feeding. Under five months of age seems to be the most advantageous period for this object.

Before the birds are put into the crate —and such birds should be of strong constitution—they should be treated for lice. Dry sulphur or lice powder will serve the purpose. The powder should be thoroughly sifted into the feathers. In applying the sulphur, do not use too freely or it may cause a scurf of the skin.

The fattening crates in general use are six feet long, sixteen inches wide, and twenty inches high, inside measurements. Each crate is divided by two tight, wooden partitions into three compartments, and each compartment holds four chickens. The frame pieces are two inches wide by seven eighths of an inch thick: this frame is covered with slats. The slats are placed lengthwise on three sides, bottom back and top, and up and down in the front. The slats for the bottom are seven-eighths of an inch wide and three-eighths of an inch thick; the back, top and front slats are the same width but only three-eighths of an inch thick. The spaces between the slats in front are two inches wide to enable the chickens to feed from the trough. The bottom slats are put one and a half inches apart. The top slats are cut above each partition, and six strips, two inches wide, are nailed under them. The three doors so formed are hinged to the rear corner piece.

The crates may be placed on stands sixteen inches from the ground. The droppings from the chickens are received on sand or some other absorbent material. A light "V" trough, two and a half inches inside, is placed in front of each crate. The bottom of the trough is four inches above the floor, and the upper inside edge is two inches from the crate. Crates may be made from ordinary packing boxes, but a properly made crate will be found far more satisfactory.

If the birds have feed in their crops on being put into crates, they should miss a meal, and then be fed sparingly for several days. If the birds are fed all they will eat for the first few days, they will be subject to a bad setback. As they have previously had to work for their feed on free range the change to cramped quarters and getting their food without effort is rather a drastic change, and one has to bear this important point in mind.

As a rule it is better to leave the birds without any food for the first twenty four hours after entering the crates. The aim should be to keep the birds fairly hungry, never satisfied until they have become used to the confined

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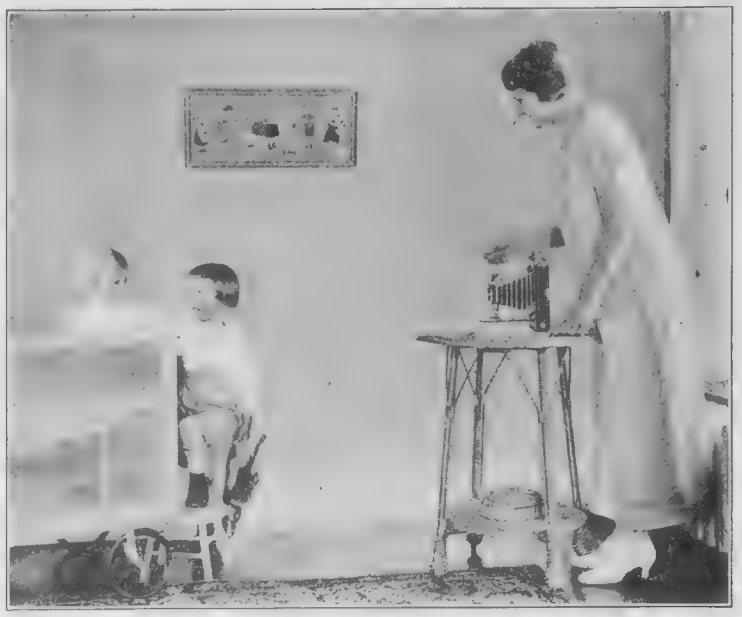

Keep a Kodak story of the Children

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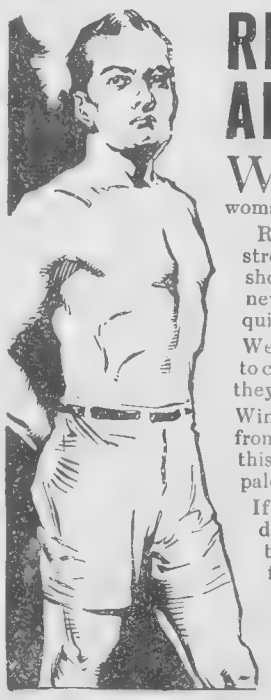


RED BLOOD MAKES ALL OUR STRENGTH

WHAT gives every man his strength? Red blood. What makes the vibrant beauty of woman? Red blood.

Red blood is the driving force of life. If we lack strength we should think first of our blood. We should create more red blood. Then, through the new vitality that comes with rich, red blood, we quickly regain lost strength and vital nerve power.

Weak men and women can find an easy, safe way to create red blood. Then, as the blood is nourished, they will find strength quickly returning.

Wincarnis gives to the blood the very elements from which red blood is created. For fifty years this blood builder has restored exhausted, nervous, pale, thin sufferers.

If your body vitality is at a low ebb go to your druggist today and begin the safe Wincarnis treatment. A sixteen ounce bottle, which is a fourteen day Wincarnis treatment, is sold by all leading druggists for $1.50.

Wincarnis is so effective that only three tablespoonsful a day need be taken. Try Wincarnis at once and realize the new strength just a few days will bring.

WINCARNIS

Coleman & Company Canada, Ltd. 67 Portland St., Toronto

When answering advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

The Young Man and His Problem

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Past and Present

THE war is over, but the following little war "homily" which was printed during the great struggle, still contains some good advice for young men, and older men too, for that matter:

Waste less and save more,
Eat less and chew more,
Drink less and breathe more,
Worry less and work more,
Ride less and walk more,
Frown less and smile more,
Curse less and pray more,
Preach less and do more.

A Nation and Its Men

IN "Investment Securities," a little publication which is distributed by the National City Company, Limited, of Montreal, is printed the following paragraph concerning the United Kingdom:

"Among all the nations of the world Great Britain has occupied a unique position for over a century. The tremendous financial resources at her command and the proved sanity and integrity of her rulers, who truly reflect the mass of the people, have brought her through the difficult period since the war in a way that has excited the wonder and admiration of the world.

The courage of the British in facing their national problems and bearing a huge burden of taxation that their national standing may remain unimpaired, might well be taken for an example for all nations to follow.

Great Britain's reputation for fair-dealing, honor, and circumspection has never been rivalled in the history of the modern world."

The qualities that make a nation great are no doubt the sum total of the qualities of its individual citizens. Young men of Canada who are ambitious to think nationally as well as locally might well spend a few moments in consideration of the qualities enumerated in the paragraph quoted.

Sanity, integrity, courage, fair-dealing, honor, and circumspection, are attributes that will carry most men a long way.

Initiative

THE dictionary says that "initiative" is the power of taking the lead or of originating. Young men have unusual opportunities for originating, but too often they follow old paths. Take advantage of experience of the right kind, but improve where improvement is possible. The poem that follows illustrates the point.

The Calf Path

One day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home, as good calves should;
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked path as all calves do.

The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way;
And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.
And from that day o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made.

And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path;
But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf,
And through this winding wood-way stalked,
Because he wabbled when he walked.

This forest path became a lane
That bent and turned and turned again.
This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse with his load
Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And traveled some three miles in one;
And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.

Each day a hundred thousand stout
Followed the zig-zag calf about;
And o'er this crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent;
A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead;
For thus such reverence is lent
To well-established precedent.

A moral lesson this might teach
Were I ordained and called to preach.
For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf paths of the mind;
And work away from sun to sun
To do what other men have done.

Sam Walter Foss.

Management

A GREAT manufacturer once said that he found it very much easier to make things than to sell them. In these days of production and manufacturing by machinery, it is not particularly difficult to fill a warehouse with goods, but it is a hard problem to get the goods from the manufacturer to the consumer.

Some of the young men who read these paragraphs are still engaged in courses of study, others are in professional life. Some are working on farms and others are working in various trades, but many are engaged in commercial life and are interested in information that will help them to play a worthy part in the work of getting goods to the consumer. The problem of salesmanship is the central thought of a new book from the press of the McGraw-Hill Book Company, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York, entitled "The Handbook of Sales Management," by S. Roland Hall.

The Handbook is of pocket size, is bound in flexible leather covers, and contains nine hundred and ninety-five pages of valuable information bearing upon hundreds of selling problems with which the young merchant and salesman of to-day ought to be familiar. The price is five dollars, but half an hour spent with the book speedily creates the conviction that the purchase of it is an investment and not an expense.

In the salesman especially, personality is of much importance and many of the pages in the Handbook contain information and suggestions that are of much interest and value in connection with the development of character. Thus, on page 422, a sales manager is quoted as offering the following list of suggestions as being the essentials in the make-up of a good salesman:

Knowledge of product or service.
Hard work.
Enthusiasm.
Honesty.
Personality.
Tact.
Ability to make the customer understand.
Ambition.
Good health.
Service, persuasiveness, education.

Illustrations and explanatory diagrams and charts are printed freely throughout the book, and a very complete index makes it easy to turn to any information that may be required. Some of the chapter headings are as follows:

Organization
Costs of Selling
Research and Analysis
Education of Salesmen
Salesmen's Reports and Letters
The Automobile in Selling
Planning and Using Advertising
Telephone Salesmanship
Samples and Sampling
Sales Plans and Campaigns
Sales Manuals and Courses

The language used throughout the book is clear and interesting. The inexperienced salesman is warned not to become so charmed by the music of his own voice as to forget that maybe the customer would like to say something.

On page 309, a sales manager gives another interesting list of matters that he regards as important in the career of a salesman:

1. Good appearance.
2. Ability to talk enthusiastically and convincingly.
3. Receptivity to instruction.
4. Energy and resourcefulness.
5. Orderliness in arranging and following up work.
6. Knowledge of the business.
7. Tactics in getting and conducting interviews.
8. Personality and character.
9. Ability to adapt—to change methods.
10. Home conditions—whether helpful or not.
11. Optimism or pessimism.
12. Loyalty to the firm.

These matters, it will be seen, are important for any young man to consider, no matter what his occupation may be, but they are of particular importance to salesmen and merchants, and to them the Handbook is strongly recommended.

A Short Course in English

NO. 2—Last month we wrote of the importance of practical and correct English for the young man who had his way to make in the world. In this issue we present a brief discussion on the importance of words concerning which Ruskin says:

"And, therefore, first of all, I tell you earnestly and authoritatively (I know I am right in this), you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay, letter by letter."

Words may be studied from many points of view, and the frequent study of words under one or more of the following headings will prove interesting and valuable:

Origin	Articulation
Derivation	Synonym
Spelling	Antonym
Pronunciation	Homonym
Definition	Fitness
Application	Part of Speech
Syllabication	Influence

In such work, a good dictionary should of course be at hand for reference. The Highroads Dictionary, published by Nelson and Sons, is practical and inexpensive.

The word "Laconic" furnishes a good example of the origin of a word. It is derived from the Latin "laconicus" which, in turn, originated in "Lacones," the Spartans. The Spartans were inhabitants of Laconia, and were noted for the brevity of their speech. When we say, therefore, that a man has a "laconic manner," we mean that he is a man of few words. In Chapter 2 of Canadian Commercial Correspondence, there is a complete discussion of words under the headings mentioned.

The young man should choose his words carefully because he reveals himself through his style of speech and writing, and "Style," says Swift, "is proper words in proper places."

Question: What is the correct way of using the words "awhile" and "a while?"

Answer: "Awhile" is an adverb, and "while" is a noun. The following sentences illustrate the usage:

1. "They waited awhile at the station."
2. "For a while we heard nothing."

"It is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn."—Southey.

If there is a point in English upon which you are not quite clear, send your inquiry to the Editor of this page, and it will be answered in a succeeding issue.

Look in the December number for Article No. 3, which will deal with sentences.

The Man With a Bond

IN the publication just quoted there are some interesting and forcible arguments in favor of the practice of bond buying. Many young men have little or no knowledge of bonds. They have a hazy idea, perhaps, that a bond is some sort of an investment, but coupled with that idea is usually the thought that bond buying is for the man with a large bank account. As a matter of fact, the financial firms of the country welcome the business of the man of limited means. During favorable earning periods, many young men can well afford to invest one or a few hundred dollars in safely secured bonds. Most bond issues are now issued in units as low as one hundred dollars so that the purchase of them is not confined to wealthy men. The young man who buys a bond issued by the government of his country has a new reason for interesting himself in affairs of citizenship and economics and, in addition, can generally learn some valuable business lessons during the course of the transaction.

The paragraphs referred to are as follows:

A good bond is something more than a good investment. It is more than an obligation to pay to its owner an invested sum of money plus interest. Its influence is vastly more far-reaching.

It sets in motion great social, industrial and governmental forces. It unites the energies of large numbers of men and women in the performance of great public works, in semi-public enterprises and in useful private undertakings.

It promotes the projects of peace and national life, as the Victory Bonds served the country in time of war.

The man with a bond keeps men at work, money at work, progress at work.

Well may it be said that the man with a bond is as useful as the man with a hoe.

The Home Garden

Continued from page 33

quarters. After that, as much feed as they will take, twice a day, should be given. After each feed, clean the trough, and if the weather is warm, give water at noon to drink. A feed of grit should be given three times a week.

Some birds will stand feeding longer than others. As a rule, it takes at least three weeks to change the texture of the flesh. There may be birds, however, that will not stand more than ten days. These should be taken out just as soon as it is noticed that they are not eating well. Other birds will stand it for four or five weeks, but as a rule the best gains are made during the first three weeks.

The following have been found to be among the best feeds for the purpose: Finely ground oats, with the coarse hulls sifted out; oats and corn in equal proportion; oats, barley and corn; oats, barley and buckwheat; oats and middlings; barley and middlings.

Whole grain should never be given. A mixture of several grains gives the best results in that the birds do not tire of a variety as soon as they do of one feed. Their feed should all be fed in a wet state, mixed to a consistency of porridge, so that it can be poured from a pail. The best mixing material is buttermilk. Skim milk comes next. If the milk is not procurable and water has to be used for mixing, about ten per cent. of beef scrap might be added to the grain mixture. A little salt added to the grain mixture will cause the chickens to eat more of it. It is safe to say that the chickens will not put on flesh if they are offered food they do not like, and the great aim should be to provide something palatable.

The chickens must be starved twenty-four hours before killing to avoid the decomposition of food in the crop and intestines. Several hours after the last feed before killing, allow the birds all the water they wish to drink.

AURANIA'S MAIDEN TRIP

New Cunarder Will Join Canadian Service Next Year

THE Aurania, newest addition to the Cunard fleet, has completed the round trip of her maiden voyage from Southampton and Cherbourg to New York and back to Liverpool. She is a sister ship of the Andania, Antonia and Ausonia, at present running between Montreal and Channel ports, and with her other sisters, Aulania and Ascania, will form the fleet of Cunard steamers on the Canadian service next year.

The Aurania, launched in February last, is a one-class cabin steamship of the latest design and has accommodation for over 500 cabin passengers and 1,200 third class travellers. The ship is 538 feet long, 50 feet beam and of 15,000 gross tonnage. The engines are of the new double reduction geared type, burning oil, and the construction of the vessel embodies the latest developments of comfort and safety that are the fruits of over 84 years' experience enjoyed by the Cunard line.

The public rooms, writing room, library, lounge, smoking room and verandah cafe are on "A" deck. The children's playroom, on "B" deck, is equipped with the latest play devices for children.

The staterooms, designed for two, three or four passengers, are unusually large and well lighted, being situated amidships. As there is only one class of cabin passengers carried, all staterooms are in the most desirable part of the ship. They are furnished with careful thought for the passengers' comfort and equipped with every modern convenience. Another feature of these rooms is the ventilating system, which is such that it gives the maximum of fresh air.

A Coming Diplomatist

"I am very glad, George," said the teacher, "to see that you are polite enough to offer the oranges first to your little sister."

"Yes'm," responded George, "'cause then she's got to be polite, too, and take the little one."

Canadian Pacific Railway— An Epic in Nation Building

TIME, the relentless measure of men and institutions, has applied to the Canadian Pacific Railway every acid test—of opposition, skepticism and ridicule in the beginning; of opposing forces of nature and apathy of men during the period of construction; of difficulties and crises in financing; of giant struggles to develop and achieve.

—And today the Canadian Pacific stands out as the greatest transportation achievement in the world.

The Canadian Pacific gave effect to Canadian Confederation. Without it the federation of 1867 would have remained an unfulfilled desire, a vain dream.

With it the Dominion of Canada became a living reality from the Atlantic to the Pacific—the potential of the nation, which has now taken its place among those of the earth.

The people of Canada achieved the Canadian Pacific and made it the greatest transportation system in the world, and the Canadian Pacific achieved the nationhood of Canada.

With over 20,000 miles of railway track owned and controlled, with a great chain of hotels across the country, with farms for the production of supplies for its hotels and dining cars, with 125,000 miles of telegraph line linking up with cables to all parts of the world; with its great irrigation system on the 3,000,000-acre block east of Calgary; with its colonization and development work costing over $68,000,000; with the great mining and lumbering industries it has developed, and the sound financial position it has achieved; with the standing that position has given Canada in the financial world, the Canadian Pacific is marked as a vital economic and industrial factor in the country.

Canada and the Canadian Pacific, in present interest and in future prosperity, are one and indivisible. Canadian development, Canadian prosperity, Canadian progress are essential to the growth and expansion of the Canadian Pacific.

The expansion of the Canadian Pacific brings to Canada new growth in population, in credit, in investments, in prosperity, in everything that helps to develop and strengthen the position of the Canadian people as a factor in modern progress.

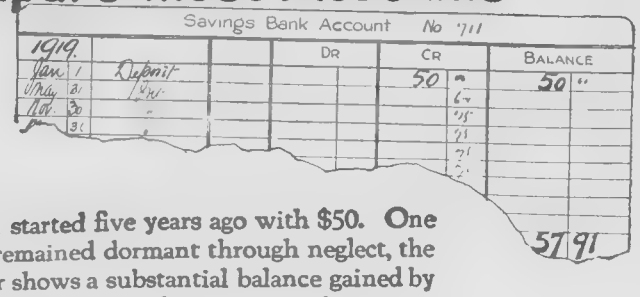
King George, as Prince of Wales, once truly said:—"We all know how the Canadian Pacific Railway helped to make a nation."

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Of, By and For, the Canadian Nation

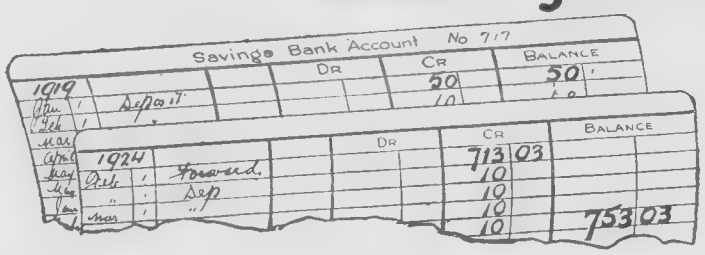
3

Compare these Accounts



Both started five years ago with $50. One has remained dormant through neglect, the other shows a substantial balance gained by regular deposits of $10 a month—a sum most people squander monthly on trifles.

Which is yours?



The Royal Bank of Canada

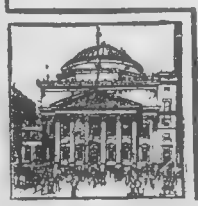
S431

Your Account Book and Your Bank Book

IF your account book shows a profit, that profit should be recorded in your bank book as entries of deposits or else it is likely to dwindle away.

It is a good plan to use the two books together. Estimate your profits in one and then transfer them to the other where they will grow even greater by the systematic addition of interest. Open a Savings Account with us at our nearest branch.

"A Bank Where Small Accounts Are Welcome"



Bank of Montreal

Established over 100 years

Total Assets in excess of $650,000,000

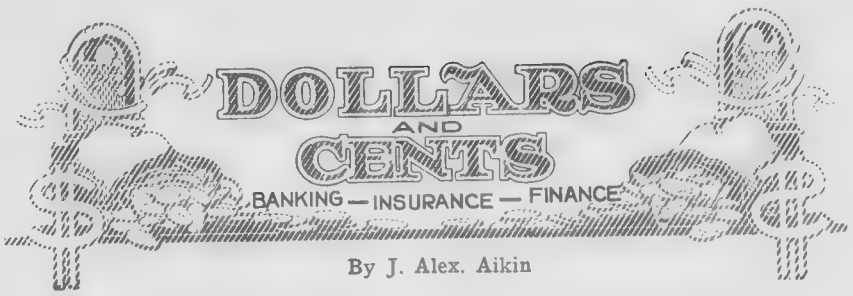
Small Deposits

Do not delay a savings deposit on account of its small size. Small regular deposits soon amount to a substantial sum.

One dollar opens a savings account at any branch of the Union Bank. 983

UNION BANK OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE WINNIPEG



By J. Alex. Aikin

Legal Powers of the Railway Commission

THE majority decision of the Board of Railway Commissioners restoring the rates in effect prior to July 6th last, which were arranged by Act of Parliament of Canada, indicates it is the opinion of the Board they have authority to adjust rates even to the extent of placing a handicap on an Act of Parliament. The position taken here is quite logical and defensible, but it involves an important point of constitutional law which will no doubt be passed upon by the Supreme Court of Canada, beyond which there should be no appeal.

It is well to remember that the Act of Parliament under which a grant was made to the Canadian Pacific for construction of the Crows Nest line was a pact arranged between the Government and Parliament of Canada and the C.P.R. It was not something arranged by any one or all of these western provinces and is not in any sense a Bill of Rights which they constructed or which they wrested from the Parliament of Canada.

Moreover, it is well to keep in mind in any plan of campaign that the commodity rates on grain, coal and lumber, as well as rates on some less important commodities, remain as they were.

The attempt to make out a great national issue over the discriminatory rates westbound on a few commodities will fail to operate and must prove a dud. There is, however, an important legal question involved, viz.: Has the Railway Commission the legal power to set aside or cut down the plain terms of an Act of the Parliament of Canada? Related to that question is the other quite important one, viz.: Has the Railway Commission power to regulate or set aside any arrangement or pact on rates made prior to its own organization as a Rate Control Board?

Once the Courts have passed upon these points the way will be cleared for political action on the part of those who are seeking out of the present affair a pretext and argument for their continued existence and propaganda.

It was reasonably anticipated that, recognizing the authority and right of the Parliament of Canada to enact law in special cases for rates and railway regulations, the Board of Railway Commissioners would have proceeded to abolish discrimination by levelling downwards in rates, leaving it for the Railways to make out their own case to Parliament for rate adjustment to a level which would have enabled them to earn proper returns. By that manner of procedure they would have removed the inequity under which other parts of Canada have labored.

Out of the loud noise made by the leaders from British Columbia and the persistent statement of grievances of the Eastern Maritime provinces there is an impression that something will have to be done more than is within the power of the Railway Court or by any Government or Parliament which depends upon three divided groups. What is wanted is a Parliament which will give a decisive majority to a Government which will start in for a clearing up in advance of the big national development which is believed to be coming.

Bank Policy and Banking Facilities

THE Canadian public have become reconciled during the past two years to the idea of fewer banks mainly by reason of the obvious necessity for security. The union of the National and Hochelaga, and more recently the Standard and Sterling has reduced the number to twelve banks for all Canada. The question arises for all depositors: has the security of the banks been made more secure? For all business men and concerns requiring banking facilities the question is: will the elimination of some smaller banks lessen banking facilities?

In the past ten years the former distinction between eastern and western banking has tended to disappear; the practice of most bankers has been to seek for security which was sufficient to warrant the loan or extension. The decline of the inflation on land values in 1912 led to the first closing in and to a more restricted policy. The unequalled deflation of post-war years compelled the banks to pursue a policy of extreme caution which paid careful attention to the reserves so as to be ready and equal for any emergency.

As a matter of fact that policy of the Canadian banks was partly responsible for the moderate industrial depression which was experienced in Canada during the past two years in a period when there was marked activity in certain lines of construction and industry in the United States. The abundant supply of money available for member banks of the Federal Reserve System made it desirable and profitable for banks to encourage enterprise, which was done to a remarkable degree. There is depression in some quarters of the United States this year, due partly to the presidential election but logically to the slowing down of the after-war boom. It is difficult to forecast what will follow the election over there regardless of who may be elected. This much is sure: the banks have plenty of money and with the return of better conditions in Europe and the prospect of better things in China and the Near East through the economic revival of Turkey, the United States will unquestionably be in a position to take advantage of everything which looks favorable to their interest. The fairly good crop in many lines of agriculture and the improved prices will go far to help overcome the industrial depression and help to even things up for the farmer.

Our banks in Canada are ready and equal for the improved period into which it is believed and hoped the world is entering. Having kept up their reserves they have no reason to fear anything in sight and they may welcome any betterment in conditions which will warrant them in advancing a larger percentage of their assets to help industry and promote trade and production. It is anticipated the annual statements of the banks of Canada will show a lower return of profits for 1924 than for years past, consequent upon the cautious policy followed for the past two years.

It will be demonstrated within the next two years, assuming that general conditions continue to improve as they promise to do, that the reduction in the number of banks has not tended to lessen banking facilities. Twelve banks reaching for business can care for all the banking needs of Canada, provided they are assured the security is sufficient, while twice that number will not be enough to take care of the needy when times are bad and prospects and security doubtful.

The return of the chartered banks of Canada for August 31st, 1924, places the total assets of the 12 banks (they are still reported at 14) at $2,647,628,431. The paid up capital is given at $121,909,560, and the reserves at $124,875,000.

Total deposits with the banks in Canada, time and demand, are $1,664,298,615, with $328,048,565 outside Canada, a grand total on deposit of $1,992,347,180.

Opposite to that the banks have $963,347,506 in current loans and discounts in Canada and $103,176,794 in call and short loans in Canada, with $354,520,868

Continued on page 37

Lapsing of Policies

By Emily F. Murphy (Janey Canuck)

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WE get the word "lapse" from the Latin, *lapsus*—to slide, to fall. It means a slip, a fault, a failing in duty.

There are different kinds of slips or lapses. *Lapsus linguae* means a slip of the tongue . . .Being boneless, well-oiled, and swinging loosely from one end, it is natural that the tongue should slip easily. All the world could tell you as to this.

Lapsus calami means a slip of the pen. Thinking how easily it might also lapse or slip, Henry Ward Beecher set it down that "the pen is the tongue of the hand."

Lapsus memoriae means a lapse of the memory . . . . Thiebault tells of a gentleman who had so bad a memory that he scarce knew what he read. A friend knowing this lent him the same book to read seven times over and, on being asked how much he liked it, replied "I think it is an admirable production, but the author sometimes repeats the same things."

These lapses may all be disastrous in effect, but none is more disastrous than the form of lapsing that has to do with a contract for life assurance.

Lapsation, it is stated officially, is "the one disease of an otherwise healthy institution" and one that involves loss to the policyholder, the company, the agent and the beneficiary.

This is why a rude but eminently truthful agent said recently, "Our chiefest task these days is just to knock 'L' out of lapse."

The Life Assurance Companies are explaining to the agent that he must study to place the policy best suited to the purchaser; that he must explain clearly the conditions; that he must insist on the first premium being paid in cash.

They are explaining to the policyholder the advisability of his arranging for his premium to fall due at such periods of the year as will be most convenient for himself, and that borrowing money on a policy tends to indifference in the payment of premiums . . . . that loans are really not loans but advances on the face of the policy.

Referring to this, the President of a large Life Assurance Company said, "This position has been further emphasized by the status of the modern life assurance policy in the financial world. It is now accepted as collateral security for loans within the cash value."

Yes, yes, the policy-loan privilege should not be taken advantage of lightly for it is a privilege which brings nothing but disappointment and distress to widows and children, in that it neutralizes the very purpose for which the policy was taken out in the first place.

Borrowing on a life policy is equivalent to the action of a ship's captain who, in the stress of the storm, throws the life-belts overboard in order that he may lighten the load. There is a word which covers such persons but the reader must fill it in for himself.

If you have been short-sighted enough to borrow money on your policy, pay it off. If you are tempted to borrow, put the temptation behind you. Nothing can be as important as protecting yourself against sickness and senility, and your family in the event of your death.

A cantankerous judge, in a Scottish court once said to a young advocate, "What you are saying to me goes in one ear and out of the other."

"Yes, my Lord," answered the advocate, "I see nothing to stop it."

If studied aright, there is something here to be deduced by all the lackwits among us who are allowing their policies to come to a condition of imminent lapsation.

Emily F. Murphy.

Dollars and Cents—*Continued from page 36*

in current and short loans outside Canada. This makes a grand total of $1,430,945,168 out on loans, quite apart from and in addition to investments in municipal and government transactions and securities. In addition to all that there is the primary necessary gold coin carried and investment in Dominion notes. All considered the Canadian banking system has much to recommend it to the people of Canada as a strong tower of the nation and with reserves for the development days believed to be just ahead.

Price Control and Collective Buying

OUT of the welter of the British elections comes the promising prospect that with the passing of the preference there is looming into view in practical politics the plans for collective buying which will give the preference to the nations producing within the Empire. One of the undesirable features of the grain market this Fall has been that British buyers have been purchasing much of their wheat in the United States while the Canadian crop has been moving slowly and at prices which have tended to make it hard to dispose of. The war taught lessons of what may and can be done by united action and co-operation. Many of the lessons have been unheeded and forgotten. But one that remains is that the food of the nation should not be made the plaything of speculation, but food supplies should be purchased, imported and stored in a manner which will ensure the good of the great majority.

The 1924 Crop Movement

The port of Montreal has passed the record made in 1923 for grain handled. On one day recently a record for the port was established when 1,728,074 bushels were loaded into vessels. The same day 1,248,559 bushels were received into the elevators. For this year up to Oct. 7th the total receipts of the Port amounted to 107,989,840 as compared with 87,353,806 a year ago.

The Northwest Grain Dealers' Report for the 1923 crop movement shows that 393,578,000 bushels of wheat were inspected. Allowing 45,000,000 bushels for seed, feed and country mills the total wheat raised in 1923 in the western prairie provinces amounted to 438,578,000 bushels. It is known the report is always conservative, being based upon closer estimates of the acreage than allowed by the Dominion Statistics report. The Northwest Grain Dealers estimate the 1924 crop at an acreage of 19,224,900 in wheat and a total yield of 266,125,000 bushels for the three provinces. The adverse weather has caused serious loss to producers and dealers, which has been in part brought under control the latter half of October. The higher prices prevailing for wheat and all grains has helped to overcome the short crop and the low grades which cover a lot of disappointment with the year's operations. However, there is a buoyancy of feeling that the country has passed the worst and that better days are ahead.

"Did He Leave Any Insurance"

The first question asked by George Castle's friends when they heard of his tragic death in an automobile accident, was quite a natural one.

A grief-stricken young widow, two wide-eyed, wondering children, a little home partly paid for—here were proper enough reasons for the solicitous query of true friends.

And George Castle had—no insurance.

If your death came shortly would your widow be left in this position? Would she, after the first paroxysm of grief had passed, face long years of want, with dull despair crowding loving memory from her heart.

Protect her future with a North American Life Policy. The attached coupon will bring you complete information on how best to do it.

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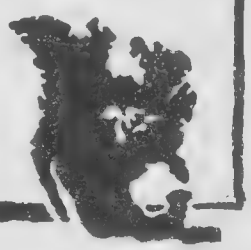

THE REWARD OF WISDOM AT THIRTY

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CASH VALUE AT MATURITY 1924 $4250

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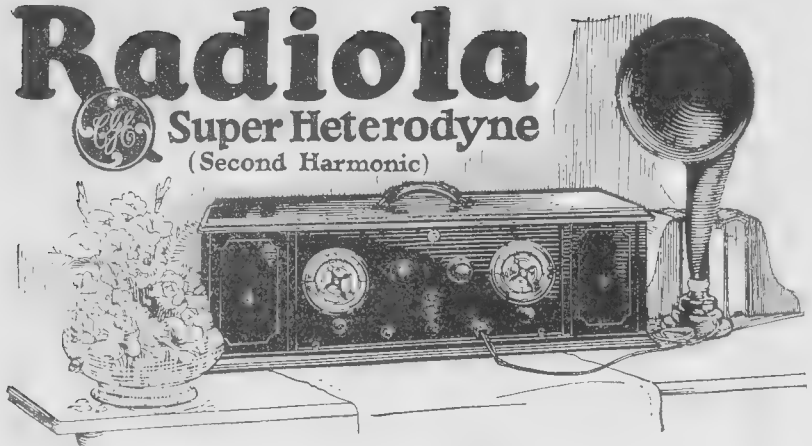
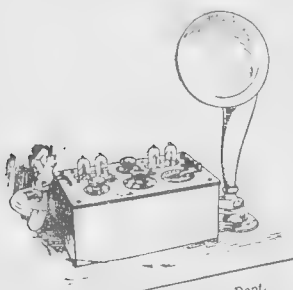
Super Heterodyne
(Second Harmonic)



Receives Stations Thousands of Miles Away Without Aerials or Wires

Radiola IIIA
Complete with four Radiotrons, ear 'phones and special Radiola Loud Speaker, complete except Batteries and Antenna $115.00



NO longer is it necessary to have unsightly batteries, ground connections or aerials, in order to enjoy radio reception. The Radiola Super Heterodyne illustrated above contains a loop antenna concealed in the back of the cabinet, which will receive far distant stations without further connections of any description. Provision is made, however, for a larger external loop should one be desired.

Radiola Super Heterodyne can be used in close proximity to a powerful broadcasting station, and yet it will easily tune it out in favor of the more distant stations. In tuning the Super Heterodyne, the various stations are picked up at exactly the same spot each time. It is as simple to operate as a gramophone.

The six Radiotrons are operated by dry cells, and the set may be carried with perfect ease. The cabinet is beautifully finished mahogany, equipped with a leather handle for carrying from place to place.

Radiola Super Heterodyne, complete with the exception of Batteries $350.00

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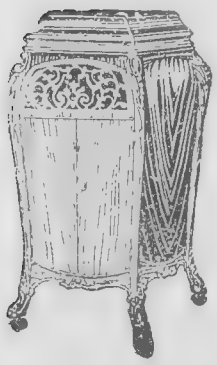

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RADIO

CKY Winnipeg

THE broadcasting schedule for CKY, the Winnipeg radio station, is as follows:

Daily, 12.30 to 1.30 p.m. (except Sundays), 4.00 to 5.00 p.m. (except Saturdays and Sundays).

Tuesday and Friday, 8.15 p.m.

Thursday, 8 p.m. (under the call letters CNRW).

Sunday, 7.00 p.m.

Market reports, winter schedule—Winnipeg livestock, 12.50 daily (except Sundays). Grain market, 2.15 on week days (except Saturday); Saturdays, 1.30 p.m.

Manitoba Agricultural College—Agricultural college talks, by professors connected with M. A. C., are broadcast by CKY almost daily at 1.00 p.m.

Farmers' Question Box—Replies to questions addressed to M. A. C. and of general interest are broadcast on week days at 12.50 p.m. Replies to questions on matters of household economy are broadcast on week days (except Saturdays) at 4.30 p.m.

News Service—News items are broadcast daily, except Sundays, at 12.40 p.m.; also Saturdays and Sundays excepted, at 4.45 p.m.

University Lectures—University lectures are broadcast on Tuesday and Friday, at 7.30 p.m.

Esperanto—Lessons in Esperanto are broadcast on Thursday at 7.30 p.m.

University Lectures

CKY announces that arrangements have been made with the University of Manitoba to broadcast university lectures on Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7.30 p.m. The following dates have so far been arranged: Nov. 7, Prof. Wright: Nov. 14, Prof. Tracy; Nov. 21, Prof. Jones; Nov. 28, Prof. Brodrick; Dec. 5, Prof. Stoughton; Dec. 12, Prof. Jackson; Dec. 19, Prof. Boyd.

International Event Staged For Week of November 24-30

RADIO programmes of five nations of Europe will be heard in the United States during the international test, November 24-30, according to an announcement made by Arthur H. Lynch, who is arranging the schedules.

Plans made by the British Broadcasting company for their end of the transmissions include re-radiocasting of the programmes of French, Dutch, German, and Swiss nations as well as their own. thus giving listeners in on this side of the ocean opportunity to hear the programmes of the five nations of Europe which maintain regular radiocasts.

In view of the fact that all radiocasts of the United States and Canada will maintain silence during the periods of broadcasting from the British Broadcasting company's stations, it is expected that the programmes from abroad will be heard in every district in the United States and Canada. That they are not heard more often in this country is due to their being on the same band of wave lengths as used by American Stations and the difference in time.

Among the recent broadcasters in the United States to lend their co-operation to the international tests are the Westinghouse stations KDKA, WBZ, KFKX, and KYW, which will act in transmitting programmes to Europe.

$20,000 Station

A $20,000 radio broadcasting station is to be erected at Kansas State Agricultural College, Manhattan. With the University of Kansas building a similar station, the State is claiming first place in Broadcasting stations in State institutions. It is expected by staging "contests in the air" that listeners-in will experience some of the thrills of the onlookers and that it may be one of the means of bridging the gap between the "town and the gown."

Employing Men by Radio

RADIO has just been used by the immigration service for the first time in placing men on the farms.

Recently the Winnipeg immigration offices had 200 immigrants seeking work on the land. It relayed the information to the Saskatoon office by wire. The Saskatoon office enlisted the services of broadcasting station CFCQ and, within a few hours the following message went out over the ether:

"Three hundred experienced farm laborers are seeking work. If you are in need of men, notify the immigration office at Saskatoon immediately."

Farmers, sitting at their receiving sets throughout Saskatchewan, heard the message, and within 24 hours, replies were pouring into the Saskatoon office. By post-card and telephones, farmers stated their wants, offering as high as $60 a month for men familiar with farm work. Most of the answers were from central Saskatchewan, but there was one from the middle of Alberta.

The Saskatoon office wired the results of its unique experiment back to Winnipeg, and men were sent out immediately to take the jobs offered.

As an outcome of the success of the venture, it is probable that the radio will be employed extensively in the future in placing men on the farms. About five farmers in ten, it is estimated, have receiving sets. The broadcasting system is expected to be particularly valuable in cases where it is necessary to place large bodies of immigrants without delay.

Soldered Connections Make Good Reception

When building a receiver be certain to solder all connections, as corrision will eventually make the connections poor and cause noises in your receiver. Do not use acid flux, but purchase resin core solder. A small quantity of solder will go a long way when used properly. To make a good connection be certain that both contacts are well heated and hold these connections together with a pair of pliers after removing the soldering iron for a period of approximately 30 seconds.

Simplified Wiring

To many fans who are just building their first set the most difficult problem encountered in the construction is the determination of just which wires are connected and which are still to be connected. To eliminate this uncertainty as each wire is laid in the set the corresponding line in the diagram should be crossed out with a colored pencil line.

Short Aerial Best

Radio frequency receivers operate much better when using a short antenna. In fact, when using a long antenna a variable condenser of the large balanced type should be employed in order to cut down the wave length to that of the broadcast waves.

Radio Circuit Book Useful

Neutrodyne sets may not give good results on the first placing of tubes. Try switching the tubes around until you get the best results. One bad tube in a neutrodyne set will throw it all out of whack. If you are a newcomer in the game buy a good beginner's book on Radio circuits and the fundamentals of the game. Your receiver is a wonderful piece of apparatus, but don't "just turn the dials." Understand what happens when you turn the dials. You will like the game better and get more pleasure if you know what you are doing and not only improve the quality of your reception, but also the range of your set. The best distance records are not obtained on the most sensitive receivers. A three-tube set in the hands of a person with a thorough knowledge of Radio will get more reception than an eleven-tube set in the hands of a person that does not understand its operation.

THE MAGNIFYING GLASS OF RADIO

By George A. Hastings

THE amplifying transformer is the microscope of radio.

The scientist looking through a microscope gazes upon a fascinating world of cell and germ life so tiny as to be invisible to the naked eye. The microscope magnifies them.

Likewise the amplifying transformer magnifies, or amplifies, faint sounds to clear, distinct volume so that a whole roomful of people can hear them on a loud speaker.

But it is very important that the amplifying transformer does not distort the sounds at the same time it increases their volume. A transformer that distorts is like a microscope that blurs the vision. The amplifying transformer must not only increase the volume, but must also give it exactly like the original sound—pure in tone and quality, loud and clear in volume.

The amplifying transformer is a very important factor in good reception. It is through good transformers that amplification without distortion can be secured. With a good transformer, no set, whatever else it may have, or how elaborate the case containing it, can give satisfactory results.

No part which enters into the construction of a radio set requires as high a grade of skill, on the part of both electrical engineers and experts in sound production. One well-known company, nationally known as pioneer transformer and radio engineers and manufacturers, was the first company to market an audio frequency amplifying transformer for amateur and experimental purposes, and when it decided to bring out a radio frequency transformer it spent many months of research work in its laboratory before bringing out the new product. The success of both its audio and radio frequency transformers demonstrates that radio manufacturing must be carried on by specialists of long experience both in electrical engineering and in sound production.

The transformers manufactured by this company are embedded in moisture-proof, non-conducting sealing compound, and are subjected to the most rigid tests for short circuited turns and other possible defects, and so consistently has the company followed its original policy of furnishing only perfect transformers that whenever one is found which has the slightest defect it is replaced without charge. The standard of quality maintained by such companies has probably had more to do than any other one cause with popularizing the use of home-made sets. By using good transformers and other standard parts, which are now-a-days called for by their brand names, any man, woman or child, with a little ingenuity can build a set at home adapted to his own particular needs and taste and get as good results—and sometimes better—than with a set purchased ready made.

Many writers advocate the use of audio frequency transformers having different ratio in each stage of a multi-stage amplifier. The best expert opinion, however, is not in sympathy with this idea and insists that the ratio of 4.25 to 1 is best for all stages.

Amplification is the key to radio.

The Prince of Wales and Radio

THROUGHOUT the entire trip across Canada and the visit to the ranch at High River, Alberta, the Prince of Wales was kept in touch twice daily with the news of the world. Morning and evening a complete digest of all the important news events by radio were broadcast, arrangements to that effect having been completed by the radio department of the Canadian National Railways.

The morning broadcast of news took place about 10 o'clock daily, while the train was travelling across Canada, and at about 9 o'clock during the time the Prince was on his ranch.

The radio service was prepared by a special editorial staff of the London Times after the news circulated throughout Great Britain was sent to press, about 3 a.m., London time.

The stations broadcasting special programmes for the Prince's entertainment are CNRM, Montreal; CNRO, Ottawa; CFCR, Sudbury; CNRW, Winnipeg; CNRR, Regina; CNRC, Calgary.

In the evening about 8.30 o'clock the broadcast of the evening news commenced. In this service various Canadian newspapers gave their co-operation.

During each evening en route and at the ranch a programme of music was broadcast for the entertainment of the royal visitor and his party. The programme was in every case supplied by local talent from broadcasting stations in the zones through which the train was travelling at the time and from Calgary during the period of the Prince's residence on the ranch.

Niagara to be Broadcast

THE roar of the Niagara Falls may be heard soon by radio fans in England. Preparations to broadcast the sound of the Falls, which are roughly 3,600 miles from London, were begun some time ago by the British Broadcasting Company and it is hoped that this may be accomplished before the grip of King Winter silences the roar of the mighty waters.

There is no doubt but that the vast number of Canadian fans who have never visited Niagara Falls would welcome an opportunity such as this.

Continued on page 54a

OPERATING DATA FOR VACUUM TUBES

TYPE OF TUBE	FILAMENT VOLTAGE	FILAMENT CURRENT (AMPERES)	"A" BATTERY SOURCE	PLATE VOLTAGE	USED AS: DETECTOR	R.F. AMPLIFIER	A.F. AMPLIFIER 1st STAGE	A.F. AMPLIFIER 2nd STAGE
WD-12	1.1	0.20	1 DRY CELL	22½ TO 90	A	X	C	D
UV-199	3.0	0.06	3 DRY CELLS	22½ TO 90	D	A	C	D
UV-201-A C-301-A	5.0	0.25	6 VOLT STORAGE BATTERY OR 4 DRY CELLS	45 TO 120	C	A	A	A
UV-201 C-301	5.0	1.00	6 VOLT STORAGE BATTERY	45 TO 120	D	A	B	B
UV-200 C-300	5.0	1.00	6 " " "	18 TO 22½	A	Y	Z	Z
VT-1	4.0	1.10	6 " " "	22½ TO 67½	A	Y	B	B
VT-2	6.0	1.35	6 " " "	90 TO 350	D	B	B	A
216-A	6.0	1.35	6 " " "	67½ TO 120	D	B	B	A
UV-202	8.0	2.35	10 " " "	90 TO 500	X	D	B	A

LEGEND
A = EXCELLENT B = VERY GOOD C = GOOD D = FAIR X = POOR Y = VERY POOR Z = UNSUITABLE

Type of Vacuum Tube	Filament Voltage	Filament Current Amperes	Rheostat Required For— 1 Tube On— 4.5 Volts	1 Tube On— 6 Volts	4 Tubes On— 4.5 Volts	4 Tubes On— 6 Volts
UV-201-A, C-301-A	5.0	.25		8 ohm		6 or 8 ohm
UV-200, C-300	5.0	1.0		6 or 8 ohm		
UV-199, C-299	3.0	.06	30 ohm	60 ohm	30 ohm	30 ohm
DV-2	4.5	.25		6 or 8 ohm		6 or 8 ohm
DV-3	3.0	.06	30 ohm	60 ohm	30 ohm	30 ohm
DV-6	2.7	.3	8 ohm	30 ohm	6 ohm	6 or 8 ohm
WE-"J"	4.0	1.1		6 ohm		2 ohm
WE-216-A	6.0	1.35		6 ohm		2 ohm
WD-11, WD-12	1.1	.25	(1½ volt supply, one to five tubes, inclusive, 6 ohm)			

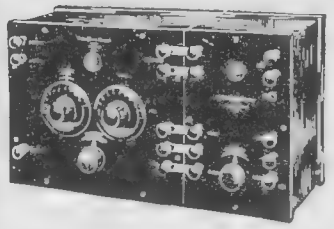
Tune in with the world of Entertainment!

Write to us for information about radio. Consult our radio engineers free of charge.

The new Northern Electric Set R-11 will give you full, genuine Radio enjoyment.

While you delay—while you doubt—every day, every night, all over the world, bands are playing for you. You are missing wonderful entertainment that an R-11 set would bring to your home. Singers, lecturers, comedians, dance orchestras are yours to command. Will you close your ears to this world of enjoyment?

See a Northern Electric Dealer. Ask him to let you 'listen in' on a R-11 set—the latest development in small receiving apparatus.



R-11. A Northern Electric Product.

Handsome mahogany cabinet, compact and light, with one Peanut Tube.

For ideal results order R-11 with R-15 Amplifier and two Peanut Tubes.

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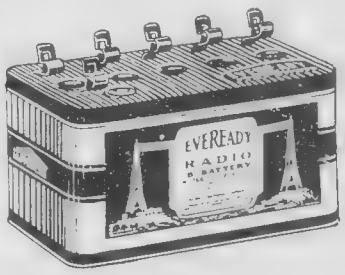
EVEREADY SUPPLIES BOTH. Some Radio users prefer the vertical types which save space on the table or in the cabinet. Whichever type best suits your purpose, the quality and long sustained vigour is the same. Eveready Radio Batteries are made in the largest battery plant in the British Empire. To insure the consistent high standard of service ability Eveready Radio Batteries are constantly tested at the factory under actual radio conditions.



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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

EVERY WOMAN

Will be interested in a useful little novelty that we have for our lady readers. They cost us too much to distribute absolutely free of charge, but the conditions for obtaining one are very simple as all you have to do is to send in one year's subscription to the Western Home Monthly and mention this announcement.

No, we are not going to tell you what it is, but it will be a very pleasant surprise, and it is well to bear in mind that we have only one hundred available, so it will be a case of first come first served.

The Western Home Monthly - Winnipeg, Man.

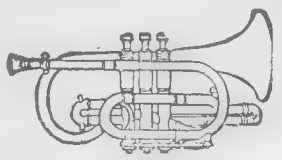
Canada's Greatest MUSICAL INSTRUMENT BOOK Now Ready

It shows you how easily you can get a saxophone, violin, cornet, or any instrument with complete lessons.

Haven't you often wished you could play a saxophone, or a violin, mandolin, or the "traps"?

Haven't you wished you had one of these instruments of your own? Nearly everyone has.

See our new catalog. It contains exact reproductions of every home instrument. It makes a special free trial offer. It contains a startling easy-term proposal, which will enable anyone to enjoy the instrument of his choice while it is being paid for.



Free Lessons

Our complete course of lessons on each instrument is also explained in this novel catalog. It shows just what every music lover wants to know. And it's free to those who send in this coupon at once. Just tear it out, sign your name to it and slip it in an envelope to-day addressed to us, and the complete book will arrive in your mail right away.

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Music and the Home

Music in Our Midst

By Ada Nichols

WE have all realized the drawbacks of living among people who do not understand the language we speak; it is a hindrance to sociability for one thing. So it is also in the matter of music, between those who understand it and those who do not.

To understand music one must feel sympathy towards it; have a liking for things musical. Talent in oneself is not a necessity, although it is seldom that musical talent in one form or another does not exist where there is much appreciation of the art. There are people who follow musical lines for which nature has not adapted them, and neglect to train as the great mother intended they should.

But so many people in the rural districts of our country have not cultivated either musical talents or inclinations; many are quite unaware that they could do anything with music. They need to enquire of themselves very thoroughly, for few are entirely without musical ability, and it is for musicians, and singers especially, that there is a great and pressing need.

Can the aid necessary to remove the disability of certain points of ignorance be obtained?

Yes, easily, in most districts.

Usually there are in all of our rural communities, persons who have had musical training in one of the old countries, and who would be thoroughly interested in assisting, in at least a general way, to establish music among the hitherto unmusical, by means of singing classes for instance.

But the request must be made for this service, and to the right person or persons.

A few years ago the writer met with a young woman who was endeavoring to teach herself to play the piano, but an accident in babyhood had spoiled the action of her fingers on one hand, and so the playing was not considered, but her voice was tried, and found true and sweet. With lessons and regular practice, in a little while she could sing songs, not only to please herself and her home people, but also to take part in public entertainments.

And quite recently, a persistent "I can't" from a lady in her thirtieth year, was turned, through pressing social need, and much home persuasion, into "I'll try"; and now it is known that she *can* sing very well.

Also in like manner, a young man recently exercised in public, a hitherto hidden talent in the matter of his voice; while on the same occasion, eight women, all mothers in a small rural community, sang for the first time in public, and were encored—deservedly.

What others have done, more can do.

Search for your musical talent, if you have not already found it.

Violin Students Find Violin Records Models for Interpretation

THE phonograph has numerous advantages, but probably none more important than its ability to interpret, through the medium of records, many of the greatest musical works known to mankind. Students of singing and various musical instruments have not been slow to grasp this fact, and as a result we find many using the phonograph as an authority in interpretation. That is why not a few teachers find the phonograph of inestimable value in their studios, and pupils likewise in their homes.

As an example, a student is taking up the violin. Now, we'll assume that he has been through the fundamental exercises and has reached the stage where a piece like "Humoresque" (Dvorak) is within his grasp. Accordingly the teacher assigns a portion of "Humoresque" for his next lesson. He takes it home and starts struggling with it. If he happens to have this in record form on the phonograph, it is immediately apparent that he has a guide for his study—a guide in interpretation. All the student has to do is to place the record on the instrument, and straightaway he hears one of the world's great artists play the same selection. He imitates it. What a help!

But unfortunately there are some violin students who underestimate the value of a phonograph in violin study, as John A. Harrington, writing in "The Violin," points out. He goes on to say: "The average student who has never heard a master player does not know what kind of a tone to try to produce. The proper way to execute many of the technical parts of violin work, such as trills, arpeggios and pizzicatos, are plainly seen in listening to the records of the present day artists. By looking at the notes of the piece being played by the phonograph, the student is enabled to see how the hand is shifted from one position to another by that easy motion, which is the mark of a good player.

"This the student tries to imitate with some success.

"Many are uncertain as to the speed and use of that art in itself, the vibrato. Here the student, by careful observation, sees when it is used, and how the speed varies with the kind of passage being played. The student soon has several solos that he can play, and play with the assurance that he is playing them correctly.

"Many times the student has trouble in giving the proper accent or giving good expression to a piece; but by hearing a master-player play it a few times he is able to go ahead and study it with good effect.

"For the price of a seat in a hall, where an artist is to play, a record by the same artist, or one as good, can be bought.

"The record may be played as often as the student likes.

"When a student is weary with the day's work, he may sit and listen to the world's greatest artists. He may rest and learn at the same time.

"When I began the study of the violin I was unable to employ a teacher steadily. I used the phonograph with good success, and I would advise students to try the phonograph, as I am sure they will receive much benefit from it."

Vocal Gymnastics

LONDON concert-goers are fortunate in having been able to hear, in the course of one week, recently, two phenomenal singers of coloratura, i.e., of the gymnastics in song by which the singer performs extraordinary feats of vocal dexterity. Some of these feats would seem to be incredible if they were not actually in performance by such singers as Mmes. Selma Kurz and Ada Sari, the two singers referred to. The former delivers one of the most perfect "trills" human throat has ever achieved. The latter's ease of accomplishment of virtuoso vocal technique, with wonderful "notes in alt" and rapid runs of dazzling perfection, must be heard to be believed. There is often, nowadays, criticism of the emptiness of this class of song and singing. But it is safe to say that while singers of this calibre are to be heard, audiences will be delighted to hear them.

The Volunteer Organist

THE small organ at the Bowery Mission, New York City, has an interesting history. Unusually fine for its size, it was built for the Marquard Chapel at Princeton University. After it had been for years an inspiration to the fortunate and the wealthy it was removed to the Bowery Mission.

The man who arranged the purchase of the organ for the mission was the original of "The Volunteer Organist," the most popular ballad in the late '90s. He was Victor Hugo Benke. Benke, whose mother was French and father Polish.

came to this country without a knowledge of the language. He had hard luck and after weeks of wretchedness was found one night on a park bench destitute and starving, by another derelict, who suggested going to the Bowery Mission for food and shelter.

"Mother" Bird, a patroness of the mission, was conducting the meeting that night and there was no one to play for the singing. After several attempts to have the men sing without music Mrs. Bird asked: "Is there anyone here who can play?" Benke, dirty, ragged and wretched, played and he held his audience spellbound. Mrs. Bird gave him some money before he left and the next day he got work, but in a short time he returned to the mission where he had been helped. He was made organist there and remained until his death ten years later.

Benke had many flattering offers to play at large churches, but he preferred to stay and help the men in the Bowery. Many of his hymns are well known, and his genius was recognized in musical circles.

Sharps and Flats

Sir Frederick Bridge, recently lecturing on "The Real 'Rule Britannia!'" declared that the song is ruined by being sung too fast. It should "invariably be taken at a slow, majestic pace." The melody was composed in 1740 by Dr. Arne who was intended for the law and was articled to a solicitor, but who forsook these studies for music. Wagner showed his admiration for the tune by writing an overture round it, but his composition had very little inspiration and failed to live.

A piano teacher who has won a distinguished place says: "One hour of practice regularly every day, will give better results than an hour one day, none the next, and two hours on the third day, to make up. Practice days missed or skipped are gone forever, intermittent practice never accomplishes anything. It is better to have the same hours every day, if possible a morning hour. In these golden morning hours efficiency and the power of concentration are at the highest point, then is the ideal time for memorizing or studying a new piece."

Many of the world's greatest masterpieces are known to have been written in an incredibly short time. The Messiah of Handel is reported to have taken the composer exactly twenty-eight days. The Barber of Seville of Rossini is said to have been the work of a fortnight. La Traviata of Verdi, if his biographers are correct was done in less than one month. Schubert often poured out his immortal songs at the rate of three and four a day. The gift of melody seems like a kind of musical fountain—once set flowing it continues without interruption in a marvelous manner.

A New Piano "Method"

"Your daughter," said the visitor in the den of Pa Dingbat, "seems to play some very muscular pieces on the piano."

"Yes," growled Pa Dingbat; "she's got a beau in the parlor, and that noise is to drown the sound of her mother washing up the dishes."

THE MOST UTTERED PRAYER

By Francis Dickie

IF one were asked to name what particular prayer is said more than any other, the ordinary individual would probably be inclined to reply, the "Lord's Prayer." Most theologians are agreed, however, that there is no petition uttered so many times as the sacred mantra of the Buddhists of Tibet, "OM Mani Padma Hum," which translated means, "O God! The Lotus-Jewel, Hail!" It is repeated daily throughout Tibet, and over a large part of northern India to an extent that almost defies calculation.

Every devout Lama throughout Tibet has his little prayer-wheel which he turns by hand as he walks along, and the prayer in that wheel is that quoted above. One of these prayer-wheels is shown in our illustration, together with the prayer printed on a long strip of thin rice paper. The petition is simply repeated over and over again.

In the compass or worshipping places there are huge prayer-wheels, which the devout may turn on the payment of a small fee. A prayer-wheel eight feet high may contain the same mantra about a hundred million times so compact is the thin paper upon which the prayer is printed. A few turns means that the prayer has been "uttered" a billion times or more. Then we have prayer-wheels driven by wind and water, while near every Tibetan temple and shrine may be seen flags fluttering in the breeze, all adorned with this mystic phrase. It is also carved endlessly on the rocks, also on slabs of stone to form lanes, miles many yards in length, near sacred buildings and mountain passes. It is the first words taught to babies and is the last prayer of the dying.

This is the prayer said by millions to the Dalai Lama, the spiritual ruler of Tibet who resides in Lhasa. The Dalai Lama poses as the earthly incarnation, not of Buddha, as is usually supposed, but of the Buddhist God Avalokita, who presides over transmigration, and who holds in his hands the keys of the heaven, as well as of hell. The mystic spell of this god is the famous mantra, "OM Mani Padma Hum," and it is regarded as the irresistible talisman and password to paradise.

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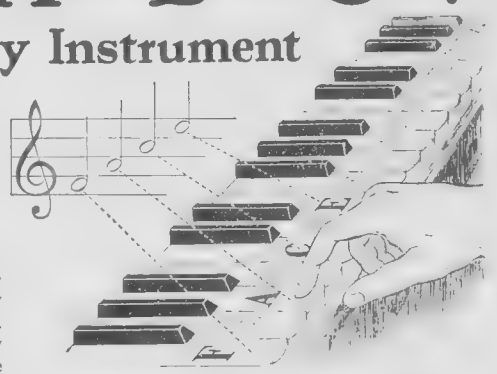

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The whole interesting story about the U. S. School course cannot be told on this page. So a booklet has been printed—"Music Lessons in Your Own Home." You can have a copy absolutely free by mailing the coupon below. In the booklet you will find a special offer that makes the U. S. course available to you at a very low price—if you act promptly. With it will be sent an Illustrated Folder which explains better than words how delightfully quick and easy the Print & Picture Method is. If you are really anxious to become a good player on your favorite instrument, mail the coupon now—today.

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WITH THE MANITOBA WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

ARNAUD assisted at the picnic held in the town, the proceeds of which were used in purchasing a hall. Mrs. Williams, Agricultural Representative of the C.P.R. visited the Institute during the summer and gave a very inspiring address.

ARROW RIVER sent a donation of fruit, vegetables and linen to the Miniota Hospital. A hedge and trees have been ordered to improve the appearance of the cemetery.

BALMORAL had one of their members conduct a short course in dressmaking, which was very successful. A ten cent tea was also held.

BENITO held a Whist Drive. The members are busy making quilts in readiness for the winter's demand.

BIRTLE held a splendid Child Health Clinic on their Fair Day. The demonstration-team girls reported on their visit to Winnipeg, which was much enjoyed.

BOWSMAN gave a small donation to the Co-operative Church and held a silver tea at the home of a member. Arrangements made for the putting on of a play.

BRANDON held a shower of fruit and vegetables in aid of the Children's Home. An interesting discussion on bulbs and the planting of same, took place at a recent meeting.

CARMAN has given financial assistance to a number of worthy causes, as well as clothing to a needy family.

CLEARWATER gave a donation of $10 towards the making of a sand box in which the younger school children could play and paid $5 towards a football for a country school.

COULTER had a discussion on the "care of bulbs" and are arranging for a bazaar.

CRANDALL have arranged for a "Week-day bazaar," one booth to represent each day of the week. Lunch was served at the school fair, and a donation given the Boys' and Girls' Club.

CROMARTY sent a donation to help purchase equipment for the Goose Lake Consolidated School. Discussions were held on the making of soup for the school during the winter months and on the canning of fruits and meats.

DELORAINE had a very interesting talk by Dr. Thornton on "Dawes Plan of Reparation" and "Crows Nest Pass Agreement." A donation was made to the fund for hot lunches for the school children. New books were bought for the library and a study made of one chapter of "Parliamentary Procedure."

ELLENVILLE sent a donation to the "Save the Children Fund." An interesting paper on "The Care and Storage of Clothing" was given by Miss Flossie McConnell and in answer to the roll call, each member gave their "best moth preventive."

ELKHORN discussed the making of salads at their recent meeting and a number of recipes were given the members. A concert is being arranged.

ELPHINSTONE is planning to hold a bazaar during the autumn. Arrangements also discussed regarding improving the grounds around the Memorial Hall with trees, etc.

ENDCLIFFE furnished a baby's layette, and had a discussion on Child Welfare.

FOXWARREN had a successful sale of home-made cooking. An invitation to visit Birtle Institute was accepted. Recipes for a cook book are being compiled, and plans under way for a bazaar.

GLADSTONE held a shower to secure furnishings for a Rest Room. Poppies are being made for sale on Armistice Day. Sixty babies were examined at the recent Baby clinic.

HAMIOTA had a social evening to welcome the teachers and newcomers. A whist drive was held and $23 sent to the "Save the Children Fund."

INWOOD served lunch at the Boys' and Girls' Club Fair. Donations were given towards two worthy causes.

LAKE FRANCES had a very interesting talk by Mrs. Taylor of Vancouver on her "trip to Boston." A dental clinic was held, and arrangements made for a fall carnival.

Continued on page 43

Boys' and Girls' Club Work Conducted in Manitoba by the Department of Education

A few of the teams and their leaders working under the direction of the Department of Education, who used Magic Baking Powder in their demonstrations and who were guests of E. W. Gillett Co., Ltd., while in Winnipeg at the final Competition held August 4-9...

Boys' and Girls' Club work was first started in 1911. Since that time the organization has grown steadily until it is now known in every part of Manitoba. Demonstration work has always been a strong point in the Club work, competition always being keen and many teams entering. This year thirty-five teams entered the Provincial competition.

The demonstrations given by the various teams proved that this kind of work was serving its purpose in an admirable degree, for each demonstrator when his or her turn came, showed not only a thorough knowledge of their subjects, but an ability to perform the various operations connected with it and explain them in a convincing manner. Each team gave evidence of careful training, and few questions were asked by the audience and judges that were not answered in a satisfactory manner.

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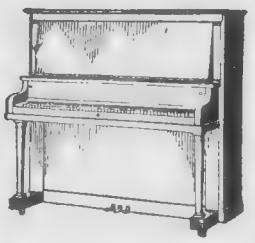

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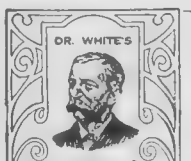

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With the Manitoba Women's Institutes

Continued from page 42

LA RIVIERE sent a donation to the Morden Hospital to help purchase factory cotton. A bazaar, together with a sale of home-made cooking and tea will be held during the fall. An excellent address was given on "Temperance."

LYLETON members had a discussion on poultry raising, etc., at their recent meeting.

KENTON had a specially instructive address by Dr. Tisdale at their recent meeting. His subject was "Nutrition of Growing Children."

MAKINAK have planned a masquerade dance for Hallowe'en. The hall in which the meetings are held was painted and new shades put on the windows. Shares are being bought in the Hall.

MANITOU held a Parents' and Teachers' Conference. A shower of sealed fruit was sent to the Morden Hospital. A splendid salad demonstration was given by Mrs. McCharles. Arrangements made to have trees placed on the Soldiers' Memorial Plot. Free entertainment planned in the town hall for Hallowe'en.

MELITA had an interesting address by the Manager of the Royal Bank on "What women should know about banking." Assistance was given in the holding of a baby clinic.

MEDORA are holding a bazaar in aid of the Memorial Fund. A donation was given of fifty chickens to a family who were hailed out and had several fowl killed. Plans are being made for having maple trees planted in the cemetery.

MINNEDOSA served dinner at the Boys' and Girls' Club Fair. Interesting discussions took place on "Growing Bulbs for Winter Bloom" and "The Storing of Winter Vegetables."

MOLINE are compiling recipes for a cook book. They had a demonstration on the making of sauerkraut at a recent meeting. Plans are being made for a fall bazaar.

MORRIS gave a dinner and smoker in honor of the returned soldiers. A social in honor of the grandmothers was held recently.

MAKAROFF had a demonstration on rug making by Mrs. McInnis. A "White Elephant" sale of work, an orange and lemon tree, together with lunch and dancing, has been arranged. A lady was appointed to make the soup for the school lunch during the winter.

MAYFELD have arranged for a combined dressmaking and millinery class with their own instructress. Goods were distributed for the making of Christmas gifts.

MINIOTA held a hospital tea and the funds used to purchase a basin table. A concert and lecture was held.

MINITONAS had an interesting talk by Mrs. Spicer on Municipal School Boards. Christmas gifts are being made for a sale later on.

NAPINKA had a debate on "Resolved that we are too lenient with our children" which was won by the affirmative. Many good points were brought out.

NORWOOD had an interesting talk by the school nurse on her work among the children.

OCHRE RIVER gave a donation towards having the cemetery cleaned up. Mrs. Welland gave a splendid paper on "Rome." A sale of sewing has been arranged.

PIPESTONE had a demonstration on "Milk" by members of the Boys' and Girls' Club, under the leadership of Mrs. Herman Hennest. A practical talk on "Municipal Government" was given by Mr. Mellish.

PLUM COULEE held an "age" tea. The members are assisting each other with their fall sewing.

RANCHVALE hope to have the building which they have purchased for a community hall moved to its new site before the snow comes. An autograph quilt is being made, to raise funds.

RAPID CITY entertained the new teachers at a recent meeting. "Caring for the hair" and household problems were discussed.

ROBLIN have given a donation towards the school playground equipment. Members are making wool comforters in readiness for the winter's demand. A fall bazaar is under consideration.

ROSSER served lunch at the Boys' and Girls' Club Fair. Plans are being made for the holding of a concert in the near future.

ROSSBURN has purchased several pounds of wool and are busy knitting articles for children in the country district schools who are poorly clad. A baby's layette is also being prepared for a needy case.

RUSSELL has donated $50.00 towards buying new books for the library and another $50.00 towards the rest room fund. A splendid talk was given by the matron of the Wadena Hospital. Russell hopes to have such a hospital a little later on.

SIFTON are planning to hold a raffle and social evening to raise funds for the needy in Greece.

SOMERSET members served tea at the Boys' and Girls' Club Fair and one half the proceeds was given to the Club.

SOLSGIRTH are holding a fowl supper in order to get funds for the new piano. A home cooking sale and tea was held recently, and the proceeds used for the "Save the Children" fund. Improvements have been made to the rest room, which was the first one built and owned by the Institute in Manitoba.

SPRAGUE gave a donation to the Trail Rangers. Mrs. J. E. Smith will give a recital on "Jean Valjean" at next meeting.

SWAN LAKE had a further discussion on some of the interesting papers given at the District Convention. The Institute financed the building of a new fence around the school grounds, which has been completed and is a great improvement to the appearance of the school grounds. A donation was sent to the Social Hygiene Association and a committee appointed to have improvements made to the cemetery.

SWAN RIVER are arranging for a tonsil and adenoid clinic. A linen shower was given for a member who was leaving the city. A donation was given to the "Save the Children" fund.

TREHERNE will meet at the homes of the different members throughout the winter and sewing for the needy will be done. Two quilts have already been made and donated. A whist drive and dance is being contemplated.

WARREN have arranged for entertainment on Hallowe'en—"A Country Fair" as suggested in the Grain Growers Guide. A thimble tea was served at the recent meeting to which members brought articles for the bazaar and worked at them. A flower was sent to a sick member.

WASKADA had a pancake social to help augment their funds. Twenty-two patients received attention at the recent clinic at which the Institute assisted.

WINNIPEG had an interesting address by Miss Marshall of the Robertson Memorial House on her work there, and, of the Fresh Air Camp at Gimli. Further discussion of the Convention Reports also took place.

WINNIPEGOSIS had a very inspiring address by the local minister on "Religion in the Home." A tea was held on fair day and the proceeds donated to the Boys' and Girls' Club for the carrying on of their work. A reception was held for the new teachers to have an opportunity of meeting the members and parents of the district. Clothing, and wool for the knitting of socks, was sent to a family in distress.

Then She Blushed

A party of strangers was visiting at the college. It was in the late autumn and the air was crisp and cold. One of of the members of the party, a charming young woman, was escorted through the grounds by a learned but absent-minded professor. Suddenly two members of the track team, dressed for their sport, passed.

"It's dreadfully cold," remarked the young woman as she gazed after the runners, "to be without stockings."

The professor's mind, deep in the contemplation of the fourth dimension, was attracted by the sound of the girl's voice.

"Then why," he asked absently, "did you leave them off?"

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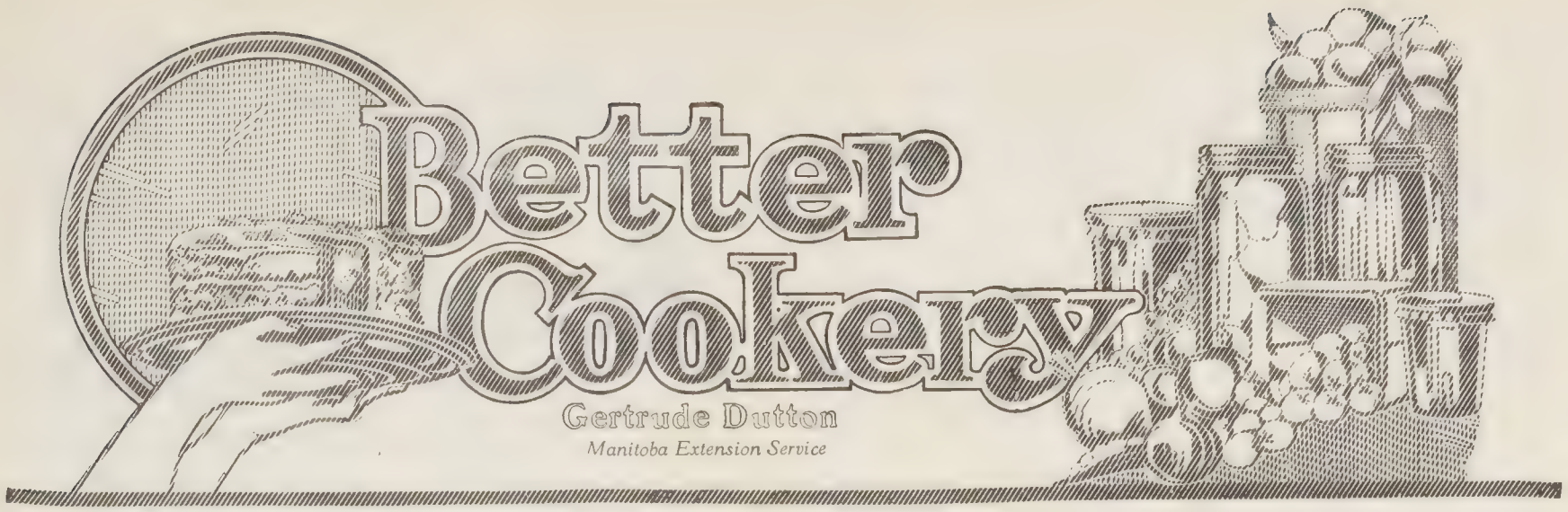

The Community Supper

THE season of annual church suppers is again with us. The meal may be of the generous, old-fashioned type, where long tables were heaped with platters of meat, chicken, turkey, dishes of scalloped potatoes, bowls of salad, glass dishes of jelly and pickles, with countless pies, cakes, and plates of tarts, and everybody helped himself to all he could eat. Or it may be served in cafeteria style, where servings of food are placed on plates and given to each guest. The former method sometimes becomes a financial burden to the women providing the meal. They are obliged to donate the food, often at considerable cost, then have to pay the price of admission for themselves and their families, to eat that food.

There might be greater satisfaction if the food materials used were paid for, then a price charged for the meal, estimated at a fair profit above the cost. Fortunately, it is no longer considered in good taste to provide too elaborate a menu. On the other hand everyone who patronizes the supper, should receive full value for his money. The food should be well cooked and well served with hot foods hot, and cold foods cold.

The following recipes are in quantities large enough to serve about fifty persons.

Coffee

A granite pot makes the best coffee. It should be boiled with sal soda water occasionally.

Put four cups of freshly ground coffee in a cheese cloth bag, tied so as to leave plenty of room for the coffee to swell. Put the coffee, nine quarts of cold water, and about twelve egg shells in the pot, and let stand for some hours. Bring slowly to a boil, boil from 3 to 5 minutes, put in 1 cup of cold water, and let stand to clarify. Strain into smaller pots, and if necessary, bring again to the boiling point. Serve with cream, or hot rich milk.

Cocoa

1½ c. Cocoa	¼ t. Salt
2 c. Sugar	1 qt. Boiling water
2 c. Warm water	8 qts. Hot milk

Scald the milk. Mix the cocoa, sugar, salt and warm water. Add the boiling water, and boil 5 minutes. Pour into the hot milk, beat with a Dover egg beater till foamy to prevent scum from forming on top. Keep hot in a double boiler. Serve with whipped cream, or a marshmallow on top of each cup. A few drops of vanilla may be added if wished.

Chocolate

1 lb. Chocolate	3 c. Sugar
2 qts. Boiling water	8 qts. Hot milk
	¼ t. Salt

Melt the chocolate in a double boiler. Add boiling water, stir until smooth. Boil 10 minutes, add the sugar and salt, pour into the hot milk, and beat with a Dover egg beater till foamy. Serve with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored.

Lemonade

1¼ qts. Lemon juice	2 lbs. Sugar
9 qts. Water	A large piece of ice

Make a syrup of the sugar and 1 qt. of the water. Cool, add the lemon juice, the remaining water and the ice.

Fruit Punch

1 pt. Grated pineapple	1 pt. Strawberry juice
2 lbs. Sugar	8 Lemons
3 c. Boiling water	6 Oranges
2 c. Hot tea	7 qts. Cold water

Ice

Cook the pineapple, sugar and boiling water together for fifteen minutes. Add the tea and strain. When cold add the fruit juice and cold water, and the ice a short time before serving

Candied cherries, strawberries or mint leaves may be used as a garnish.

Chicken Shortcake

6 qts. Cooked chicken
4 qts. Chicken gravy or white sauce
Baking Powder Biscuits.

Cut the cooked chicken in fine pieces. Add to well-seasoned white sauce or chicken gravy, or half of each may be used. Split rich hot, baking powder biscuits in two, put a spoonful of chicken on the lower half, replace the upper half of the biscuit, and put a spoonful of chicken on top of it.

Croquettes

Chicken à la King

6 qts. Cooked fowl cut in pieces	1 pt. Green peppers
	½ c. Chopped parsley
4 qts. Rich broth	1 qt. Celery
½ c. Flour	2 t. Paprika
1 c. Fat	Salt to taste

Cook the fowl in salted water till tender. Remove from the liquor and cool. Remove the meat from the bones and cut it in neat pieces. Put the bones back in the liquor and simmer 1½ to 2 hours—strain and remove fat. Cream together the flour and fat, add the hot broth and seasoning, stirring continually. Boil 5 minutes. Add the meat without stirring. Cut the celery in one-inch pieces, and boil thirty minutes. Drain and add to the sauce. Wash the peppers, remove the seeds and parboil fifteen minutes. Drain, cut in small pieces and add to the chicken. Keep the mixture over hot water till thoroughly heated. Just before serving, lift gently with a large fork to mix the ingredients well, but keep them unbroken. Sprinkle each serving with chopped parsley. Boiled rice is a good accompaniment.

Scalloped Chicken

4 qts. Chopped chicken	4 qts. White sauce or chicken gravy
4 qts. Canned corn	
1 t. Pepper	1 tb. Salt

Put the chicken and corn in alternate layers in baking dishes, seasoning each layer. Add the sauce or gravy, lifting the chicken gently with a fork to insure moistening all parts. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs and bake about 40 minutes.

Chicken Maryland

Use about 25 pounds of roasting chickens, cut in pieces for serving. Roll in salted flour, saute in pork fat till a golden brown. Remove to a large kettle. Add 1½ cups flour to the fat in the frying pan, stirring while it browns. Add to 3 quarts hot milk, stirring till smooth. Cook fifteen minutes in a double boiler, add 1 tb. salt, 1 t. pepper. Turn over the chicken in the kettle and simmer in the oven, till the chicken is tender. Will probably take an hour. The kettle may be set in a pan of hot water, or on two or three asbestos mats to prevent burning. Sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving.

Plain Stuffing for Chicken or Turkey

4 qts. Crumbs	½ t. Pepper
1 tb. Salt	1 tb. Poultry seasoning
1 c. Melted butter	Water to moisten

Cut off dark crusts of bread. Crumble. Put into cold water long enough to soften. Wring dry in a cloth. Mix all ingredients thoroughly. If crumbly stuffing is wanted, use no water and more butter.

Oyster Stuffing

½ t. Pepper	4 qts. Crumbs
6 tb. Finely chopped celery	1 tb. Salt
	1 c. Melted butter
1 qt. Oysters	4 tb. Minced onion

Prepare the crumbs as for plain stuffing. Add the butter, seasoning and oysters which have been cleaned and drained.

Stuffing for Roast Goose

2 c. Hot mashed potato	¼ c. Butter
1½ c. Soft stale crumbs	1 Egg
¼ c. Chopped salt pork	1½ t. Salt
¼ c. Chopped onion	1 t. Sage

Mix all ingredients thoroughly. This is sufficient for 1 goose.

Pressed Beef

12 lbs. Beef from flank, brisket or round	2 c. Carrot
	1 t. Pepper corns
1 tb. Salt	¼ c. Vinegar
2 c. Onion	Herbs if desired

Wipe and trim meat, cover with boiling water, bring to the boiling point and simmer till the meat shreds. Add vegetables and seasonings an hour before it is done. Remove the meat and pack in long narrow pans. Reduce the liquor somewhat by boiling, and strain over the meat. Serve cold in thin slices.

Beef Loaf

10 lbs. Raw beef	8 Eggs
2 lbs. Fat salt pork	3 tb. Salt
6 c. Dry bread crumbs	Mixed herbs
4 c. Water or stock	5 tb. Minced onion
	1 t. pepper

Chop meat and onion very fine. If bread is hard and dry, dip for a moment in cold water, then wring dry in a cloth before crumbling. Mix all ingredients, pack in brick shaped pans, or form in loaves in a large pan. Bake about 2½ hours in a slow oven.

Irish Stew

16 lbs. Mutton	1 qt. Carrots, diced
6 qts. Potatoes	1 qt. Turnip, diced
6 Large onions	Salt and pepper

Use mutton from the forequarter. Wipe and cut in small pieces. Saute about half of it in beef or pork drippings till brown. Put the meat in a kettle. Add 3 qts. boiling water, bring to boiling point, and simmer for three hours. At end of first hour, add sliced onions, turnips and carrot. An hour later add potatoes cut in 1/3 inch slices, and salt and pepper. Just before serving, thicken with 1 cup flour, stirred to a smooth paste with cold water. Serve with dumplings or small baking powder biscuits.

Continued on page 47

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Thirteen delicious Clark's Soups.

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Wear Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear and enjoy the luxurious feel of a warm fabric, soft as down and soothing to the tenderest skin. Get fit that feels just right, without binding or bulging. Stanfield's great range of sizes allows every man and woman of every build and proportion to be certain of snug, tailored-to-fit comfort. *Even if you bought underwear tailored-to-your-measure, you couldn't get any better fit.*

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TRY THESE DELICIOUS RECIPES

Chocolate Layer Cake: ⅛ teaspoon salt, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ⅛ cup Carnation Milk, 1/3 cup butter or substitute, 4 eggs, ½ cup water, 1½ cups sugar, 5 tablespoons boiling water, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 2 oz. unsweetened chocolate. Dissolve chocolate in the boiling water. Cool. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, creaming constantly. Add the chocolate. Beat yolks until thick and lemon colored. Add them to the creamed sugar and butter; then add the liquid and the sifted dry ingredients, alternately. Add vanilla. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff and cut carefully and lightly into the mixture. Turn into 2 greased layer cake pans and bake in a moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes.

Baked Custard: 2 eggs, 1 1/3 cups water, 2/3 cup Carnation Milk, ¼ teaspoon salt 3 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla. Beat eggs slightly; add sugar, salt, milk diluted with water, and flavoring. Pour into custard cups; sprinkle top with grated nutmeg, set in pan of boiling water and bake in a moderate oven until firm. This recipe serves six people.

In the Carnation Cook Book you'll find recipes for several delicious desserts, as well as other good things to eat. Write the Carnation Milk Products Co., Limited, Aylmer, Ont., for a free copy 195

Better Cookery—*Continued from page 44*

Boiled Tongue

Wash 12 lbs. corned tongue, cover with cold water, bring slowly to the boiling point; boil 5 minutes, removing the scum as it rises. Simmer 3 or 4 hours, or until tender. Let cool in liquor in which it was cooked, and peel just before serving. Cut in thin slices and garnish with parsley or water cress.

To Boil Fresh Tongue

Put directly into boiling water and simmer till tender.

Boiled Ham

Soak over night two well-scrubbed 9-lb. hams. Put into cold water with 1 tb. pickling spice, 1 sliced carrot, 1 sliced onion, 2 stalks celery, 1 t. celery salt, 3 sprigs parsley, ½ c. strong vinegar. Bring to a boil and cook slowly, five hours or more, till tender. Let cool in the water in which it was cooked.

Baked Ham

Boil a ham as in the recipe above. Remove the skin and cover with the following paste: 1 c. brown sugar, 1 c. soft fine bread crumbs, 1 t. mustard, and enough vinegar to hold the paste together. Stick the ham with cloves, and make incisions over the entire surface. Bake 1 hour, basting with 1 c. water, ¼ c. vinegar, and 2 tb. brown sugar. Serve hot or cold.

Meat Croquettes

Butter 2½ c.	Pepper ½ t.
Flour 3 c.	Celery salt 2 t.
Stock 2½ qts.	Onion juice to taste
Salt 3 t.	Cooked meat 5 qts.

Trim gristle, fat and skin from the meat, chop finely and measure. Melt the butter, add flour, and when smooth, stir in hot stock, stirring till smooth and cooked. Season, add meat, and more seasoning if necessary. Cool, shape, roll in fine breadcrumbs, egg and crumbs, fry in deep fat, and drain on brown paper. This quantity makes 100 large croquettes. They should brown in 1 minute. To cool, the mixture should be spread in shallow pans and allowed to stand some hours to stiffen.

Chicken Croquettes

Make as meat croquettes, using chicken, or chicken and veal, chopped fine, instead of meat, and milk in place of soup stock for the sauce, and adding 3 tb. chopped parsley.

Salmon Loaf

Salmon 6 pint cans	Milk or water 3 c.
Dried bread crumbs 4½ qts.	Salt and pepper
	12 eggs

Soften the bread in the milk. Pick the skin and bones from the salmon but leave the liquor. Mix the ingredients well, pack in brick shaped pans, set in larger pans containing water, and bake for 60 minutes. Serve either hot or cold.

Boston Baked Beans

Pea beans 3 qts.	Brown sugar ¼ c. or more
Salt 4 tb.	Mustard 1 tb.
Molasses 1 c. or more	Pepper 1 t.
Vinegar ¼ c.	Fat salt pork 2 lbs.

Pick over beans. Cover with cold water and soak over night. Drain. Cover with cold water, add 1 t. soda, bring to boiling point, and par boil 15 minutes. Drain. Scrape and scald pork rind, cut pork in 2-inch pieces, and cut through rind every half inch.

Mix salt, sugar, mustard, pepper, molasses and vinegar. Put an equal quantity of beans and seasonings into each bean pot, bury the pork in the beans, fill pots with boiling water, cover and cook slowly 6 or 8 hours, adding more water if necessary.

Potato Salad

Potato cubes 9 qts.	Vinegar 1¼ c.
Celery 1 qt.	Chopped green peppers ½ c.
Salt 5 tb.	Finely minced onions 2.
Pepper 2 t.	
Papricka 1 t.	
Melted butter 2 c.	

Chill, and mix all ingredients carefully with a fork. Garnish with slices of hard cooked eggs, slices of stuffed olives, chopped pimientos, sliced tomatoes, parsley or watercress.

Pumpkin Pie

Milk 2 qts.	Molasses 6 tb.
Eggs 12	Salt 2 tb.
Pumpkin 3 cans	Ginger 2 tb.
Sugar 4½ c.	Cinnamon 2 tb.

Mix sugar, salt, spices, add pumpkin beaten eggs, milk and molasses. Bake in a lower crust until a knife comes out clean. This makes 8 or 9 pies.

Mock Cherry Pie

Cranberries 4 qts.	Sugar 2¾ qts.
Stoned raisins 1¼ qts.	Water 2½ c.
Flour ½ c.	Butter 4 tb.

Chop the cranberries and raisins, mix with sugar, flour and water. Line plates with crust, put in filing, dot with butter, cover with crust, and bake in a moderate oven.

Lemon Jelly

Granulated gelatine ¾ c.	Boiling water 3¾ qts.
Cold water 3 c.	Lemon juice 3 c.
Sugar 6 c.	

Soak gelatine in cold water, dissolve in boiling water, strain through cheesecloth wrung out of hot water. Add to sugar and lemon juice, cool, and stiffen.

Fruit Jelly

Make lemon jelly, cool, cover bottom of shallow agate pan, or mold. When it begins to stiffen, put in a layer of any desired fruit, then a layer of gelatine, and continue till the ingredients are used.

Altitude Gives Flavor to Tea
Orange Pekoe is Simply Name of Leaf

"Let me have a pot of Orange Pekoe tea."

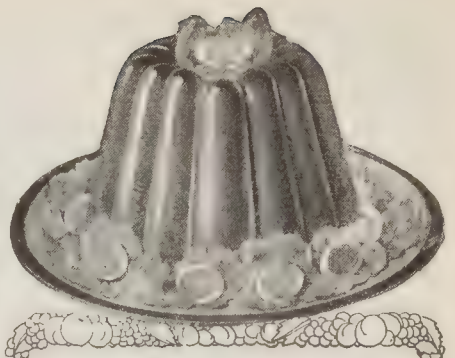
How often we hear this expression in restaurants and tea rooms. Yet, if you asked, "What is Orange Pekoe?" the answer would almost invariably be, "I don't know, but I do know it is supposed to be good tea."

Orange Pekoe is simply the name of the leaf and the distinguishing mark of the size of the leaf. It is not arbitrarily or necessarily the best tea by any means. You may have good, bad or indifferent Orange Pekoe Tea.

Goodness of the leaf is judged by the flavor, which depends upon two things, the elevation at which the plant is grown and the care exercised in the manufacture of the tea.

The higher the elevation of the tea garden the richer the leaf is in essential oil, which constitutes its flavor.

Baked Eggs and Rice in Ramekins



For the Bride's First Guest Dinner

ONE of the new housekeeper's worst problems is getting everything ready at once. If she be wise, she will take a lesson from an old housekeeper and prepare her salad and dessert *the day before.*

Here is a salad recipe—tested by experienced housewives,—for a delicious Tomato Jelly. Set it away in the icebox until just time to serve.

Tomato Jelly

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water — 2 cloves
3½ cups tomatoes — Few grains cayenne
½ onion — Few grains salt
½ bay leaf — Stalk celery
2 tablespoonfuls vinegar

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Mix remaining ingredients, except vinegar, bring to boiling point and let boil ten minutes. Add vinegar and soaked gelatine, and when gelatine is dissolved, strain. Turn into a mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from mold to bed of crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise dressing.

And for dessert—this Coffee Bavarian Cream will be found unusually delightful.

Coffee Bavarian Cream

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water — ⅓ cup sugar
1 pint heavy cream — ½ cup strong boiled coffee
Few grains salt — 1 tablespoonful lemon juice

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in hot coffee, then add sugar. Set bowl containing mixture in pan of cold water, and stir until mixture begins to thicken. Add cream, beaten until stiff, and flavoring. Turn into a mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill.

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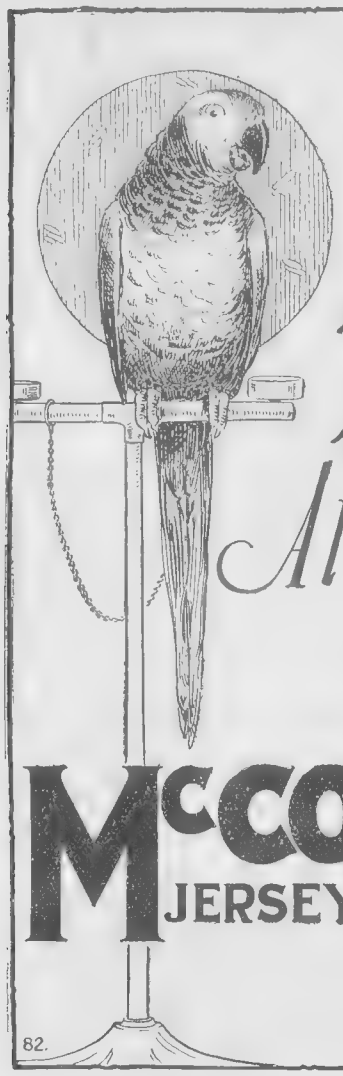

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SCHOOL LUNCHES

GROWING children have certain special needs in the way of food. Like grown people, they must be supplied with that which is necessary for health and strength, but unlike them, they must be given also that which is necessary for development.

Even when children eat all of their meals at home, it is no easy matter to see that they are properly fed, and when they eat part of their meals at school, the difficulty is far greater. This is not because healthfulness and cleanliness are more important in this meal than in the other meals of the day, but because they are harder to secure. It is not easy to make food attractive and to keep it clean when it must be packed and carried in a lunch basket. Nor is it easy to prepare meals in places like schools which are not specially fitted for the purpose.

The midday meal of school children offers, therefore, to parents and also to teachers certain practical problems, and it is these problems that are considered in this article.

THE daily meals of school children must contain all the materials needed for health and for growth. Some of these can best be supplied by milk, some by cereals, and some by other common food materials. Parents and teachers, therefore, and others who are responsible for the proper feeding of children, must know not only what their bodies need but also something about the special uses of different foods.

All this is true, of course, of the breakfast and the supper as well as that of the luncheon. And yet the midday meal of school children often presents certain special practical problems and demands particular care and attention. Sometimes it must be packed and carried long distances and unusual care is needed to make it attractive and to keep it wholesome. Sometimes it must be prepared in the schoolroom or other place where there are few conveniences for the purpose. The choice of dishes is, under these circumstances, limited, and special care must be taken to secure variety.

In spite of all these facts there are some disadvantages about studying this one meal apart from the other two. The three taken together must supply a large number of materials. It may not be convenient to provide all of these at one meal, and those which are left out of one meal must be supplied at another. Breakfast, dinner or lunch, and supper should, therefore, usually be thought of together as necessary to the making of a complete day's ration.

On the other hand, it is particularly difficult to live up to ones' ideals in a meal which is almost always hurried and which must often be prepared in one place and served in another. The midday meal of school children on days when school is in session has, therefore, problems of its own and may well be occasionally discussed, as it is in this article, apart from all other meals.

There are some places, small towns for example, where dwelling houses and schools are so close together that pupils can easily go home at noon. In these cases the thought or care necessary for the noonday meal is along the same lines as that given to breakfast and supper. There are other places, however, and these include large cities as well as rural districts, where children are obliged, because of distance, to remain at school over the noon hour. Under these circumstances most children carry their lunches. Some, however, particularly in cities, are given money with which to buy food. This practice is, of course, open to dangers, for the money is too often spent in shops or at pushcarts over which those who are most interested in the children's welfare have little control. To insure that food is prepared under proper conditions, lunch counters or lunch rooms have been established in many school buildings, where pupils may buy full lunches or certain dishes with which to supplement food brought from home. There are schools, too, where the task of preparing lunches, or at least one or two of the dishes to be served at noon, is given to cooking classes as a laboratory or practice exercise.

Any discussion of lunches for school children must, therefore, take into account (1) the children who go home at midday, (2) those who carry their lunches, (3) those who buy them at shops or at the school, (4) those who are supplied by the school through the cooking classes, and (5) those who carry part of each day's lunch and depend on being able to buy something at or near the school to add to what they carry.

Foods for Children

THE essentials of the diet of all normal children are, of course, the same—namely, an abundance of simple foods carefully prepared and of sufficient variety to provide for activity, which in healthy children is almost ceaseless during waking hours, and for development into healthy manhood and womanhood. For this reason the general subject of food for children will be discussed before the special problem of the school lunch.

The Place of Bread in the Diet

One of the chief of practical food problems, whether children or grown people are concerned, is how to get good, wholesome, clean bread. It has been shown that cereals provide nearly one-third by weight of all the food eaten by the American people, and that they supply nearly half of the protein (commonly referred to as tissue-building material) and nearly two-thirds of the fuel or energy. The greater part of these cereals is, of course, served in the form of bread of one kind or another. The quality of the bread which is eaten, is, therefore, an extremely important consideration.

It is not possible within the limits of this article to give directions for making bread, nor is it necessary, for recipes can be obtained from any good cookbook. All that can be done here is to speak of the qualities of good bread. These are perhaps most clearly and concisely stated in score cards commonly used in bread-judging contests at Provincial fairs, farmers' institutes, and elsewhere. Such cards are designed especially for judging loaves of wheat bread, but with a little modification they can be used also for breads made wholly or partly of other cereals (corn, rye, oatmeal, etc.)

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O. CADUFF, North Vancouver, B.C.

School Lunches

Continued from page 48

and for bread in other forms, such as biscuits and rolls. In all cases the characteristics of the crust and the crumb (the inside of the loaf), the lightness, and the flavor are taken into consideration.

The crust should be crisp and deep (indicating thorough baking), but not hard or burned. The crumb should be elastic; that is, it should be capable of being compressed by slight pressure, but should spring back to its original form when such pressure is removed. If the dough is made too stiff, the crumb cannot easily be compressed, and if too thin or if insufficiently baked, the crumb is soggy and inelastic. A crumb which is neither too hard nor too soft can easily be broken up in the mouth during the process of chewing and will neither form a sticky mass nor be too dry to taste good.

Lightness is an important feature of quality. It depends on the size of the loaf as compared with its weight, a point which experienced bread makers can usually judge by lifting a loaf and by noting if the shape is symmetrical and the crust unbroken. When the loaf is cut the air cells should be found evenly distributed, of about the same size throughout, and nearly round in shape. Cells which are higher than they are wide show that the bread has risen too much and is likely to be dry or sour. There should, of course, be no close, heavy streaks. In making bread the best results are obtained by letting the loaves double their volume in the pan and by beginning the baking at such temperature that the rising will continue about 10 minutes in the oven.

The flavor of bread, which is determined by taste and odour, is difficult to define, except by saying what it should not involve—sourness and rancidity. The flavor of wheat bread is often described as that of original wheat as it is obtained by chewing the grains. In like manner, the flavor of other breads should suggest that the original materials were in good condition at the beginning and that they have not undergone any undesirable changes during the process of bread-making.

All of these qualities—lightness, good flavor, a crisp and deep crust, and an elastic crumb—can be secured in rolls and biscuits as well as in large loaves. The objection to hot bread is not due to the fact that it is hot (if it were, hot toast would be indigestible, i.e., cause distress), but that it lacks some of the characteristics mentioned above. Large or thick biscuits, whether raised with yeast, baking powder, or soda, are likely if cooked only a short time, to be soggy on the inside, and this, when it happens, is the objection to them, rather than the fact that they are served hot.

If the diet is limited in kind and quantity, bread made from the so-called whole-grain flours is especially useful; if it is varied and abundant, other foods can supply the nutritive material which characterizes the branny layer of the grain.

The use of different kinds of bread is to be recommended in general, for variety in the diet is pleasing, and this is an easy way to secure it. Sometimes so simple a change as baking the bread in a new form, a twist, for example, instead of a loaf, or cutting bread and butter in a fancy shape with a cooky butter, will increase a child's relish for it. So, too, will a change of flavor, obtained by adding a few raisins, dried currants, or nut meats.

Cereal mushes and ready-to-eat cereal breakfast foods supply much the same nutrients as bread. In a very general way a half cupful of cooked cereal mush or one cupful of puffed, flaked, or shredded cereal is equal in food value to a good-sized slice of bread (1 ounce).

The above allowance of any one of these cereals with one tablespoon of cream is about equivalent to the slice of bread mentioned (1 ounce) spread with about one-sixth of its weight of butter, a moderate and not unusual allowance. Cereals with cream resemble bread and butter in their nutritive value more closely than cereals with milk do. They do

Continued on page 50

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1 Cup Butter	3 Eggs
1 Teaspoon Rose Flavoring	1½ Pints Flour
1 Cup Milk	3 Cups Sugar
1 Teaspoon Magic Baking Powder	

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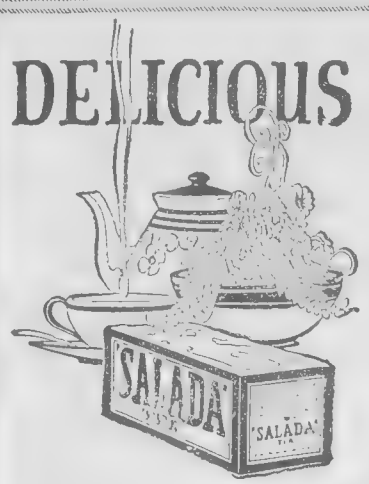

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School Lunches—Continued from page 49

not come so near to being complete foods.

Probably one reason why bread and cereals in other forms make up so large a part of the food of people is because they come near in themselves to fulfilling one of the important requirements of the diet—a right proportion between the nutrients which provide fuel only and those which can be used for body building. Or, expressing these in terms of the needs of the child, they come near to providing for activity and also for growth. To come near to doing a thing, however, is not to do it, and with bread and butter should be served, as a rule, some sort of foods which provide protein in larger proportion as compared with fuel. These foods include milk, meat, fish, poultry, eggs, cheese, dried legumes, such as beans, cowpeas, peas, and peanuts, and some nuts.

Among these protein-rich foods, as they are often called, healthy grown people may choose at will and according to their likes or dislikes, but in the case of children no one of them is thought wholly to take the place of milk.

Milk and Ways of Using It

THE value of milk in the diet of the young is not due only to the fact that it contains a large number of nourishing substances in forms in which they can easily be assimilated, but also to the fact that in some way not now fully understood, it seems to promote growth and to help the body of the child to make good use of other foods. Milk is exceptionally rich in lime and it is practically impossible to make up a diet containing enough lime for a growing child without using it generously.

While milk should, if possible, have a place in the diet of all growing children, it is not necessary to serve it at every meal, and the lunch can, if this seems desirable, be made an exception. In practice, however, it has been found that such dishes as milk toast, milk soups, and cocoa are often convenient for the lunch at home, while at school they can be prepared more easily than most dishes, because they do not call for an oven or for any but the simplest cooking utensils.

Milk soups, of which there is a great variety, all prepared in about the same way, are important, not only because they can be made a means of serving milk in large quantities but also because they offer a good way to use vegetables, the value of which as food is referred to later in this bulletin. Materials other than vegetables—small amounts of fish or cheese, for example—can also be used for flavoring. These, however, tend to increase the protein rather than to add the nutrients which give vegetables their special usefulness in the deit, a fact which should be kept in mind when bills of fare are being made.

It is unfortunate for those who have charge of the food of children to be tied down to any fixed recipes for milk soups, for if so they are likely to fail to utilize materials at hand, such as those that grow in the home or school garden or those that have been left over from previous meals and are still in good condition. General directions for preparation and also a few recipes will be found at a later point in this article.

Other easily prepared dishes that may be the means of introducing milk into the diet are simple chowders, such as potato or corn chowder, and custards. The breakfast cereals—a large and varied class of foods, valuable in themselves—may be the means of encouraging children to take much milk. All can be served with milk; and the food value of the uncooked varieties can be further increased by using milk instead of water in preparing them. In this way skim milk, which has a higher food value than most people realize and which is too often wasted, can be made to count as nourishment.

Other Protein Foods

OTHER protein-rich foods should be used as well as milk in the diet of all children who have passed babyhood. Eggs are usually the first of these foods given in addition to milk. They contain much iron, an ingredient in which milk (though rich in other kinds of mineral matter, particularly lime) is lacking. Gradually as the child develops, chicken, fish, meat, cheese, dried beans, peas, cowpeas, and other protein-rich foods, may be added. No great quantity is needed, inasmuch as bread and milk come near to supplying all the child's needs. These foods should not be overlooked, however, and in order to prevent this they should be thought of as forming a separate and important group of food materials which are to be drawn upon more and more as the child grows. Ways of introducing them into the diet, particularly into the school lunch, are given later.

The Importance of Green Vegetables and Fruits in the Child's Diet.

VEGETABLES and fruits are now considered a necessary part of the diet of the child. The reasons are many, but most of them may be summed up by saying that they furnish material needed to form bone and tissue and to regulate body processes. The mild acids which some of them contain help to prevent constipation; so, too, does the cellulose or fibre, especially when it is raw, though its value for this purpose may have been exaggerated in popular literature. Green vegetables are also a valuable means of introducing into the diet mineral matters, particularly iron, in a form in which the body can utilize them. Even at city prices green vegetables have been shown to be an economical source of iron. Leaf vegetables, like spinach, beet greens, kale, etc., have recently been found to contain some of the growth-promoting substances that are found in milk.

The uses of fruits in the diet are much the same as those of green vegetables, though, unlike most vegetables, they have a considerable percentage of sugar, especially when they are dried, and sugar is a quickly absorbed fuel food. Like vegetables, they have value because they contribute some of the nitrogen required for tissue building and repair, and some energy. However, they are valuable chiefly because they supply growth-stimulating and body-regulating substances and also mineral matter needed for bone and for many other purposes. The quantity of these materials in fruits and vegetables is small, it is true, but large in comparison with the amount in many other common foods.

Fresh vegetables and fruits must be prepared with care, for there is danger of transmission of disease by means of foods that are served raw. Most people will agree that apples, pears, etc., as picked from the tree in an orchard far enough from the road to escape dust, are clean. If they drop to the ground upon clean grass they may still be eaten without much risk, although there would then be more chance for dirt, with its attendant disease-producing bacteria.

All fresh fruits and vegetables which come from the market should be thoroughly washed in several waters. Most fruits may be safely dipped in boiling water and many can be kept there for several seconds without injuring their flavor. This kills many, if not all, of the bacteria and other organisms that are likely to cling to the fruit. A convenient way to do this is to place the fruit in a wire frying basket. Grapes, apples, pears, peaches and plums are not injured by this treatment, and unripe strawberries are often improved by it. Large fruits, such as bananas, apples, oranges, and others with unbroken skins may be safely washed with soap.

Dried fruits should be particularly well washed. If they are then put into a warm oven to dry they are likely to absorb the water which clings to them and thus to be softened and improved in taste.

Editor's Note—This is the first part of an article on "School Lunches," instalments of which will be included in the next three issues.

The Home Doctor

How to Keep Well

Fresh Pure Air

THE air in rooms should move. That means draughts and these are unpleasant and sometimes dangerous. One of the best things to overcome draughts is a window-board. It is not draughts that give people colds. It is going into cool air after being in a hot room or after hearty exercise. Our bodies are then in condition to catch colds.

Colds are caused by germs. These germs grow in peoples' throats, who when they sneeze scatter the germs in the air. Others who breathe in these germs, take cold, unless their bodies are strong enough to resist. Any one who has a cold is a source of danger to others. He should therefore carry a clean handkerchief, cough and sneeze into it, and as far as possible keep away from a crowd of people.

Colds may lead to serious trouble, such as influenza, pneumonia, scarlet fever. The best air to ensure freedom from colds contains abundance of moisture. It should also be fresh. The spare bedroom of the old type is a death-trap. Fresh air is not only good to breathe but is good for the skin, therefore, sleeping in the open is good, loose clothes are good, games are good. Here are some useful rules that relate to pure air.

(1) Breathe deeply. (2) Breathe through the nose. (3) Sleep with the windows open. (4) Do not sleep in draughts. (5) Air the bedroom. (6) Avoid stagnant air. (7) Take vigorous exercise in the open air.

Exercise

Exercise is necessary for good health. The best exercise consists of walking, running, swimming, playing ordinary games. Added to these are physical exercises such as stretching, bending of the body and all such exercises as they give in good schools. Exercise should be taken in moderation. Hard exercise should not be taken immediately after meals. Exercise taken with others is usually better than exercise taken alone. Here are a few good rules to govern exercise.

(1) Take two or three hours exercise in the open air every day. (2) Take only light exercise after meals. (3) Take exercise after getting up—bending, twisting, head and trunk exercises. (4) Keep in good humor in all plays and games.

Rest

The amount of sleep and rest one requires depends upon physical condition. Usually children require more than older people. At six years one should sleep twelve hours, and at sixteen, nine hours. Some good rules for sleep are these:

(1) Sleep alone if you can. (2) Sleep enough. (3) Go to bed regularly and early. (4) Sleep in a room well ventilated. (5) Let the room be quiet and dark. (6) Eat light meals in the evening. (7) Change clothes at night. (8) Sleep on the side. (9) Get rid of your worries before going to sleep.

Cleanliness

Nearly all diseases are caused by germs. The best preventive of germs is cleanliness. Dirt gathers on the hands and on all parts of the surface of the body. Unless the body is kept clean there is danger that germs will multiply. People should take full baths twice a week. It is all a matter of habit. After a warm bath one should wash off in cool water and dry thoroughly.

The Teeth

The front entrance to a house should be clean or all the floors will be dirty. The front entrance to the body should also be clean. Among good rules for care of the mouth and teeth are these:

(1) Clean finger-nails every day. (2) Keep fingers out of the mouth. (3) Clean teeth at least twice a day. (4) Keep pencils out of the mouth. (5) Do not dampen fingers in the mouth to turn the pages of a book.

Food

Here are a few rules that are worth noting:

(1) Drink milk every day. (2) Eat bread and butter at every meal. (3) Eat fruit if you can get it. (4) Eat green vegetables every day. (5) Eat meat only once a day. (6) Do not eat candies between meals. (7) Eat slowly. (8) Chew thoroughly. (9) Drink freely of good fresh water. (10) Do not drink when overheated. (11) Avoid tea and coffee. (This last for children).

Centres of Infection

THE health of man, as most of us know only too well, is a precarious thing, beset by dangers on all sides. Not only are we exposed to contagion from without, —from those we come in contact with in the street, in theatres, in churches, in department stores, on street cars, on sleeping cars, on ocean steamers,—but we ourselves often carry with us the germs of disease.

A person who harbors the microbes of pneumonia, diphtheria, typhoid fever or other infectious diseases without his showing any symptoms is called a "carrier." Such a person is a menace not only to others but to himself as well, for a change may come in the virulence of the microbe that he carries or in his powers of resistance; and then he will himself suffer from the germs he guards so tenaciously.

There are also "carriers" who are a constant danger to themselves alone. These are persons who have somewhere a centre of infection—a place where a collection of microbes exists, where they grow and reproduce, and manufacture toxins, or poisons, which are absorbed into the system, thus more or less seriously undermining the health. There are many places where these foci of infection may be formed, but the most common are the tonsils, the teeth and the appendix. Many wonderful and true stories are found in medical annals of a long period of ill health that has been suddenly ended by the removal of diseased tonsils, of an abscessed tooth, or of a chronically inflamed appendix.

Unfortunately, however, some surgeons, encouraged by these successes, have jumped to the conclusion that all cases of chronic ill health must be due to some such centre of infection, and many persons have lost useful tonsils, excellent teeth or a harmless appendix without any benefit. The question of the presence of a focus of infection, of its locality and of the advisability of its removal is a very delicate one and can be decided only after a most careful review of all the symptoms and a painstaking examination of all the organs, whether obviously diseased or not. The removal of a healthy tonsil, tooth or appendix is deplorable, but the neglect to cure, or to remove if necessary, one that is known to be diseased is inexcusable.

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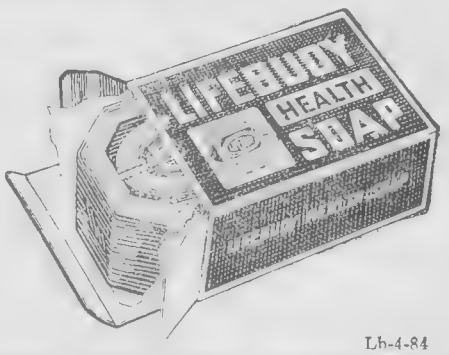

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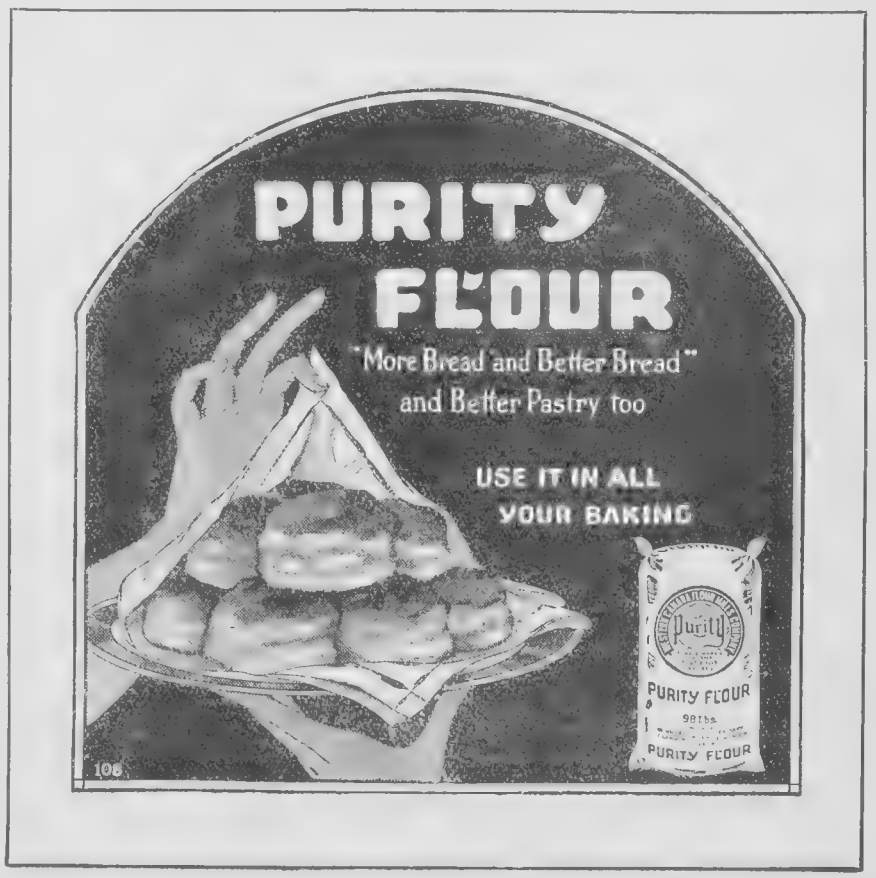

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The Diamond in the Rough

Continued from Page 6

the little country town. In fancy he was in California, crushing Lucille to his heart. The rumbling of the big wagon-wheels was a fairy orchestra in his ears. The pale, distant sun shone vivid gold; its lustrous rays were filtering through trellises of roses. Tom, with an earnest gaze upward, thanked the Giver of all good gifts. Who was he to have deserved such wondrous blessings?

Underneath the old fur coat, in the pocket next his heart, was a long-looked-for letter. He had been impatient at the delay of the reply. But now, here it was, and such a good full letter it seemed. He would dream of the expressions of delight there would be at the thought of his coming. But not until the chores were done, and the fire was burning brightly, would he open the letter.

BY the glow of the coal-oil lamp, the corners of his mouth curved in a tender smile, Tom eagerly drew from its envelope the precious missive.

Why, what was this that Lucille was saying? Surely he was reading it wrong. Beads of perspiration had come out on his forehead. The paper shook so that he could scarcely make the writing out.

"You had better not come down," he read. "And I hate to say it, you have been so good, but really I think it would be better if we didn't see each other again. At last I have found the sphere where I belong, and you know yourself Tom, there is no place in this life for you.

"Perhaps later, we will think of a divorce. What is the use of remaining tied to each other when we are so unsuited? Not that you've ever been unkind, Tom. Indeed you never have. But it is just the same old story of two whose ideals gleam like stars in different spheres, and the foolish mistake is made of trying to unite them. But from the whole, no ray of light can come.

"But I must tell you the news, Tom. They are going to 'Star' me in a new play: The Diamond in the Rough. And Cyril Clement, wonderful, magnetic Cyril Clement is the hero. I am to be a great lady with such gorgeous costumes. And Cyril, a big rough fellow with a heart of gold. Tom, if you could just see how well he plays the part of the miner, dressed in those rough clothes, when he is so polished and refined, you'd understand the lure of this realm of make-believe, where one can, in fancy, be anything one chooses."

Lucille concluded her letter by hoping that Tom wouldn't be too disappointed at not coming down. And he must be sure to tell her what he thought of the divorce. There was a postscript where she was glad the crop was good, and Tom didn't need to send her any money. She earned all she needed. And she did so hope he was well.

Tom drew forth a pad and pencil. "Do whatever you think best," he wrote. "I'll never stand in your way." And with a moan his head fell forward on his hands, and his great, strong body shook with grief.

TOM wrote no more to Lucille, and he heard no more from her. To his neighbors he was the same old Tom, always ready to give the cheery word, and lend the helping hand. But threads of silver were beginning to gleam in his bronze hair.

He waited eagerly for the newspapers, turning hungrily to the page with the "News of the Screen." For there he often found scraps of information about Lucille: the success that was beginning to be hers. And then a wonderful picture of her. She was, for the coming week, to appear in the leading picture play-house as the "Star" in "The Diamond in the Rough." Tom gazed long and earnestly at that picture, and the next day took the train to the city.

When he came to the theatre there were great crowds waiting to get in. Here was going to be something good. Big scenery. A new "Star," and such a beauty; and then she had belonged to their own home town. As Tom stood in line for his ticket the conversation of the two men ahead, came back to his ears. "Sure you remember little Lucille Forest who played with the 'Amateurs!'" "Yes, I remember her. She was engaged to Earl Clifford, and down at the beach their boat capsized, and some big red-headed farmer swam out from shore and saved her. She gave Clifford the 'bounce,' and took the country guy. But rural simplicity failed to hold its attraction. And now, when her divorce comes through, she's going to marry this Clement."

Tom watched intently as the pictures flashed upon the screen, his face deathly white, his jaw set, and his hands so tightly closed that the nails cut into the flesh.

Yes, there was Lucille. How lovely she was! Lovelier than ever before. And how beautifully she smiled. Right into Tom's face, it seemed.

The picture was sickeningly real. There were villainous burglars to come upon Lucille, in her lovely home. She looked so sweet, so in need of help, that Tom was about to make an attack on the bandits with his bare fists, when in came Cyril Clement, the big miner. He calmly rescued Lucille, and was about to take her in his arms. But Tom had no appetite for what followed, so he stumbled out, inwardly cursing this thing which had made of his life a "hell."

TOM looked about in bewilderment as he reached the street. The odour of smoke met his nostrils. The down-town section was a mass of lurid flame. Everybody was rushing. "It's the hotel on the corner," one shouted. "It's not," came back the answer. "It's the rooming-house across the street."

Tom hurried on with the crowd, and when they reached the rooming-house they found it engulfed in great sheets of flame; wicked flame that crackled and roared in its fury. Firemen fought desperately as they battled with the blaze, while in the upper part of the building could be seen women clutching terror-stricken, to little startled children. Such piteous, hopeless cries rang out on the night air that people turned away in horror.

With one glance at the doomed despair in the windows above, Tom's big fur coat came off, and was pitched in the snow, and his way was pushed through the crowd. "Man alive! Where are you going?" came the cry. "There's not a ghost of a chance to save them. You're throwing your life away."

"What difference does my life make?" muttered Tom, as with a blow he flung off the restraining hands.

IN California, exquisite Lucille Bennet dropped in to a theatre to see a new photo-play. Her mind was on Cyril. She must see about her divorce. Cyril was getting impatient. "Poor old Tom, he seems far away," she thought. "And the years on the prairie are a fast-fading dream."

"Why, what is this that is being shown," she awakened from her reverie. "Oh bother! just the 'News of the Week.' Oh! big fire in Winnipeg." And she leaned forward with interest. "I well remember that old corner."

"Horrors! That isn't Tom. Oh surely —yes, it's Tom. None but Tom would take that risk."

He had reached the top of the ladder. He had the woman in his arms. He stumbled, but was up again. He was almost down. Thank God! he had reached the bottom.

"Oh Tom," she wanted to shriek. "don't go back." But Tom had turned to retrace his steps. Lucille bent forward, a fixed stare on her wide-open eyes, her face ghastly.

Tom had once more reached the top. He was almost down again, with a child in his arms. His clothes seemed to be in blazes. Framed in flames, she had one last look at Tom. And did she hear a crash? A groan passed through the theatre, and she covered her face with her hands.

Lucille was losing her reason, she was sure. Then a comforting thought came: why, it was only a play. Tom was a movie actor. Fearfully, she glanced back at the screen. But the last baseball game of the season was being played in Kansas City.

AT last Lucille reached Winnipeg. She had no idea why she had come, but she knew she must. She had sent wires for news of Tom, but had got no reply. And she lived on the frail hope that he might still be spared.

On those long days on the train her whole life floated before her mind. The way she had hurt Tom. "Do my work the best I can, and lend a hand to the fellow that's down," she seemed to hear him say. And how well he had lived up to that. Tom's stage was the open prairie, but on it he lived the life that men like Cyril Clement lived in pretence. And she had realized it too late.

Lucille flew to the hospital. Perhaps, she thought, she would get news of Tom there. She felt impatient at the composure of the girl in the office. "Doesn't she know that my whole life depends on the answer she gives me?"

"Yes. We have Thomas Bennet, but you can't see him. There are altogether too many coming to see him. He is the hero of the city."

"But I must. I have to," implored Lucille. "I am not the same as the others. I am his wife."

There was a discussion with a nurse, who finally coolly supposed, with an incredulous glance at Lucille's costly clothes, that she might have a very few moments with the invalid. And as she went ahead to prepare him, Lucille thought, "What if his love has turned to hate? What if he doesn't want me back?"

AT last she beheld his bronze head on the pillow, half bandages, it seemed. His poor hands were bandaged too. "Oh Tom," she sobbed from the doorway. "My little Lucille," answered Tom, the old light in his grey eyes. "You've come back to me."

And as she smothered his face with kisses, "Lucille," he said, after she had told him what she knew of the fire. "are you sure you'll love me if this movie stunt has spoiled my beauty? You know I didn't have any to spare. I suppose," he added, "it was the price I had to pay for becoming a 'Star.'"

"Tom, promise you'll never say 'Star,' or hero, or movie to me again as long as you live."

"I promise," said Tom eagerly. "I don't like those words myself."

"Good old Tom," murmured Lucille, with her face against his cheek, "My diamond in the rough."

Has the World Gone Mad?

Say, has the world gone mad,
That with its love for speed,
Its lust for power, its greed,
It cannot pause to heed
A weary one in need,
And make some fellow glad?

Say, has the world gone mad
With its eternal grind
That it must leave behind
The art of being kind,
To rush on—heedless, blind,
And let some heart go sad?

Say, has the world gone mad,
That as each man's power grows,
He cannot stop his blows
And pluck a wayside rose
To give to one he knows,
And make that someone glad?

Say, has the world gone mad,
That with its craze for more,
It will not close the door
Against the dogs of war
Forever—ever more,
And make the whole world glad?

Say has the world gone mad?
Ten million soldiers sleep,
And countless orphans weep!
Shall we our pledges keep,
And with one mighty sweep
Make peace—and all hearts glad?

—Ralph A. Sayler

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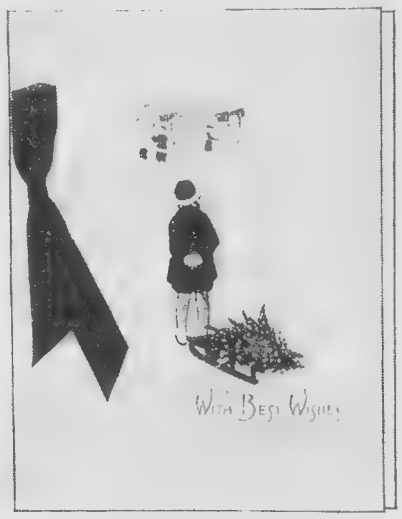

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A Province of Secessionists?

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

YOU prairie dwellers in your comfortable homes have heard rumors no doubt of annexation sentiment in Nova Scotia. There is so little that I have to delve and question hard to find it. Some of the fishermen say: "Oh! let's join the States," a thing that needs *two* for a bargain. I never heard a man in the States say it and I have travelled them thoroughly these forty years. There was a bit of bitterness, now dead, over the Irish question along the New England States, but no talk of annexation. In five years' work down here in Nova Scotia, Laddie or I have not heard it mentioned two dozen times.

The U.S. will soon hit us again on the butter question. It is selling here now for thirty-five cents a pound (August 1924). If the States puts on that extra four cents to give the president some campaign matter, our butter will go down four cents for we cannot sell it over there with that four cents added. Study well the policy of that big neighbor to the south. She does not want any of our manufactured things unless we can pay an enormous duty to get them in; she wants all the pulpwood and gypsum that we can send in duty free. If the gypsum that we dig was calcined here, numerous small villages would spring up in Nova Scotia and a like number of small villages in the U.S. would dwindle.

On the pulp question we caravan all over this province and I ask these questions widely. Many men say if the pulpwood went down in price, if an embargo was put on they would go back to shipping logs and making laths. The river Clyde on which I live has a pulp mill, every pound of which is exported. The pulpwood land owner and the pulpwood cutters on the Company's leased land get about five dollars a cord for the spruce with a small amount of fir mixed. Allowing that we cut five thousand cords here—the biggest cut, we get just $25,000 for it. Off it goes in steamers and ships and when that same cut of pulp now worth say $100,000—if at 20 dollars a ton when it leaves Nova Scotia—comes out of the paper mills in England and the U.S., for all Clyde pulp goes to England, it is worth just $500,000; one million five thousand dollars if it is used as print, plate and laid paper. If it is used as plate or fancy or writing, our twenty-five thousand dollars worth of raw material is worth between half a million and a million dollars more.

Why will we Canadians divide into parties and let politics rule when all we want is common business sense? I pay at the rate of $500 a ton for this sheet of paper I write on made in the U.S.A. or England and the pulpwood my neighbor sold them that made the paper was cut, it is possible, by my neighbor, and all he got was $5.00 a ton in the pulpwood state. It takes a ton and a half of pulpwood to make a ton of pulp. Take it another way. Come and stand on our shores and see the fleets of steamers and ships that take this pulpwood across the sea. Did you ever think that for the 100 ship loads of pulpwood they take they can manufacture it and repay us *with one ship load of finished paper?*

Why should my neighbor Mr. X work so hard to educate his children when in other countries people make all the money out of the pulpwood he cuts?

Now as regards farming here. We have thousands of acres of unused savannahs, wet depressions made by the Glacial Ice Age. Now filled with rich black muck and mosses and lichens. These, drained, make wonderfully rich fields. They are not drained. I ask *why?* "No use, we couldn't sell any lot of grain more than we need." There is little idea of exporting crops here along the So'-Western shore. The rich Annapolis Valley is a different and a better proposition.

Now you hear a lot about our rum runners and bootleggers. Yes! I am very sorry to say we have them here; just as you have coyotes along the waste places of the prairie. Our waste places are the Bay of Fundy and the Atlantic Ocean. There are tens of thousands of miles of shore lines in the island-filled bays and inlets and on a foggy night, as we sit on our caravan steps listening to the put-put of the motor boats and the clattering of oars, we know no power on this mundane footstool could guard all these beaches against the landing of illicit liquor. Along the bays where the Romans landed in Britain, bays that have had coast-guard stations ever since that time, smuggling is carried on today as it has been for hundreds of years.

I am not condoning the fact that we Nova Scotians, living in the outport of Canada, have these smugglers. I am stating hard facts. The United States has been compelled to build a "Dry Fleet." Twenty swift boats like destroyers made modern that can catch anything that floats. They will have also 75 forty-foot speed launches for shallow water work—at a cost of about 20 millions—and even they will not be able to put all the liquor traffic down—there are the "Sky Boys" to reckon with. These fliers can take 25 cases of booze off a vessel as many miles out and land it as many miles in, and ten times as many almost within the hour—and they are doing it as I write this.

I do not want my Western Home Monthly readers to continue thinking that Nova Scotia is a disloyal, annexation-to-the-U.S.-seeking Province, a place where the rum-runner and the bootlegger flourish unattacked. No! There is no more loyal, lawful body of Canadians and Empire men under the Union Jack, but they are a bit discontented and like all dissatisfied people prone to say, "Times are bad and Nova Scotia is going to the dogs." Don't you believe it. I have just made an excellent breakfast and I have not met a man down here who needs a meal from any other man's table. Good old Nova Scotia. Tonight, August 4th, after a glorious crop-ripening day of 70 degrees, we will all sleep under blankets, for the nights are cool down here near the sea to 40 and 50. The bushes are laden with wild fruits. The hay is all cut, a bumper crop filling the barns to bursting. The apples are fair yield, bigger than ever if not quite so tree laden. The Jersey cows feed in every pasture. Near them on the great, often unused, beaver hay meadows, the wild deer feed, and in the alders alongside, great ungainly moose with their gangling-legged calves browse. The rivers are asplash with trout and salmon. The mighty ocean is yielding great tuna up to five hundred pounds weight. Schools of swordfish are being chased and speared. The nets are *sinking* with the mass of herring in them—listen.

"Shelburne, July the 27th, 1924.—Our old respected fisherman, Mr. T. Sharpe, made a set of herring twine and got right in the run, for when he and his boy went to haul the nets were so full that they actually sank their boat beneath them, only the floating buoys of the nets saved them from drowning—a neighbour heard them calling and picked them up."—Shelburne Gazette, July 31st.

If the newspapers of Nova Scotia would drop politics and talk "Good times and good crops" the people would not be so discontented.

Not That Kind

The business agent for a Chautauqua went to a prosperous town to see some of the natives with regard to booking a performance and finally landed in the office of Jones

"Yes, I am Mr. Jones," said the occupant. "What can I do for you?"

"I called to see you about a Chautauqua," returned the visitor.

"Nothing doing," curtly answered Jones. "My wife and I have already decided on a car of another make."

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Radio Notes

Continued from page 39

Cure for Fading?

THE cause of fading has puzzled many radio experts for many years, but the U.S. Bureau of Standards has taken careful observations on this subject and its possible cure.

In the first place, what is fading? All persons who have ever "tuned" a receiving set are aware of the fact that when the desired station is tuned perfectly it sometimes fades away gradually, but more often very suddenly. They then blame the receiving or sending set, when the trouble is not with either and cannot be "cured" very easily.

If you have this trouble, you will notice that there are large metallic objects near your aerial, such as steel-frame buildings, windmill towers trolley wires, telephone or telegraph wires and very high, soft wood trees. All these objects absorb the weak waves sent out by the broadasting station and send them to the ground instead of to the receiving set. The waves are not very strong when they leave the transmitter, and any loss through absorption leaves a small amount of current to be picked by your detector tube, and consequently very weak signals.

One-in-One Antenna Requires No Ground; Serves as Condenser

A NEW antenna has made its appearance in Chicago. It was invented by A. J. Musselman, internationally known as the inventor of the coaster brake for bicycles.

This antenna has a No. 14 solid copper wire core, with a rubber covering on it and over the rubber insulation is a tinned-copper wire mesh, or network of small wires. The antenna serves as its own counterpoise, as its own ground, and connects with the antenna and ground posts of the set. It seems to be very efficient.

The single wire is used both as the aerial and as the lead-in. Both ends of this antenna are hooked up to the set and the remainder, usually about 75 feet of wire for best results, is run out as the usual aerial wire is used. If the network of tinned-copper wire is fastened to the antenna post, then the solid copper core from the other end of the wire is fastened to the ground post. There are half a dozen combinations that may be worked out with this new antenna.

Some radio writers and technical men of Chicago recently made tests with the new antenna. A program was received from Chicago while the wire was lying on the wet grass. Two programs from two different stations in Chicago were received in two different sets at the same time from one antenna.

The antenna seems to serve as a condenser, making the set more selective than it was on the aerial and lead-in arrangement of the ordinary antenna, in direct comparison with which the tests were made 25 miles west of Chicago.

FARM HELP

C.N.R. Colonization Department Endeavoring to get Men Located in Winter Employment on Farms

The Colonization and Development Department of the Canadian National Railways, having this year placed with Western farmers several thousand immigrants for the season's work, is now turning its attention to the matter of continued employment for these men during the coming winter.

Many, of course, are placed for a full year, and some will engage in bush work, but as some are engaged only until freeze-up, the Department would like to hear from farmers who can employ men for the winter months, or for a full year, including the coming winter.

Application forms may be obtained from any C.N.R. Station Agent, or from Dan M. Johnston, Room 100, Union Depot, Winnipeg, or R. C. W. Lett, Corner 100th and Jasper Sts., Edmonton, Alta.

Those farmers who can do so should apply for a man as the satisfactory placing of these farm workers will be an important factor in Western development and settlement.

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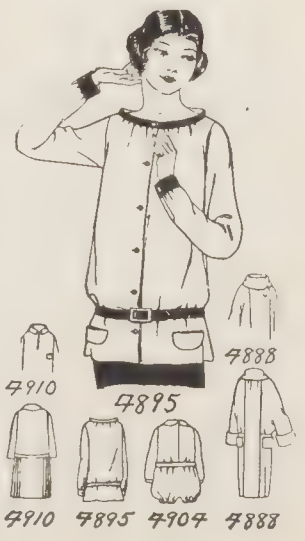
Fall and Winter Style Notes

FASHIONS of the moment appear to be divided into straight line models and those with circular tendencies. All the styles offered are beautiful, and there is enough variety to please the stout, the slim, the tall and the small woman. Circular effects are produced with flounces, godets and their affinities. Many models are tiered either by means of tunics, flounces or folds. Plaits are still in vogue although the skirt entirely plaited is not used except for sports wear. Draperies are principally in apron effects. Sleeves are long and fitted from the shoulder to the wrist excepting in formal dresses and in waists that are part of three-piece costumes, and show short sleeves as a rule. One also sees bishop sleeves, and puff effects on dresses that are unusual. On every garment that is not strictly tailored, the shoulder line is lengthened. The waistline is a bit higher, judging from the many models that have the belt only a little below normal. As to the length of the skirt, that is a matter of personal preference. The style tendency is for the longer skirt, whether it be slender or bouffant, for the length gives charm and grace.

The new materials are rich and varied. Chinese red with black, gold with black and yellow with black are among the designs. Metal fabrics, both cotton and silk, velvets, moire and double faced satins are shown. Fur and lavish embroideries are used for trimming. In evening dress, the light colors prevail, with gold and silver lace, metallic embroideries, applique work and dyed lace. Satin promises to rival the crepe weaves in vogue for several seasons. Taffeta is used for youthful evening dresses, especially when made with the full skirts so popular. Moire in grosgrain satin and taffeta effects is in good style. Fur trims many daytime and evening frocks. The uneven hem line is a feature of many dresses. Loose panels are shown, sometimes slashed from hem to waistline, or to the hips. Self trimming is an important item of some dresses. Ribbon is shown in decorative motifs on afternoon dresses and on full skirted evening frocks. The Russian influence is noticeable in the separate blouse and in the one-piece dress that is in coat style.

Coats are fur trimmed excepting those for sports and utility wear. Lingerie collars, cuffs and sleeve frills brighten dresses of brown, black or blue woolen. White blouses are much in favor in white silk crepe and in white silk voile. As for the neck finish on waist or blouse, one may have her choice from the bateau or round collarless neck to that finished with a high collar, or one high at the back and exposing a pretty line of the throat in front. Velvet is such a popular material, that it may be well to offer a word in regard to cutting it. When cut for a coat or dress, the pile or nap should run down, all pieces should be cut one way, or else the garment will look as if made of two shades. When basting velvet, use a fine needle and silk, as cotton will leave a mark on the pile of the material. When hemming velvet, place a small piece of it between the finger and the part to be hemmed so that the material will not be crushed.

A popular evening material is georgette, with a design in soft chiffon velvet. Bands of red leather form a striking trimming on a frock of navy blue broadcloth. Tweed mixture is serviceable and smart for a Fall suit. A blouse of black crepe satin has pipings, vest, collar and cuffs of red, and red glass buttons for ornamentation. A dress of crepe satin is smart with trimming of colored embroideries. A dress of serge made on simple lines and fastened at the left side is decorated with stitchery of soft yarn. A dress of velveteen has a tiered skirt edged with narrow bands of mink, which is also repeated on the neck and sleeve edges. A slip-over dress of velvet for a child of 6 or 8 years is trimmed with narrow bands of kolinsky fur.



A Popular Coat Style—4877. Velours, striped and other novelty cloakings, polo cloth and bolivia may be used for this design. The Pattern provides two styles of collar, the scarf collar and the choker collar.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material. For cuffs and scarf collar of contrasting material 1 yard 40 inches wide or ½ yard 54 inches wide, will be required, cut crosswise.

A Stylish Frock for Slender Figures—4891. Charmeen, flannel or kasha would be suitable for this style. It could also be made of satin or silk poplin, with contrasting material for collar and cuffs.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires 5⅛ yards of one material 40 inches wide. To face collar and cuffs with contrasting material requires ½ yard. The width of the skirt with plaits extended is 3 yards.

A Simple Apron Style—4882. Unbleached muslin, drill, gingham or chambrey may be used for this style.

A Simple Apron Style—4882. Unbleached muslin, drill, gingham or chambrey may be used for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 3⅜ yards of 36-inch material.

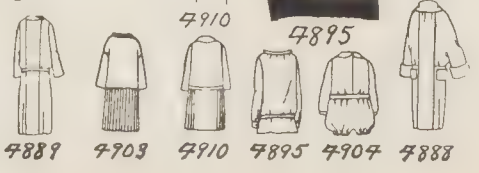
A Stylish Coat Dress—4492. This fashionable model will develop well in kasha cloth or in satin. As illustrated soutache braid was used for trimming on collar and cuffs, a vest of embroidery in Oriental colors makes a very attractive finish.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 3¾ yards of 54-inch material. To make the vest of contrasting material requires ¼ yard 9 inches wide or wider. The width of the skirt at the foot is 1⅞ yard.

A Practical and Comfortable Garment—4885. Blanket cloth, eiderdown, fleece-lined flannel, silk and crepe are all serviceable materials for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medum, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48: inches bust measure. A Medium size will require 6¾ yards of 27-inch material. For collar and pocket facings, of contrasting material 1 yard 27 inches wide is required.

Patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



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Butterick Pattern No. 5387

MISSES' or Small Women's Slip-Over, One-Piece Dress of "Cordelene." Sleeveless, or Long Sleeves. Sizes: 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 Years. The 16-Year size requires 2¾ yards 35 inches wide.

Butterick Pattern No. 5415

WOMEN'S or Misses' Slip-Over, One-Piece Dress of "Cordelene." Long or Short Sleeves. Convertible collar. Sizes: 33, 34, 35, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 35 inches wide.

Winter Frocks for Afternoon and Business Wear

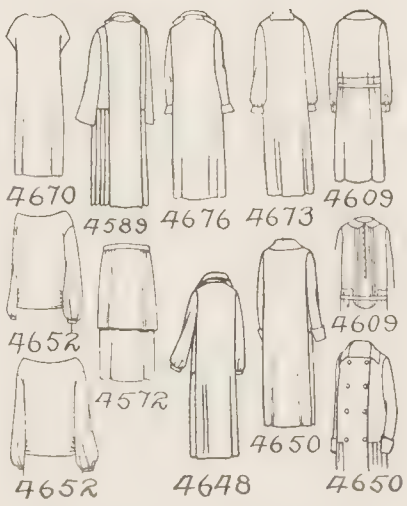
4673. Ladies' Dress. Cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4⅝ yards of 40-inch material.

4609. Misses' Dress. Cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size requires 4⅛ yards of one material 40 inches wide.

4676. Ladies' One-Piece Dress. Cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material.

4670. Dress for Misses and Small Women. Cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size requires 4¾ yards of 36-inch material.

4652-4572. Ladies' Costume. Blouse 4652 cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Skirt 4572 cut in 7 sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure. To make the dress as shown in the large view will require 4⅝ yards of 40-inch material. To make the dress with long sleeves will require 6⅛ yards. TWO separate patterns.



4589. Ladies' Dress. Cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 5¾ yards of 40-inch material.

4650. Ladies' Dress. Cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 5⅝ yards of 40-inch material

4648. Misses' Dress. Cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material.

Patterns mailed postpaid for 15 cents in silver or stamps.
Address:- Pattern Department, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

A Pretty Frock for the Growing Girl—4903. Figured silk is here combined with plain crepe in a matched shade. This style is good for kasha, or the new printed voiles and crepes. It may be finished with the short "cap" sleeve, or with the long bell portion.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires 5 yards of one material 32 inches wide. If made as illustrated, in the large view with short sleeves it will require 1⅜ yard of figured material, and 3⅝ yards of plain material. With long sleeves ¼ yard more is required.

A Stylish Frock for the Growing Girl—4910. Plaid woollen with facings of crepe in a contrasting color was chosen for this pleasing model. The collar is convertible. The sleeve may be in ¾ length or, short as in the large view.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 3 yards of one material 32 inches wide. If made as illustrated it will require 2⅜ yards of plaid and ⅜ yard of plain material.

A Fashionable Coat Model—4888. This style has very comfortable lines. It may be developed as a utility or dressy coat. The collar may be rolled high and the fronts closed to the neck, or the collar may be low and the fronts turned back to form revers.

A New and Becoming Blouse—4895. Silk broadcloth, pongee, linen or crepe de chine, would be attractive for this style. The lines are youthful and especially suited to slender figures.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the Blouse for a 38-inch size requires 3¼ yards of one material 32 inches wide, or, if made as illustrated it will require 2¾ yards of one, and ⅜ yard of another material.

A Seasonable Style—4335. The lines of this model are becoming to slender and stout figures. The side closing is practical. As portrayed gingham and linen are combined. One could use percale in a neat pattern, with repp or linen for the waist and sleeve portions, also for the facings on cuffs and pockets and for the belt. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2½ yards.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4½ yards of one material 36 inches wide. For waist, sleeves and cuff and pocket facings of contrasting material, 1⅛ yard 32 inches wide is required.

A Simple Pretty Frock for the Growing Girl—4902. Printed cotton or figured silk could be used for this design. The sleeve may be short as in the large view, or finished with a long fitted portion in wrist length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size requires 2¾ yards of one material 40 inches wide. If made as illustrated in the large view, it will require ½ yard of plain material, and 2¼ yards of figured material.

Patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps. Address Pattern Department, Western Home Monthly.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4¼ yards of 54-inch material. Collar, cuffs, facings and pockets of contrasting require ¾ yard of 54-inch material.

A Dainty Romper Style—4904. Dotted percale is here illustrated with collar and belt of linene. Crepe or chambrey would also be good for this style. The sleeve may be short, or in wrist length as shown in the small view.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 3-year size requires 2½ yards of 27-inch material.

A Popular "Stylish Stout" Model—4889. Striped and plain woollen is here combined. This is a good model for satin, crepe or sharmeen. Roshanara crepe with satin for collar and panels would be very attractive.

The Pattern is cut in 8 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4⅞ yards of one material, 40 inches wide. If made as illustrated it will require 1⅝ yard of plain material and 3¼ yards of striped or figured material. The width of the dress at the foot is 2 yards.

A Practical Undergarment—4894. This model combines vest and drawers in one piece. It may be developed in any of the lingerie materials now in vogue.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; and Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 2⅛ yards of 36-inch material.

A Simple Apron Model—4883. Checked gingham is here shown with binding of white linen This is also a good style for cretonne, unbleached muslin and percale.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. A Medium size requires 2 yards of 36-inch material.

A Jaunty "Play Suit"—4905. Chambrey, pongee and repp would supply very satisfactory materials for this garment. The front forms extensions under which ample pockets are arranged. The "drop" back fastens over a waist portion. This is a very practical model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size requires 2¼ yards of 27-inch material.

A Simple, Comfortable House Dress—4403. Figured percale and linene are here combined. This is a good style for gingham, voile or chambrey. The closing is under the tucks at the centre front.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 5 yards of 32-inch material. The width at the foot is 2 yards.

A Simple Practical Frock for Mother's Girl—4907. This model will make a serviceable school frock in gingham or wool crepe, with the guimpe of crepe, or nainsook. The dress may also be used for "dance" or party wear. The sleeve may be in wrist length or "short and comfortable."

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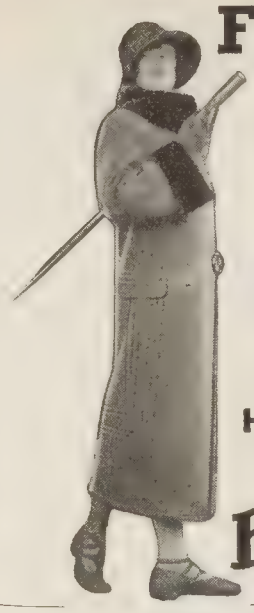

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Fair Play for John

Continued from page 21

liked it." The harm was not explained, nor more suitable reading supplied, with a careful parental supervision. She was simply forbidden to read such "trash," and severely scolded.

Mary did finish the story, and many more of its kind.

At nine years of age she has already drifted far from her parents, much farther than they know. She is not only living her life, in interests and activities, apart from them, and often deceiving them, but is causing heartache and uneasiness by her open antagonism. The Mother is giving her love, no doubt, but a blind, selfish love that fails to be a friend to her little daughter; in so doing she is casting aside a priceless treasure and grasping at a bauble. Marion is a superior child, of wonderful originality and individuality; but, instead of guiding and directing and developing character and personality of that clever child, as only a Mother can, she is allowing it to be warped by other, and often exceedingly pernicious influences. It is as pitiful as the tragedy of John.

PARENTS, share your work with your little ones, and play with them, even though it requires time and patience. It pays. In doing this you weld a bond between you that the years cannot dissolve. If you deny them your confidence and friendship during those first years, bye-and-bye, when they are older and you long for the sympathy and confidence of your young people you will be grieved to find a great gulf between you—a chasm which neither you nor they have the power to span. You may wonder why, and perhaps think it very unfair, after the way you have loved them and cared for and slaved for them all those years. You will have forgotten that the same craving in their hungry little hearts was filled from other sources, when you might have been binding them to you—but you hadn't time, or couldn't be bothered.

One hears much criticism of this generation of young people: their lack of respect, their shocking conduct, disobedience. Personally, I am very fond of them and consider them in many ways superior to past generations. Parents fail to realize that such complaints are a reproach to themselves; a sorry reflection on their own inefficiency. Those who brought the children into the world have had the privilege, not only of moulding those lives from birth, but also in the discipline of their own natures and their character development for many years previous. Why, then, should they blame the children?

In dealing with the undesirable habits that are continually cropping up in a school, my impulse is, not to punish the erring child, but to trounce the parents. Almost invariably the habits are directly traceable to the home influence, or the lack of it.

IN contrast to the discipline of Wee John and Marion, let me relate another example that has frequently called forth my enthusiastic admiration:

Jean was a most precocious infant from birth; abnormally alert, and, like John, high-strung and excitable. As she grew out of babyhood her sensitiveness sometimes made her painfully self-conscious. From both sides of her ancestry she inherited a powerful will that presented many serious problems; problems that were rendered much more difficult because of the temperament that accompanied that double portion of will. But, fortunately, Jean was blest with parents who were wise beyond the average. They knew that such a will, if directed into channels of self-control, may become a wonderful constructive force; and, if not carefully guided and trained, if allowed to degenerate into self-will, the destructive energy of stubbornness and selfishness, its possibilities for evil are just as great. Someone has said that a will is never truly strong until it learns to yield.

To begin at the earliest stages of Jean's education—her first lesson in the subordination of her own inclinations and a recognition of the rights of society, as she knew it; it must be admitted that even in this first clash of wills it was a case of breaking a habit that had been allowed to form; which is hardly fair to a child.

I made Jean's acquaintance when she was three months old. I remarked, and truthfully, that she knew more than most three-month-old babies. Her father replied with a grin: "She's getting to know too blame much for her size."

She was a "first" baby, which speaks for itself. How could she help being spoiled, this most wonderful baby in the world? No other baby was ever so clever, so interesting and so dear! I, too, immediately fell for her charms, and was ready to acknowledge that she was a most unusual infant. Surrounded by "new" Aunts and Uncles and Grandparents, and in a home that was rarely without guests, her destruction seemed inevitable. But that is where the strong-willed ancestry played its part wisely.

ALREADY the infant had recognized her transcendent importance in the household, and the embryonic ego was developing with amazing rapidity. This revealed itself on the occasion of my visit by asserting the unquestionable right to be held in somebody's arms and entertained as the guest of honor during dinner. Just who was responsible for starting the foolish habit, no one seemed to know. At least, no one would take the blame. The young Father became aroused to the trend of things, and announced with an air of finality that none dared to oppose: "Young lady, this game is going to stop, right now."

Being familiar with the lung power of his husky offspring, he arose from the table as he delivered his ultimatum and closed all the doors and windows, in order that no one beyond his own household need suffer unnecessarily.

Jean's crib stood near her Father's end of the table. As he proceeded to carve and serve, an insinuating grunt and coo told us that she was ready to play her part. But not one of her erstwhile slaves took the hint. She squirmed, fidgeted, fussed, and finally whimpered. No one paid the least attention—only to steal a covert peep. This treatment plainly astonished her; she had never experienced the like before and she could not understand it. Her demand for attention became imperative.

Nothing doing. The Mother and Father were a unit then, and always, in dealing with their children, and the rest of the household were too wise to interfere in any way with the family discipline. It was well, for it required a united strength to handle the children of that home.

When the offended baby began to realize the situation, the astonished wail quickly changed to a lusty, full-grown yell, growing madder every minute. It would have been awful, if it had not been so funny. We held our ears while each mouthful was masticated. Even with closed doors we feared the neighbors might be led to investigate. The frail Grandmother could scarcely refrain from interference, but she knew she must forbear. Her son looked at her with a twinkle in his eye, remembering his own stern discipline; then, admiringly, at his first-born, a veritable tempest in a tea-pot: "Go to it, old girl!" and to the rest, "I'm sorry, folks, but it has to be done; and the sooner the better." Of course we knew he was right.

A YOUNG auntie passed the crib and paused beside it. The murderous yell immediately subsided to an irresistible coaxing: "Ooo.....Ah.....Oooooo!"

Auntie only hardened her heart and turned away, laughing. Et tu, Brute! The yell broke out with renewed vengeance.

Grandmother found a hitherto despised "pacifier" and graciously offered it. Jean considered that adding insult to injury. She jerked her mouth aside and screamed louder than we could have believed possible for one of her size.

DINNER was nearly over when the storm ceased, almost abruptly. The baby grabbed the "comfort" that was still lying at her cheek, where it fell when she rejected it so contemptuously. She shut her eyes and sucked savagely. The game was up, but her temper was still hot.

Dinner finished, her Mother bent over the crib, calling tenderly, "Jean! Baby Jean."

Baby Jean shut her eyes tighter, turned her nose into the pillow with an unmistakable grunt of disgust, and sucked away more viciously than before.

Jean had learned her first lesson. So had her family. And I tried to imagine what glorious possibilities were wrapped up in that small bundle—only three weeks old!

The training of Jean had not commenced one day too soon. From that time her discipline was kind, gentle and loving, but firm as a rock. She was never permitted to evade or disobey in the smallest matter. It was often a temptation, and would have seemed so much easier, to ignore little things, than to face a struggle with the child; a struggle that sometimes left both parents exhausted. But they dare not. Had their authority relaxed in the slightest degree, this clever, lovable darling would soon have been completely out of hand, and would have been altogether unbearable, a terror to the community. The Father played a great deal with his babies, although a busy Doctor, and the kiddies were never more happy than when having a frolic with Mother and Dad, even though their authority was so inflexible.

I RECALL another mealtime incident when Jean was older. She was behaving badly at the table and Daddy reproved her. Then she cried. Reproof from Mother might be tolerated with fairly good grace but a rebuke from Daddy was worse than a blow is to some children. She loved her Mother dearly, but she worshipped her Daddy, and does to this day. I think a whipping from him would almost have killed her. Jean was rarely whipped; a younger child, of equally strong will but an entirely different temperament, was spanked when occasion required it, and with excellent results.

When Baby Jean had cried a few minutes and there was no sign of abatement, her Daddy quietly excused himself, lifted baby and high-chair together, set them out in the kitchen and closed the door: "Now, Jean, when you can smile I'll bring you back." It was not long until a humble little voice sounded through the closed door:

"Da.....Daddy! I...(sob)... I can smile...(gulp)...now."

The baby was carried back to her place at the table, bravely smiling through her tears. One could scarcely refrain from hugging the adorable child as she held her little face up to Mother, to "wipe away the cry."

Jean was learning splendid lessons and in a nice way: good manners, repression, self-control, and respect for the feelings of others. I have seen her, when tears were imminent, run and hide her face in a corner and stay there until she "could smile."

JEAN was never told untruths, threatened falsely or frightened with stories, and woe betide anyone who did so in her Mother's presence. She was not taught to fear anything or anybody. The big policeman, that bugbear to so many children, was her friend; the little lady would toddle trustingly up to any of the stalwart men in officer's garb, "He—o, Peeceman!" reach up her baby hand for a finger, and trot happily along beside him. This, and having learned to tell her full name and address as soon as she could lisp the words, was surely a wise safeguard for so active a baby in a big city.

All of the foregoing, while I hope it may be helpful to other parents, is leading up to the incident which I wish to contrast with the tragedy of Wee John.

I was once a guest in Jean's home when she was four. At that age she was as well developed as John at six.

In her pleasure and excitement, Jean forgot to thank the guest for some small gift. Had she spoken it promptly when reminded by her Mother, all would have been well; but she hesitated, saw that attention was focused on her, became self-conscious, and couldn't do it.

A battle was on. Jean cried, but Mother was firm; she had spoken, and there was no relenting. It seemed as though some imp had taken possession of this darling child, and would not let her obey. We tried to make it as easy for her as possible; we talked to her, coaxed her; her mother reasoned with her. We allowed the subject to drop for awhile and talked of other things. It was all no use; she could not speak the little words.

Always excitable, she soon became hysterical. Then her Father took charge. He carried her to the cold water tap and turned it on the back of her head and neck. When she had fully recovered, obedience was still required. Hysteria was not allowed to become a means of evading the issue.

IT was a terrible struggle; not so much a struggle between parents and child as the child fighting against something in herself, and her parents assisting as best they could, the better nature against the evil. Our hearts ached as we watched the bitter conflict.

After more than two hours of struggle, that poor child managed to force out the required "Thank you, Miss Wilson." Then, with all the glorious triumph of a conqueror, laughing and sobbing in the same breath, she threw her arms around her mother's neck and cried, "I said it, Mamma! I did! I did!"

You never saw a gladder, happier little girl. We all laughed together as we rejoiced with her, but the tears were not far away, and Mother and Daddy were well-nigh exhausted.

Truly, "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

There was no sting, no resentment, no heartache when it was over; only the joy of victory, for there had been no unkindness and no injustice. Her parents had fought with her—not against her—staunch allies in the battle.

But what of the tortured soul of poor little John? "A wounded spirit who can bear?"

I hear someone scoff, "Much ado about nothing!"

I wish you could see Jean now—the most lovable, rollicking, wholesome, sensible, efficient girl I have ever known—a girl that would be the comfort, as well as the pride, of any Mother's heart. I think you would agree with me that Mother and Daddy are reaping a rich reward for those early days of eternal vigilance, and sometimes of struggle that put a severe tax on their wills and patience. Mother and Dad and their two girls are still, as they always have been, the best of pals—the surest safeguard any girl or boy can have.

Recently the Mother lay, for a time, in the Valley of the Shadow, and I wonder how many Mothers of fifteen-year-old daughters could say as she did, with such perfect assurance, "I have no uneasiness about leaving Jean; she is all right, anywhere."

But what about John?

Poor little John.

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The dew upon the trembling grass,
The scent of wild thyme in a wood,
The ripple of running water over pebbles,
The keen scent of the first lilac,
And the glory of the red hawthorn,
Are part of your music.

Our love is made,
Of bird-songs in May,
The frolic of the squirrel in the elm,
The passing of high clouds and stars at night—
The dawn is more bright for the laughter of your eyes,
And evening more delightful for your presence,
The touch of your hand is a benediction
And your smile as sunlight on the water
Where white birds are at peace.

—Samuel J. Looker

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Spirit Lake

Continued from page 8

a visit, while their women erected their lodges for the night. True enough, they were Wood Crees, old friends of Standing Wolf, who regularly spent their summers at Fort Determination. They, too, were returning from their winter's hunt, and had a quantity of furs with them.

ABOUT half a mile below there was a series of dangerous rapids. Through one of these it was possible to run the canoes partly loaded. Two others followed where it was necessary to lighten the canoes completely, and where much skill was required to navigate successfully. Below these there was still another rapid, the most dangerous of all, around which canoes were always portaged; for no man had ever yet dared to shoot that perilous descent. Tales were told of how men had ventured too near and how, before they had time to realize their danger, their canoes had been seized by the demon of the rapids, carried helplessly to the brink and hurled to destruction in the seething caldron below. As the Spirit of Death was said to hover there always, the Indians called them "Death's Rapids."

Early next morning, the Crees and the Chipewayans began shooting the lesser rapids and portaging their outfits to the foot of the more dangerous of them. The men of each tribe emulously contended as to which possessed the strongest packers and the most skilful "white-water men." On the portage each man strained to the utmost to carry the biggest load; and the women, and even the children, exhibited the same spirit. While running the rapids, the men strove to show their skill in handling their canoes in dangerous places. The excitement grew so keen that, had not some of the head men commanded that no two canoes should start at the same time, there would have been some risky jockeying, ending, probably, in disaster; for, it must be remembered, there was an ancient enmity between the Crees and the Chipewayans that needed but little provocation to become a deadly strife. Each side claimed to have the best canoemen; but nothing came of the claim except wrangling. Standing Wolf, being a neutral, was appealed to. For a time he was at a loss as to a decision; then he said:

"My brothers, there is but one way to decide. Let your best canoemen prove their courage and their skill by daring to run Death's Rapids."

Since no man among them had the courage to undertake such a venture, they scoffed at Standing Wolf, and asked him why he did not prove his own skill by doing that which he called upon them to do. Instead of answering them, Standing Wolf went over to his son-in-law, who was out of hearing of the others, and said quietly:

"At-tick, my son, I have often observed your work with the paddle, and, though you are but young, I consider you a better canoeman than any of these boasters. Our people have never known the day when the Wood Crees or the Chipewayans could show us how to paddle. I ask you, then, have you the heart to venture with me the run of Death's Rapids?"

"Yes," replied the youth, without hesitation, "I will take my chance with you."

So Standing Wolf told the Chipewayans and the Crees that, since none of them had the courage to try their skill in Death's Rapids, the boy At-tick and he would show them how to do it.

Standing Wolf and the boy set out to examine the channel by walking along the side of the gorge through which the rapids plunged. After carefully noting the positions of the rocks and the working of the currents, they returned to the head of the portage.

Standing Wolf's announcement had created so much interest that the people of both camps had crowded to the foot of Death's Rapids to witness the attempt to make the perilous run. Several of his friends tried to dissuade him from such rashness, but his pride was stirred and he was determined to retain

his prestige as the most skilful canoeman in that region of the Strong Woods. The fact that for the last fourteen years he had been annually selected to fill the position of guide-in-chief to the Fur Brigade, gave him a reputation that he wished at all hazards to preserve. He knew, too, that the success of the venture would procure for At-tick the most envied position in the great canoes of the Fur Brigade—that of Bowman.

WHILE At-tick and The Marten turned their best canoe upside down and greased its bottom, Standing Wolf looked to the paddles, carefully examining and testing them until he had chosen the four best suited to his purpose. When all was in readiness, he stepped aboard and took the position most important in a canoe about to run white-water—that of bowman. At-tick knelt down in the stern. They had just enough ballast on board to trim and steady the craft. Each selected a paddle and laid one of the other two within easy reach in case of accident.

They squatted down upon their heels. Standing Wolf gave the word, and At-tick gently shoved the canoe from the bank. Out into the current they glided, and, on reaching the centre of the stream, At-tick turned the bow for the head of the rapids. Long before they sighted white-water, the roar of the cataract was humming in their ears. Presently, Standing Wolf stood up and scanned the river. Dark, ominous water raced ahead for a hundred yards, and then disappeared, leaving nothing but a great, surging mass of white that leaped high and dropped out of sight in the apparently forsaken river-bed. Then At-tick stood up, too, and Saulteaux words passed between them. Every moment they were gaining impetus and always heading for the highest crest of foam. At last, just as they were twenty-five yards from the end of dark water, Standing Wolf gave the word to paddle. With a wild shout they drove their paddles home. The canoe trembled a little at first, as their work was somewhat ragged; but a moment later they settled into an even stroke and swept buoyantly among the tossing billows. Like a race-horse, the canoe started down the slanting course, and tore along faster and faster. Foam flew from its outstretched head and flecked its heaving sides; while a long, waving tail of white floated from its stern as it plunged down, down, and ever down. Now before them ran a strange, wild river of seething white, lashed among great, gray-capped, dark-greenish boulders that blocked the way. High, rocky banks, standing close together, squeezed the river into a tumult of fury. Swiftly they rushed down the racing current and plunged through the swirling waters. Jagged rocks thrust at them through the flying spray; massive boulders lay in wait for them beneath the shallow foam. It was dismaying work. Death hovered above them. They paddled hard to force the canoe ahead of the current. With increasing speed they plied and bent their paddles. Standing Wolf with eyes alert keenly watched the whirling waters for indications of rocks hidden below. The roar of the waters drowned his orders. At-tick closely noted and followed every move his father made. Down they swept, riding upon the very back of the river where the waters formed a vast ridge rising four or five feet above the waterline on either shore. To swerve a hair's breadth meant sure destruction. With terrific speed they reached the brink of a violent descent. For a moment, it seemed, the canoe paused, steadied itself, then dipped its head as the stern upheaved, and down they plunged among more rocks than ever. Right in their path the angry torrent was waging battle with a giant boulder that disputed the way. The frantic river hissed and roared and lashed at it, yet it never budged; it did but frown destruction upon all that dared approach it. How Standing Wolf labored! How his paddle bent! Deep into the water he jabbed it, and close under the left side of the bow. Then with a mighty heave he lifted the head around. The canoe swung as if upon a pivot; for was not At-tick doing the very opposite at that precise moment? They sheered off. The next instant the paddles were working on the opposite sides; for Standing Wolf had detected signs of a water-covered rock not three yards from the bow. With a lunge he strove to life the bow around, but his paddle snaped like a rotten twig. Instantly he grasped the other; but a grating sound ran along the whole length of the heaving bottom. The next moment he was working the new paddle. A little water was coming in, but their craft was running true. The rocks now grew fewer, but there was another pitch ahead. Again the bow dipped as they rushed down the incline. Spray mounted in clouds that drenched them to the skin as they plunged through the "grand swell" and then shot out among the leaping and tumbling billows that threatened to ingulf them. Escaping these, the canoe rode upon the backs of the "white horses" that reared and plunged between the whirlpools, and rose and fell, rose and fell, as they fought their way through. At last, breathless and exhausted, they emerged into calmer water, where there greeted them the welcome sight of old Noo-Koom bobbing about alone in her canoe, hovering at the foot of the rapids to pick them up in case of accident.

The next moment a wild yell from either bank, drowning the roar of the waves, hailed them as the first men who ever lived after shooting Death's Rapids.

WHEN they stepped ashore at the foot of the portage, there was much talking, laughing, and hand-shaking, but never another boasting word as to paddling from either the Crees or the Chipewayans. The latter decided to celebrate the event by a feast; so their women bustled around in preparation, and the Crees were invited. After the repast many speeches were made, in which Standing Wolf and At-tick were highly lauded. Then, as often happens at such gatherings in the forest, a game of chance was suggested. Out came the drums at once, and blankets were spread for the players. Sides of ten men each were chosen, and Ke-dug-a-be-shew, or The Speckled Lynx, was elected to lead the Chipewayans, while Me-gizzee, or The Eagle, was chosen by the Wood Crees.

The players squatted in an oval-shaped ring; their hair drawn over their faces to hide the expression of their emotions, and their knees covered with blankets. Each team was supplied with ten small sticks. The game began by a Cree leader calling upon his opponent to match him. As the latter held his stick in the wrong hand, he lost. And so the game went on. Bets were made on the chance of every play, and the stakes were thrown into the centre of the oval. A set of drummers played for each side alternately — evidently to confuse players—and all the while there was loud chanting. In that simple fashion they speedily gambled away many of their belongings. There was cheating, of course. If a player was caught in the act, he was accounted a rogue; but if he escaped detection, he was lauded for his smartness. By evening it was seen that the Chipewayans were gaining steadily, and, in the hope of changing their luck, the Crees tried to persuade Standing Wolf to take a hand on their side; but he feigned fatigue, and withdrew to his camp, which was pitched below that of the Chipewayans. There he was joined by the boys, and, as they all squatted round the lodge fire, he whispered, for some one might be prowling about:

"My sons, I do not want to delay here any longer. We have much fur to trade, and it is well that we should be first to arrive at Fort Determination. The moon will soon be up, so I want to break camp at once. We will spend the night on the way."

In a quarter of an hour they were all aboard the canoes and paddling silently downstream under cover of the shadow of the river bank. As they glided along, they heard the wrangling of the gamblers above the beating of the drums, and Standing Wolf felt relieved that he was quitting the scene; for there was sure to be trouble between the Chipewayans and the Crees before morning.

NEXT morning, soon after dawn, when they went ashore for breakfast, there was a flutter of pleasant excitement among the little party; and by the time the sun appeared and the meal was over, everybody was laughing and talking; for they had made such progress during the night that they expected to reach Fort Determination by ten o'clock that forenoon. Quickly they boarded the canoes again, and away they paddled. In less than an hour the beautiful expanse of God's Lake was spread out before them. When they sighted the old Fort, a joyous shout rang out; paddles were waved overhead, and tears of joy rose to the eyes of the women.

Going ashore, they quickly made their toilets, donning their very finest in order to make a good appearance on their arrival at the Fort. Bear's grease was employed with lavish profusion. Standing Wolf and the boys arranged their hair in braids which hung, one on either cheek, just forward of the ears. The women wove their tresses into a single elongated structure which hung down behind. The men put on their fancy, silk-worked moccasins; tied silk handkerchiefs about their necks, and beaded garters round their legs; while the women placed many brass rings upon their fingers, bright plaid shawls about their shoulders, gay silk handkerchiefs over their heads, and beaded leggings upon their legs. When thus arrayed, they wasted no time in completing the last stage of their long voyage. Within an hour they were rounding the point upon which stood Fort Determination.

As the canoes ranged side by side, their gracefully curved bows came in line, and instantly a race was on for the landing. "Dip, swirl, thud; dip, swirl, thud," sounded all the paddles together. But soon the alignment was broken; for, like contending chargers, forward the canoes bounded at every stroke. Vigorously they plied their paddles, stiffening their arms and curving their backs as they bent the blades. Every muscle was strained. The sharp bows cleaved the sparkling water, sending it gurgling to the paddles that slashed it and whirled it aside. On they went Now Standing Wolf's canoe was gaining. As the little craft gradually forged ahead, the swift running wake crept steadily along the sides of the other canoes. Presently it was sounding "Whif, whif, whif," as the bows crushed it down. Then, at last, it broke free and scurried away, leaving the other canoes to follow in its broadening wake. The pace was exhausting; the canoes strung out; but still the narrow blades slashed away, for the landing was close at hand. With reckless speed the canoes rushed abreast of the little wharf, and, just as one expected disaster, the paddles backed water, and the canoes came to a standstill with their gunwales grazing the landing.

On stepping ashore, Standing Wolf and his family were greeted by a swarm of their copper-colored friends who had rushed down to meet them. Making his way through the press, the hunter strode up to the trading room to shake hands with Factor Mackenzie.

While Standing Wolf was thus engaged, old Noo-koom and Mi-na-ce slipped away from the throng, and paddled round another point to the place where the nuns lived. Leaving Mi-na-ce in charge of the canoe, Noo-koom walked up to the nunnery to call upon the Sisters. Owing to her sterling qualities, she was always a welcome visitor. With transparent simplicity she laughed and talked about everything under the sun except the errand she had come upon. But just as she had bidden the nuns adieu and was retracing her steps to the canoe, she turned and asked Sister Mary, who was still standing in the doorway, if she might leave one of their moose-skin lodge coverings in the storeroom for a few weeks while Standing Wolf was away with the Fur Brigade. Permission having been willingly granted, Noo-koom and Mi-na-ce carried a big skin bundle up to the attic of the nunnery, where it was stowed carefully away.

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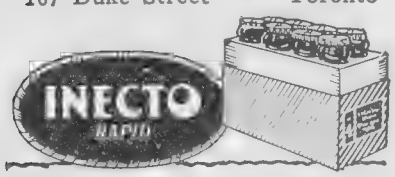

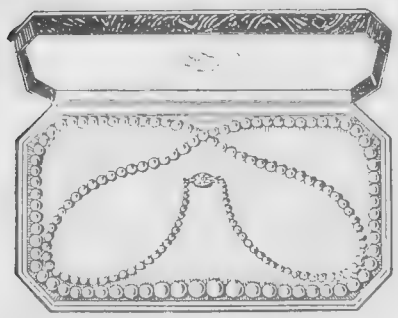

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The Coming of the Loons—*Continued from page 7*

loons can't fly or don't try to fly except in the migrating season. We'll see."

So Ohwall, his curiosity now roused, skilfully manoeuvred the boat so that the loon was forced further and further into the narrowing mouth of the slough. Once it contrived to get beyond them by diving under the boat, but further manoeuvres slowly but surely forced it into the narrowing mouth, till at length the bird was compelled to take to the creek, here only a few feet in width and narrowing to the merest trickle.

Both sportsmen landed, and in a few seconds they had the poor bird dashing madly about in the dead end of the pocket. Whether or not it could fly it certainly made no attempt to do so, and at length the fishermen, wading into the water, managed to pin it down under their jackets.

So as Ohwall came up he obtained his first close view of the curious bird, and he was struck by its handsome plumage. Moulting? Certainly not. It was in all the glory of its bridegroom attire, the sable of its head and neck glossed with purple and shading to mallard green. About its throat were two white bands, and its under parts were of pure, glossy white, bearing the texture of the finest ermine.

"Hold tight to the varmint while I get my knife!" cried one of the sportsmen excitedly, but here Ohwall interposed. The red blood was rising to the roots of his disordered hair, and he told them quietly that if they harmed that loon they would have to walk back to camp—no small matter, since it would have involved a fly-infested tramp of thirty miles round the timber-blocked shores of Lake Myriad Isle. But the "sportsman" ignored the threat, except that he muttered something to the effect that they would settle with the boatman later, and he was still groping for his knife when the keen-eyed, soft-voiced guide suddenly saw red.

Ohwall was no pigmy. His neck was like that of a gorilla, and his shoulders wide in proportion, and though he stood a full six feet he looked but a short man. Now, without another word, without a sign of warning, he took up the would-be assassin as one might raise an empty sack, and hurled him a dozen feet into deep water. The other young man looked up with a terrified glance, then he let go his prize and ran, falling full length in the knee-deep water, and Ohwall let him go. As for the loon—with one wild cackling cry it rose a-wing and flew with rapid wing beats far across the lake, circling the islands, and returning eventually to ricochet across the surface not far from the point.

Then Ohwall, scowling blackly, took up his oars and rowed off, leaving the young men to their long bush tramp; but towards evening, his rage having subsided, he picked them up a few miles away and rowed them back to their camp, though not a syllable was exchanged.

A LITTLE while later the young loons were hatched—drab, unattractive little creatures compared with their parents, and all that summer Ohwall watched them with the keenest interest. No longer now did they utter those terrific screams and those crazy peals of laughter—sounds which evidently were peculiar to their springtime ecstasies. Ohwall heard now only the long, melancholy "woo-who" call, which seemed somehow to be the utterance of that great mirrored world of theirs, dotted with its phantom islands, reflecting every cloud and rich in many treasures Nature has dealt with a sparing hand elsewhere. Because of that call of theirs, Ohwall came to love them. He listened for it at night time, and always he heard it, now far, now near, echoing among the islands. To him it bore a strange melancholy, and when the days were heavy with thunder and there was no breeze, when the night-hawks zipped and wheeled above the dead tamaracks and the mosquitoes hung in a haze over the surface, it seemed sometimes that there were a hundred loons upon the lake, so repeated were their calls, so many their echoes.

But soon the sun was southward-bound again, and the fairy islands were borrowing a new splendour from their wealth of summer sunsets. There came a touch of frost, and how, next day, the red leaves whirled in a north-west gale, burying their dead like so many things which drift, and rise, and fall to earth! That night was the quietude of closing frost, and ever and anon Ohwall heard the loons, at first among the islands, then nearer, nearer, now overhead, their call-notes accompanied by the whistling of their wings.

Ohwall rose as the sounds faded, and lit his candle; then for a long time he sat by the stove, his brawny knees displayed to the warmth of it, his ruddy face bathed in the rosy glow. Many times before he had bade farewell to the migrants, which hitherto had meant only the closing of the season, the dawning of the winter silence, and the taking up of his traps, but this year, for some reason, it meant something more; it meant the marking of another notch in the staff his hands held.

Ohwall did not know how old he was, but looking back there seemed to lie behind him a vast array of hills and valleys—a scene somewhat desolate perhaps, though not without its solitary grandeur. Wife, children—those were joys he had not known, yet he had been as happy as a king, laying aside his dollars one by one, asking little of man, yet boundlessly rich in the gifts which were of God. Now, it seemed, the time had come for him to return to his own land. He had the money. He could buy a little farm down by his native fjord and—he might even marry. For a long time he thought it over as he sat thus by the stove, but at length he rose with a short laugh. No, he reckoned he would wait to hear the loons just once again.

And again the loons came and again the leaves drifted, and so on through many springs and autumns since, but Sigfried Ohwall still lives by the shores of Lake Myriad Isle. Each fall he decides to go, but the loons get away before him, so he has to wait to hear their crazy laughter just once more. The boys touch their foreheads when they speak of him, for Sigfried Ohwall has been alone too long with the great grey solitudes; yet in his madness there may linger a wisdom beyond the understanding of the sane.

The Invisible Player—*Continued from page 19*

head. The three girls were sitting each with her hands clutched over her heart, their faces as white as chalk, their eyes fixed on the player.

I glanced at Mrs. McDonald. She was weeping silently on the old man's breast, and I could see the tears streaming down his ghastly cheeks and falling on her silver hair.

Friend, has life ever hit you so hard that you have doubted the existence of a God—that one bright spot that raises mankind above the level of the beast—leaving in its place the paralyzing horror of utter oblivion? That is what was written plainer than spoken words upon the faces of that old couple.

I swallowed hard. Great God of Mercy, surely this was not the end?

And then so soft, so exquisitely sweet, that it seemed to come from the foot of the Great White Throne itself, came notes of comfort slowly swelling in volume until they filled the room.

I REMEMBER, years ago when I was a boy, how a chum and I were exploring an old disused lead mine in the Dublin Mountains, and found ourselves lost in the labyrinth of passages; that awful feeling of panic, when our lunch eaten, the last candle end guttered out leaving us in a darkness which seemed to press inward upon us. And when after hours of horror, wandering about we found ourselves at the foot of the shaft, and away up over our heads a small circle of blessed light, how spontaneously we fell on our knees and thanked God for saving us, a thing boys seldom bother about. And it was not from being brought up by God-fearing parents, for never before had God been anything but a mysterious Being who was far away and stayed there, except when somebody needed punishment.

But then with that little ray of His glorious sunshine I felt so vividly His actual presence, His personal interest in my well-being, that it gave me an entirely new conception of life. It was the spontaneous answer of the soul to its Creator.

And now as the music swelled in volume, I felt that same stirring, that same yearning of the soul for expression that had come to me at the foot of the shaft, as the light came whispering its message of hope and cheer. That icy hand dissolved from off my heart; a feeling of hope permeated my whole being. Never have I felt so sure of the truth of eternity. It seemed that Christ himself was there, and the words seemed to burn themselves in my memory.

"I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

And then I knew it all. I looked once more at the old couple, a moment before the picture of a shattered faith; of a love so cruelly broken that doubt had begun to canker the wound. And oh, the transformation! Their faces were aglow with faith renewed, and the tears which coursed down their faces were tears of joy. And I am not ashamed that I put my head in my hands and cried for the first time in twenty years.

There is little else to tell. When the music stopped and the bow fell from his fingers, Moore started as though he had been struck.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I must have fallen asleep." And he shamefacedly put the 'cello away in its corner.

It was not until I met him in town a week later and told him the whole story, that he understood why the old lady kissed him before he went home.

"Solvitur Acris Hiemps Grata"

The soft west wind is whispering low
o'er the awakened land,
Sharp winter from the meadows green
has raised his cold white hand.
The creaking windlass drops the boats
down to the murmuring sea,
The herd no longer tends his hearth, but
sets his cattle free;
The strong armed toilers of the forge
now leave the glowing flames
To join the joyous song and dance, and
wrestle in the games;
While girls' swift feet crush out the
scent from Spring's sweet opening
flowers,
And high o'er all the crescent moon
lights up the evening hours.
In this glad season now's the time
when loving hands will twine
'Mid golden curls the myrtle buds and
wreaths of clustering vine;
In shady woods the vows be paid that
paint the future fair,
Though little cares the blinded god what
fate awaits the pair.
With hurrying feet pale death speeds
on, and with impartial knock
At hovel doors and kingly gates he
scorns both bolt and lock.
The seasons, friend, for you ere long will
cease to roll their change,
Our day of life forbids long hope, soon
death's dark fields you'll range;
No more the rattling dice shall claim
you king of feast and wine,
No more to you the actor looks for
kindly glance and sign.
For us Spring comes but once, let us
rejoice then in our prime,
For to the shadowy realms of death we
all must come in time.

—Caro Morgan.

Marie Antoinette Czaplicka

Continued from page 11

followed by a very short autumn and a sunless winter and short springtime. During the winter and spring months her only woman companion was her Tungus lass, who is described by Miss Czaplicka as a lady of uncommon vivacity, whose conversational powers and wide and very influential acquaintance in the Tundra proved an unmixed blessing. Most of the winter was spent a short distance from the Arctic Circle at a place named Monastir-Turukhansk.

When travelling by sledge or small boat the most important article of comfort was of necessity left behind, this being the sleeping bag, and, as a rather indifferent substitute, the shaggy sheepskin coat, the "shuba" was taken. Those who have travelled in Russia know from experience that garments made of this skin are odorous, heavy and badly dyed, but these objections are not considered by the reindeer who eat them with unusual relish. The Siberian natives care little for baubles or articles of personal adornment. Things of practical utility are more to be desired. This being the case, Miss Czaplicka was compelled to part with, in exchange for ethnological specimens, many articles which she required for her own use or for members of her party.

The greatest hardship she suffered, when in the mountainous districts between the Yenisei and the Lena Rivers, was from the cold, the mercury registering between sixty and seventy degrees below zero Fahrenheit. To add to her comfort hair, cut from the neck of the reindeer, was put in the foot space of her outer boot. "There are many customs, resulting from generations of experience, that we can profit by," Miss Czaplicka remarks, "and it is well not to try to experiment, as the ways of the native are influenced by wisdom." This is the creed of Steffanson, who ignored all precedents of earlier explorers and adopted the primitive methods of the natives, with the result well known.

The New Jersey mosquito, noted for his vigorous attack on the native of that state, is nothing compared with the pest that infests the Arctic regions in summer. It is, to those who journey to those regions, a blessing that the Arctic summer is only two weeks long, for the author can attest that when in the Arctic he swatted thousands, a short distance below the Arctic Circle, on the Mackenzie River. There are compensations even within thirteen degrees of the North Pole, as evidenced by Miss Czaplicka's delightful description:

"Indeed I forgot my weariness in the beauty of the Arctic Tundra, bathed in the pink glories of the low sun, which rose about one o'clock as we breasted the landward slope of the second range of hills we had crossed in the twilight of evening four hours before.

"The sun came up, as it seemed, in an archway of tender light, in the slowly flushed east. The dawn had been accompanied by a light drizzle of rain, and as the wind from the river swept back from us, the level rays traced a perfect rainbow in the gauzy curtain of mist. The dank pools among the sodden mosses and grass so desolate before, were splashed now with all the colors of a post-impressionist's palette. We had not yet reached the crest of the range, and the sky seemed so close, and the sun loomed so large over the hill-tops that I forgot the world was round, and had a queer feeling that I was approaching the threshold of infinite space.

"It was not only in the snowless season that the dreary wilderness had its hours of transfiguration, even after its quick-fading carpet of wild flowers had vanished before the bleak winds of the short autumn.

"In winter, too, nerve-shaking as the desolation of the tundra is, when the purga shrouds everything in its impenetrable veil of whirling snow dust, there are times when its strange, unearthly beauty drowns you in an ecstatic contemplation that quite blots out your aching sense of the terrible cold. Then comes a rosy light, that was never anywhere else by land or sea, that flushes the mountain peaks of the stony Tundra to ineffable glory."

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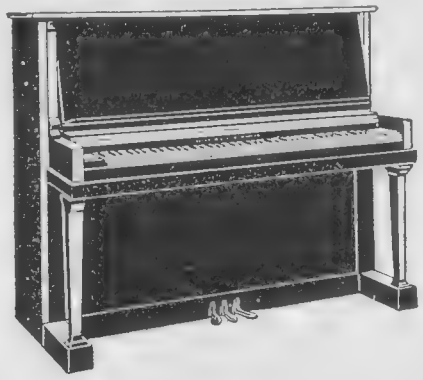

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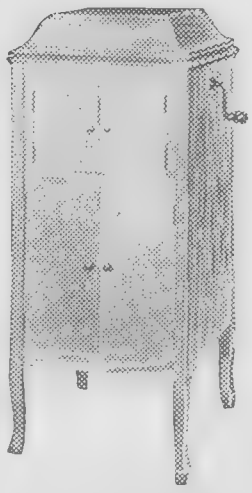

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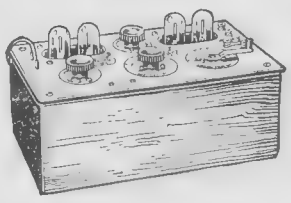

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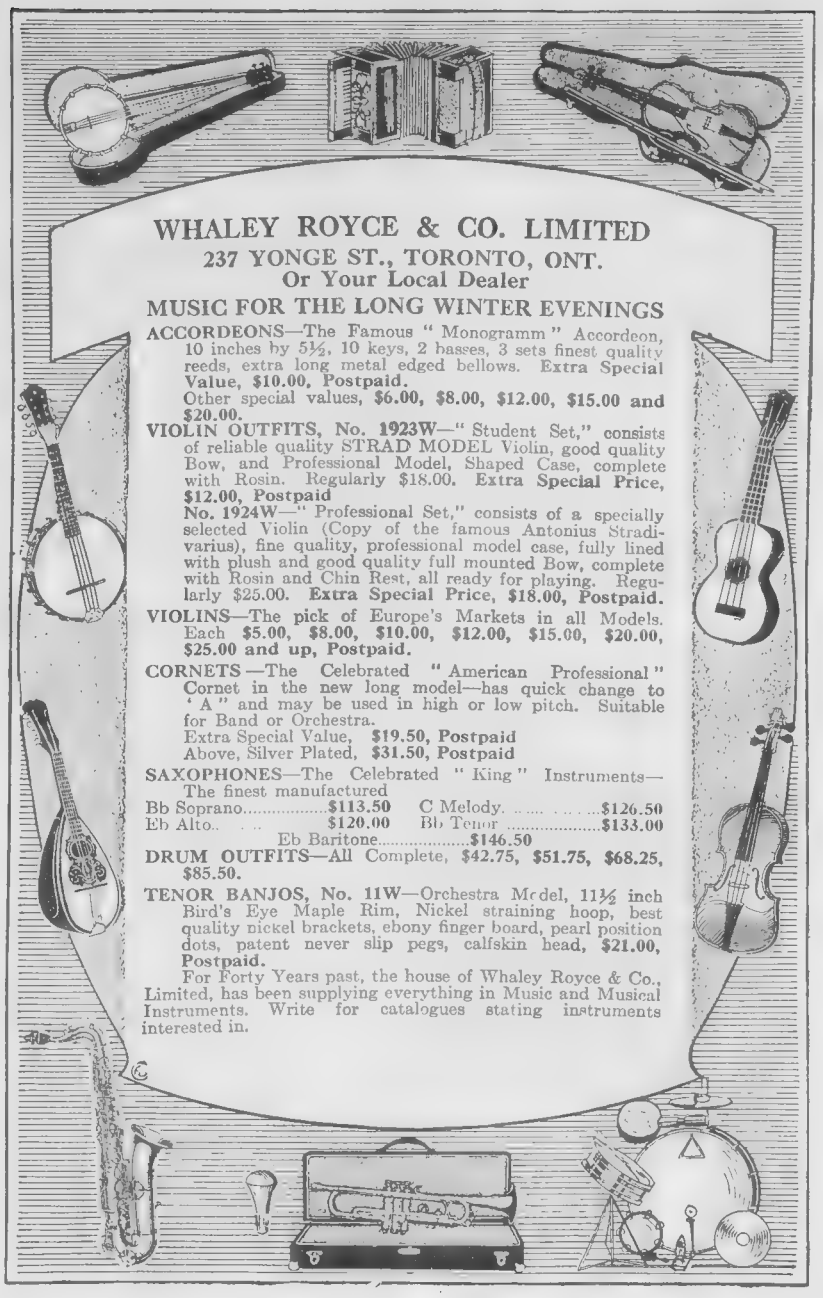

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TO POINTS IN	TO CERTAIN POINTS IN	
EASTERN CANADA	**CENTRAL STATES**	**PACIFIC COAST**
December 1st to January 5th, 1925	December 1st to January 5th, 1925	Certain dates Dec., Jan., Feb.

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ENQUIRE ABOUT SPECIAL TRAIN SERVICE TO HALIFAX IN CONNECTION WITH OLD COUNTRY SAILINGS FOR CHRISTMAS

Gifts From Your Piece Bag

Continued from page 16

such delightful fashion that the most suspicious minded person would never have dreamed of tracing its origin back to an unsuccessful navy blue satin dress. The ruffles of four-inch gold lace over double ruffles of satin at either end of the cushion, were actually new.

DON'T forget the bag-possibilities in many a meaningless-looking bit of goods. Did you, as a child, ever know what it was to long passionately for a sturdy little bag to hold your "dibs?" Did you ever go nutting, equipped with nothing but your hat in which to bring home your harvest? Can't you see what a bully skating bag that bit of upholstering material would make, or the portfolio that would carry the school books of a chap who felt himself beyond the leather school-bag age, that might be fashioned from an end of brown burlap? And a party bag for the young girl—two of them, in fact; one of pretty silk to carry her slippers, another a mere wisp of chiffon, edged perhaps with the ostrich trimming that is a part of every young girl's outfit, this season, to carry her hanky and maybe a wee powder puff.

With *Bags* once on your mind, you will probably see a whole family of them in the mosaic of patches in your piece-bag. And every one of them would make acceptable gifts; a bag for toilet things, for the friend who travels; a long, slender corset bag of gay ribbon or silk, with fringed ends and a ribbon drawstring; a chintz bag, its mouth held agape for soiled clothes by an oval embroidery hoop in the casing; a little square bag of white linen, with a turnover flap, button-holed at the edge—just the thing to slip the clean table napkins into, to keep them fresh; another, of pique or repp, with a fitted sheet of covered cardboard in it, to keep doilies from being crushed before they are even used; a shoe bag, to hang on the inside of a clothes closet door—doesn't the mention of them make you wish that some thoughtful friend would go rummaging on your behalf?

Strangers in a Strange Land

Continued from page 15

Passing through a small porch, they were conducted into the first room of the two-roomed house, and thence to the room beyond. In the first, which served as a kitchen and general living room to the family, there were several men, and they were at work upon a rough wooden box, which would serve for a coffin.

Upon the table were the remains of a meal; meat on a central platter, and a loaf of bread, from which large slices had been cut. Some of these still lay scattered about among the forks which had been used in eating the meat. Large black bottles containing wine and hard liquor also stood upon the table.

In the second room, which served in ordinary times as parlor and guest room, were the women.

The earthly remains of little Metro, fully dressed, even to the shoes and hat, were laid upon a bench before one of the windows. There were lighted candles standing on a table near the head.

As the children found themselves, an attentive little group about their teacher, the mother passed over to the side of her dead. Apostrophizing him, her body swaying forward over him, and back, her voice rising at times to high wailing shrieks, then subsiding and rising again, the two presented a weird spectacle. And while these distracted, piercing cries of the woman, who seemed so utterly oblivious of all about her, proceeded, a profound impression was made upon the one outsider, unaccustomed to such usage.

Sly, inquisitive glances of the other women present led her then to surmise that this terrible lamentation was in part a formality of the occasion being carried out most dramatically. But no ceremony could obliterate the genuine grief of the suffering woman and her most effective appeal for sympathy.

When the crying had gradually subsided she passed over to a covered bed in the far corner, where she gathered up

some parcels that lay thereon, and beginning with the boys, she filled the hands of the children with nuts and candies, saying to them all the while that these were given in memory of their little departed school-mate. When the teacher's turn came, a small paper bag full of these, and an apple and orange included, was put into Lena's hands, and she advancing, between her sobs tried to say the words her mother had used, in English, to the teacher. Miss Heartfelt grasped the gift from the child's hands and hurriedly led the way outside. Little Wasylena, her hands tightly holding her sweetmeats, ran up to the teacher's side and with a shy winsome smile said: "Wasn't that nice?" But when she saw the teacher in tears she shamefacedly dropped her eyes and fell back among the girls.

The boys, darting on ahead, reached the school house first, and a veritable feast was in progress when the others arrived at the door. Wasyl, the blue-eyed, ran up to his teacher, a beaming rapture overspreading his expressive face. But he stopped short. "Why, did you cry?" he said. One of the older girls answered him, "Of course she cried, that was what she should do. She should cry." Then another, "And did you see Wasylena smiling when Mrs. Donaliuk put the things into her hands?" and another, "Shame on you Wasylena!"

Wasylena was beginning to recede from the group in disgrace, when Miss Heartfelt explained that so small a girl could not be expected to understand the seriousness of the occasion. Then breathless explanations were made, all trying to talk at once. "His mother told Metro, did he not know his professaka? Why did he not get upon his feet and speak to his professaka, and to his schoolmates who had come to see him?" and "Oh, Miss Heartfelt, Metro was married. Didn't you see the flowers on his hat and on his coat? And all new clothes? His mother said to him, she didn't expect him to be married now; there were older children to be married before him; why was he married now?"

So the excited chattering ran on until the teacher rang the bell for the afternoon session.

The following morning Lena did not bring the milk, but a brother just older did. Lena was sick. "Just the same as Metro." She had a sore throat.

Her suspicions at last all aroused, Miss Heartfelt, throwing a wrap about her, ran over to the neighbor's with the boy. He brought his parents and young man brother to the yard, and there the young woman tried to persuade them to send for a doctor. She knew from their agitation that they too, now, were very greatly alarmed. But the father held out. "What good is doctor? He come twenty-five miles. He put paper on door. He go. We all die. No neighbors can come to help. We all die alone."

Nothing the teacher could say could overcome this argument. The mother stood helplessly by, the grown son supporting the father. Miss Heartfelt returned in despair, frantic in her ineffectiveness. "Little Lena, so promising, so lovable, probably dying over there, and no help."

That evening there was a pounding on her door, and when she encountered the young man neighbor. "Miss Heartfelt, send for a doctor; write a telegram; I will take it to Andrew. Peter is sick too," he cried.

"Iwan," Miss Heartfelt replied, "I have sent for a doctor. I had intended to drive to Andrew after school to consult with the police. But, you saw the School Supervisor at the school this afternoon? I told him, and he is to see a doctor and send him in."

The entire next day passed and the doctor did not arrive. Word came over that Lena was dead. The neighbors came and went. Early the next morning a second solemn funeral procession trailed out of the yard and down the road to the cemetery. While they were gone the doctor arrived and hurried over to the house. Two women had remained there with the sick boy. The doctor gave the boy treatment and instructions, and put a diphtheria placard on the door. Then at the school house explanations and instructions were given the teacher.

He went away, and some time afterward the funeral procession returned. There was loud talking and some guffawing as the people dismounted from their wagons and swarmed about the place. Miss Heartfelt went to her little abode heavy of heart.

That evening she was startled by another thumping at her door, and Iwan marched heavily in. He twisted his hat in his hands, and remained speechless. The woman's apprehension had become so great that she could not assist him by asking why he had come. Finally it came out that the party returning from the funeral had torn the placard from the door and destroyed it. Now that the family were alone and had had time to think, they were worried, and did not know what to do. Iwan did not need to tell the teacher that the men had been drinking heavily during the three days of strain and frenzy that had been upon them. She could surmise that under the influence of the drink they had done this thing. Now what was there to do to give assistance?

The doctor had left a note for a confrere who should follow up the case. Miss Heartfelt suggested that this be taken, the doctor's signature turned outward and then that it be tacked up on the door where the placard had been. This was done, and unbounded relief brought to the poor, suffering, distracted hearts.

Peter's life was saved. The other child, the youngest, did not contract the disease; its ravages were stopped there, and the school went on.

But one dear mother never forgot her anguish; never forgot the two young ones so cruelly torn away. After a few weeks had passed she came to the school with her big white apron caught up into her hand, and passing through the aisles placed an offering of good things to eat and lighted candles upon the desk of each, saying that it was in memory of the little school-mates. Upon the anniversary she came again with a similar offering.

At each yearly threshing time, when the machines were at work on the great stacks in the fields across the way the school, according to their custom, went to view the interesting proceedings and play hide-and-seek about the straw piles. This was done during the noon rest period.

Then, after the men had eaten and were resting about over their pipes, the tables were cleared and fresh supplies put on, and the entire school fed to repletion.

Thus did one dear soul make atonement for two young lives given to her charge, gone on before their time.

The Rewards of Literature

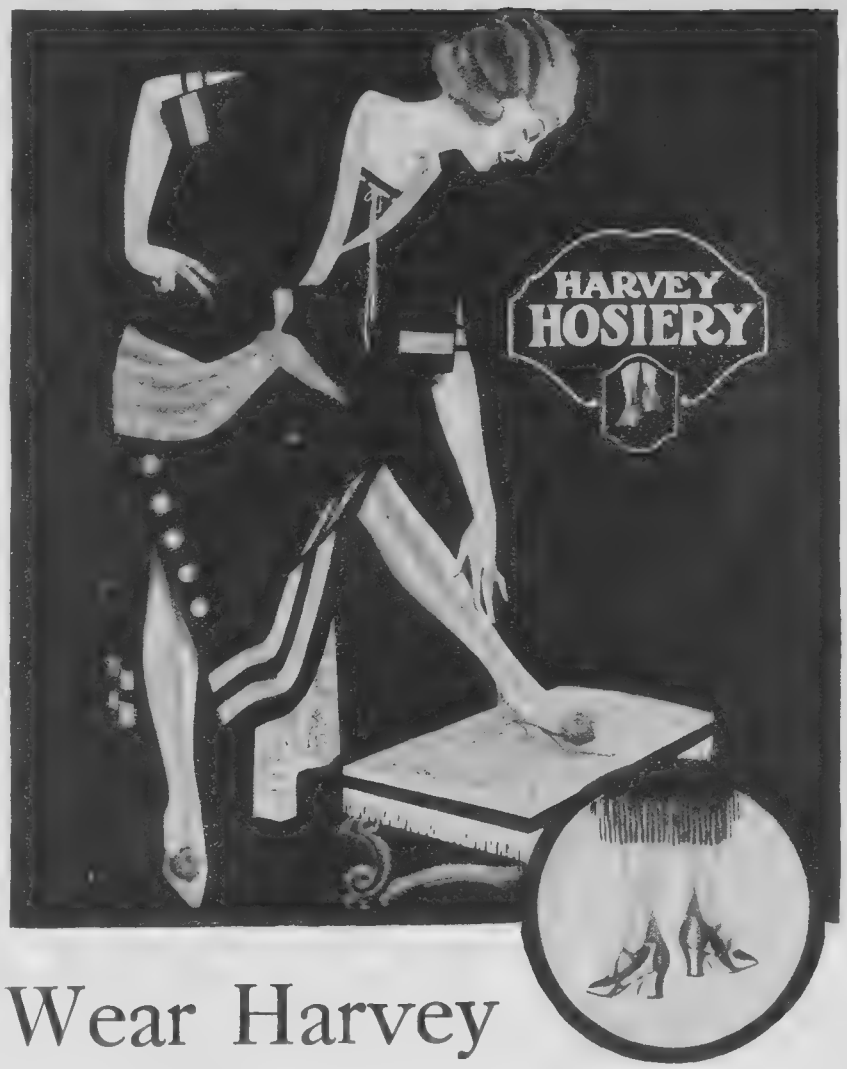
Did you make any money on your last novel?" asked the writer's close friend.

"Did I make any money?" echoed the great novelist. "Well, I should say I did! I sold that description of the Palisades in Chapter 3 to the Quickline Railroad for five thousand dollars. My tribute to the Plaster de Paris Hotel in New York, in Chapter 10, brought me three thousand dollars from the hotel people, and the United Resorts Limited paid me another thousand for my rhapsody on the sunset in the Umpegog Mountains, in Chapter 30, where the hero takes her in his arms. What's left of it I boil down into a short story and get ten dollars for it. Did I make any money? Well, now!"

His Obituary

When a popular sea captain died the four leading men of the hamlet were selected to write an epitaph, and it was decided that each should write a line. The first wrote his easily. The second puzzled a little, then he wrote his. The third followed even more slowly but the fourth wrote as if inspired, and the whole verse read:

Here lies the captain of the sea;
Here lies him, here lies he;
Hallaleujah, halleluee;
A. B. C. D. E. F. G.



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Ask any dealer about them. His recommendation is our guarantee.

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If your dealer does not sell Harvey Hosiery, write us direct.

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OLD COUNTRY

LOW FARES

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December 1 to January 5, 1924

SPECIAL TRAINS

WINNIPEG TO SHIP'S SIDE, HALIFAX

FIRST TRAIN leave Winnipeg, 10 a. m., December 4, for sailing of S. S. Regina on December 7, to Glasgow, Belfast and Liverpool.

SECOND TRAIN leave Winnipeg, 10 a. m., December 5, for sailing of S. S. Andania, on December 8, to Plymouth, Cherbourg and London, and S. S. Saturnia, on December 8, to Glasgow.

THIRD TRAIN leave Winnipeg, 10 a. m., December 8 for sailing of S.S. Pittsburg and S.S. Orduna, on December 11, to Cherbourg, Southampton, Hamburg.

FOURTH TRAIN leave Winnipeg, 10 a.m., December 11, for sailing of S.S. Carmania, on December 14, to Queenstown and Liverpool, and S. S. Canada, December 14, to Glasgow, Belfast, Liverpool.

SPECIAL SLEEPING CARS FROM VANCOUVER, EDMONTON, CALGARY, SASKATOON, REGINA CONNECTING AT WINNIPEG FOR ABOVE TRAINS

Special through tourist and standard sleeping cars will be operated from Vancouver, Edmonton, Calgary, Saskatoon, Regina, Winnipeg, for the following sailings:

S.S. Athenia, November 21, from Montreal to Glasgow.
S.S. United States, December 4, Halifax to Christiansand, Christiania, Copenhagen.
S.S. Doric, November 22, from Montreal to Liverpool.
S. S. Stockholm, December 4, from Halifax to Gothenburg.

Any Agent Canadian National Railways will be pleased to give you full details, and assist you in planning your trips, make reservations, etc., etc.

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The Western Home Monthly

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is prepared from many different oils, balsams, essences and perfumes gathered from all parts of the world and carefully blended into a remedy both soothing and healing. "Get a bottle from your druggist and use it every day."

"The Prettiest Little Home!"

Continued from page 18a

home-maker must do the remainder.

Having thought out the general plans and considered the relations of house and grounds, much time should be given to working out the details even for a small house and lawn. Some of the most attractive homes are small and inexpensive. As everything else, remember, colors that appear well on one house may be disappointing on another. One house may look well with contrasts in body and trim, while the next should be of one color or at least have but slight differences in the color used. Large or grotesque ornaments and brilliant colors (bright reds, blues, yellows or greens) are out of place in house painting. The color problem, therefore, for exterior as well as interior is important.

Not every popular color can be used; different styles of architecture requiring different color treatment. Good lines, right proportions, proper arrangement—all may be destroyed by freak painting in wrong colors, and what otherwise would have been a joy forever, becomes a daily sorrow to friends and neighbors, if not to the owner. Every neighborhood has some illustration of an otherwise excellent house made hideous by somebody's blunders in wrong colors or too many or bad combinations of body and trimming colors.

Certain color principles, therefore, should be remembered whether the painting problem has to do with the exterior or interior.

The primary colors, not including white or black, from standpoint of art, are three—blue, red and yellow. For example, by combining red and yellow, orange in various hues may be formed. Blue and yellow combined give green. Mixing white with colors gives tints. Mixing black with colors gives shades.

A lighter and a darker shade increase in difference when brought together. When a light color is placed next to a dark color, the light appears lighter than it is and the dark color darker. When red and green are placed side by side, the red appears redder than it actually is and the green greener. These differences become greater when seen from a little distance. This must be remembered when painting the exterior, and it explains why sometimes colors look different from what was expected. Shades and colors must seem to belong together. Colors may be inharmonious because they are too bright, and therefore too harsh; for example red and orange, blue and green, yellow and crimson, are bad combinations.

Harmony by gradual graduations of color is the most natural method of securing variety in decoration. The simplest harmony—the point to seek in home decoration—is that of tones of one color—they give a kinship to everything. Browns in shades from light to dark, buff in varying tints, greens in light and dark tones and other colors similarly used give most satisfaction.

Contrasts are often helpful, but care must be taken in choice of colors, as otherwise they will give harsh effects rather than harmony. The colors must be restful or they will really "make us tired." This restfulness is produced by low, dull colors, if contrasted, or harmony of likeness and unity between brighter colors.

The color scheme in general should not be too assertive. Loud colors are always offensive and very bright colors in contrasts are not good on exteriors. White, gray, soft greens and browns of various shades will always harmonize with nature.

Red is bold unless partially screened by planting. Brick is about the only excuse for introducing a red color scheme. This is broken in mass by jointing and relieved by contrast at doors and windows; whereas a wooden house painted red is impossible.

The color scheme of all masonry houses is inherent in the materials used and because stone, concrete, cement and brick are products taken from nature in the first place, they will harmonize with natural settings if properly used.

The increasing use of concrete in house building promised, for a time, to cause a monotony of color until the

preparation of concrete and cement coatings gave not only the protection to the material which builders now recognize as essential, but also variety and beauty of color.

It is the frame and shingle houses that require special attention. To preserve the wood, shingle is stained or oiled, clapboard is painted. The deterioration of wood unprotected from the weather is slow but sure and will make the up-keep of an already non-important type of house still greater.

As a rule, all roofs about the house should be one color, and the walls another in harmony. If a combination of bulding materials is used, as plaster and shingle, or cement and clapboard, the color for each material should be the same wherever used, and these must harmonize with each other. Windows doors, blinds, porches and cornices may be considered as trimmings and treated as such. Doorways and entrances should have marked and dignified recognition in the color scheme.

It is not wise to judge the effect of colors solely by the paint on the house. Color depends too much upon the nature of the light and the light is influenced by the surroundings—trees, shrubbery, shade or side of rocky slope. The same color (of paint) will appear quite different in sunlight and shade, in warm countries and cold, in woods and open plains. Therefore do not use a color merely because it looks well on some house you have seen, or on some samples shown by your dealer or painter. Try it first where it is to be finally used.

Combinations too, affect the appearance of the house. A trimming color darker than the body makes the house look smaller, and one lighter makes it look larger. A plainly built house generally looks best with one color, depending upon the painting of the roof, sash and doors to break the monotony of a single color. The large house may be dark in color. The small house generally should be light with lighter trimming, or none at all. Dividing colors—light for the lower story and dark for the upper—have the effect of making the house seem wider.

The main thing to avoid in house painting is patchiness. Treat the house as a unit, subduing any ornaments and useless bric-a-brac by the color scheme. In general, all portions of one idea should be in one color or tone. For instance in the case of a porch post or column do not paint the base and cap one color and the shaft another. From start to finish it is a column and should be treated as such. In fact the whole porch is one idea and generally should be treated in one color.

It is not necessary to change the color of the painting—either exterior or interior—every few years. Satisfaction is usually found in those houses in which restful colors are chosen at the beginning and continued through years.

A good building in the country or on a large village lot with an abundance of shrubbery may be light rather than dark in color. Among the most satisfactory of these light colors are cream. colonial yellow, sandstone, greenstone, ivory and light buff. These may be used either as solid colors or with trimming of white or dark. Grays and drabs are associated in the mind with slate and stone, and therefore give to any structure painted with them a solid appearance. The best of these include warm gray, pale gray and freestone among the lighter tones and pure gray, silver gray and French gray among the darker. Browns in tones from russet to chocolate are good, particularly for a city building or where soot and dust are present.

Vermilion, cherry red, dark blue, pink and similar colors should be avoided in outside work, not only because of their incongruity, but also because they will not stand the wear of the sun and rain, as well as other colors

The popular bungalow of to-day generally looks best in browns or dark greens, either in solid color or trimmed with white or ivory. Some shingle houses are painted, though most are stained ; in either case browns, grays, maroons and dark greens are most satisfactory.

Suburban houses are often built with clapboard for first story and shingles for second story. Attractive effects for this style are secured by using ivory or a light color for the first story and trim, with brown or green stain for the shingles. Colonial houses should be light, either in solid color or with white trimming.

The use of shingles on the sides as well as on the roof of the house is steadily increasing, not only because of its attractiveness, but because of increased warmth. The most satisfactory finish for these is shingle stain which should be used on the roof in all cases because of the added preservation. For best results the shingles should be dipped before they are put on the building, for that not only covers both sides but the wood is saturated with the preservative stain. A brush coat should be given after the shingles are on the building.

A Neglected Library—*Continued from page 18b*

preface—it was Longfellow's Evangeline—and I thought, "I should like to see the book of Ruth gotten out like this in a special edition, and put on the market, or the book of Job." I had memorized a lot of "Evangeline" years ago and knew the story and yet I enjoyed and prized it in its lovely new setting, and so it would be with the books of the Bible! There is no more beautiful, nor more beautifully told story than the book of Ruth; the description, the characterization, and dialogue are perfect, aside from its spiritual value.

There are new, attractive editions of Dickens, Hugo, and many other old authors coming out every now and then, but the Bible is always in a more or less bulky volume, gloomily bound, and in small, poor, print, and as a result is not read as it deserves.

People rave over their favorite poets and have lovely copies of their poems—Milton, Tennyson, Longfellow, Kipling, Rupert Brooke, Omar Khayyam, and so on. But what of the Psalms of David, more musical than any of these, to whom Milton alone might even aspire to emulate? Now for an acceptable Christmas book what could be more appropriate than a beautiful little volume in white and gold, with lovely pictures containing "The Gospel According to St. John," that disciple that Jesus loved—or the "Psalms of David?"

What could be more musical than this—read it aloud and see:

"When the Lord turned again the Captivity of Zion we were like them that dream.

"Then was our mouth filled with laughter and our tongue with singing; then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them.

"The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad.

"Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

And I think there are no poems to compare with the Hundred and Fourth, or the Twenty-third Psalms.

Beautiful churches are built, great organs and lights installed, memorial windows delight the eye, great preachers and singers entrance the ear and the emotions, even movies are introduced to popularize the church, so that it will be preferred before other interests, but the Bible itself, the source of our inspiration, must be given the chance that it deserves to become the daily bread of the people. All the things I have mentioned doubtless popularize the church, then beautiful editions of Revelations, of the Gospel of St. Matthew, of the Song of Solomon, or the Epistles of Paul (that "little old grey-headed man, chained to a Roman soldier") should help popularize the Bible. Let us not be guilty of confusing church with religion, of exploiting the shell while "the pearl, the all, the soul" is neglected. Without full knowledge and appreciation of the Bible, the source of all true inspiration, all forms and semblances of religion are but as tinkling cymbals or as sounding brass.

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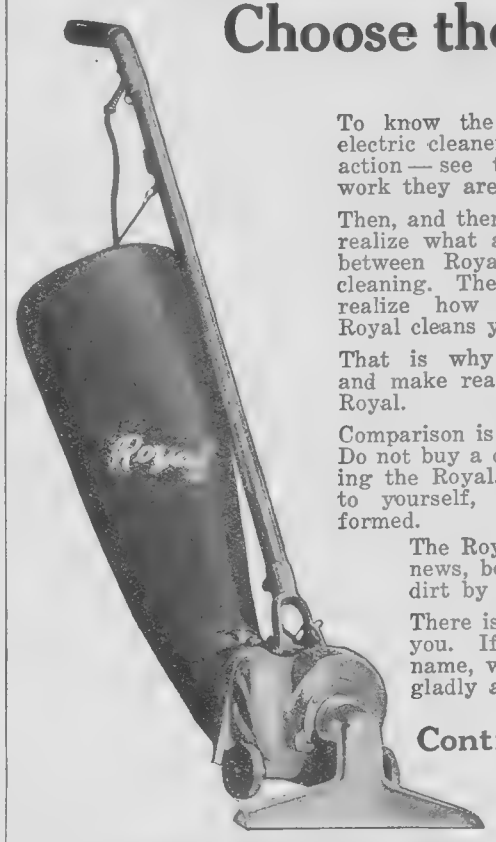

To know the real difference between electric cleaners, you must see them in action — see them actually doing the work they are intended to do.

Then, and then only, can you completely realize what a vast difference there is between Royal Cleaning and ordinary cleaning. Then, and then only, can you realize how completely and quickly Royal cleans your rugs by air alone.

That is why people who investigate and make real comparisons, choose the Royal.

Comparison is what Royal most desires. Do not buy a cleaner without investigating the Royal. You cannot, in fairness to yourself, afford to remain uninformed.

The Royal preserves and renews, because it gets all the dirt by air alone.

There is a Royal dealer near you. If you don't know his name, write us, and we will gladly advise you.

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One Needs This Table for Mah Jong

THE New Elite Mah Jong Combination is specially constructed to satisfy the needs of Mah Jong enthusiasts. It looks good, stands up firmly and can be carried anywhere.

It is 30 inches square, finished with green felt, leatherette, or green linoleum on top.

Provide for as many guests as you desire. The prices will surprise you.

Ask for the New Elite Mah Jong Combination by name.

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ELITE
FOLDING TABLE

Sold by leading furniture stores everywhere.

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65 YEARS OLD PHYSICIAN WINS $1,000 PHYSICAL CULTURE PRIZE

Each year Physical Culture Magazine offers $5,000 in prizes, first prize $1,000 for the best story upon health built up by natural means.

Robt. G. Jackson, M. D., of Toronto, won the $1,000 first prize for 1924, for the story of how he was built up by Roman Meal and a system of exercises taken in bed.

Food Science shows that meat has 592 food units to the pound (See Life Its Mysteries & Miracles, BY J. H. KELLOGG, M.D.). Roman Meal has ever 1,600 food units to the pound and all of its units are in balance, made so by using four ingredients in its compound, whole wheat, whole rye, flaxin and bran. It is the most nourishing and strength-building food sold; especially valuable for children from the 10th month and for nursing and expectant mothers, because of its sound body building properties; also for the dyspeptic and constipated.

In May, 1924, Dr. Jackson easily won a 1,300 mile bicycle contest in 19 days, living largely upon Roman Meal and milk and without tasting meat, against a man 30 years younger and 30 pounds lighter, who lived largely upon meat. Roman Meal is a wonderful food, you ought to try it. Prevents indigestion, positively relieves constipation. At grocers.

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STAMPS—100 different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges, album, 15 cents; large packet, album, with war stamps, 25 cents; ask for bargain approvals. We buy stamps; large lots, for spot cash. Marks Stamp Company, Toronto, Canada. tf

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SELLING pure bred barred rock Cockerels, $2.00 each. Mrs. Wotherspoon, Success, Sask. 11-24

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CANADIAN FARM BARGAIN WANTED. Describe fully improvements, crops, markets, etc. Emory Gross, North Topeka, Kansas. 2-25

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AGENTS—FREE — One pair fourteen inch regular thirty cent knitting needles and up to date knitting instructions with a pound of yarn. Write for particulars and sample card showing forty shades of two ply and four ply yarn, including heather mixtures, suitable for hand or machine knitting. Donalda Mfg. Co., Dept. 156, Toronto. tf

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Railway Association, Box 23 Western Home Monthly, Wpg.

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CLEAN UP THIS YEAR. Wonderful new fast seller. Goes like wildfire. Enormous profits. Write quick. Free particulars. Mission, Factory 52, 56w Pitt, Windsor, Ont. t.f.

AGENTS—Sell low priced kitchen necessity. Quick sale. Square deal, Premier Mfg. Co., Dept. M-5, Detroit, Mich. tf

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ONE MAN WANTED IN EACH COUNTY to appoint agents to sell our "Magic Gas"; a guaranteed product; new discovery; equals gasoline at 3 cents a gallon, $1.00 box gives 500 miles; $500 monthly easy. Write quick. P. A. Lefebvre & Co., Alexandria, Ont. 11-24

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ENGLISH BULLDOG "Smoke" Reg. Dark Brindle, nice flat skull, eyes wide apart, smothered in wrinkles, extra short body, a real cart horse type, screw tail. Priced to sell at $75.00. Also Boston Terrier, "Hoflich's Holligan" Reg. Seal Brown Brindle, even white markings, a real type. Best of blood lines, 9 months old, $40.00. The Hoflich Kennels, Mitchell, Ont. 11-24

The Work of the Canadian Air Force at Victoria Beach, Man.

Continued from page 14

plane 40 miles or more, that is to say, 200 or 300 square miles. The heavy leafy growth of the dense woods of Northern Manitoba and Saskatchewan burn slowly, and therefore a fire does not make the headway that a blaze in a British Columbia forest will do. If the fire ranger reaches the scene in an hour's time he can do great work.

Under the old regime the chief ranger required from 20 to 25 men, including Indian guides, or his staff, and when definite word of a serious fire came to headquarters, it took 6 hours to get the canoes equipped and rationed, ready to paddle away to the fire, frequently the relief party arrived too late to do effectual work.

Chief Harvey has only three men on his staff. Owing to the dry spring, fires sprang up very frequently during the past season, and at one time Mr. Harvey and his men were fighting fires for a solid two weeks, up in the north country. Of course the chief ranger carries on a fine system of fire prevention, and notices of advice to trappers, homesteaders and others are posted everywhere in the wilds where they are taken by aeroplene. A fire ranger calls upon any Indian or homesteader for aid at any time to help quell the disastrous bush fires, and the men are paid by the day or hour by the Dominion Government.

So effectual is the fire protection service, that in 1923-4, only 500 square acres of timber lands were lost by fire over the 1,000 miles of area patrolled by Chief Harvey under the auspices of the Air Force.

Major Hobbs' trusty plane was connected by radio, and his crew consisted of an engineer, photographer, and another man, making a party of four, when he flew 2,000 miles. The question naturally came to our lips, "How about the gasoline supply?" Then the adjutant told of the extensive preparation required in making ready for these flights over unexplored and wild country, away from the haunts of men. A party of men in canoes with guides is sent forward in early spring by the department. This advance party carries a large quantity of gasoline, which is "cached" in charge of the North West Mounted Police at various points, where the airmen can fly down and refill their tanks.

We were told of the experience of a plane not long since. The gasoline ran out, and the officer who only had his engineer with him in the machine, dropped his plane into a bay, and leaving his engineer in charge, carried some food with him and walked for two days and nights before he could locate one of the gasoline caches. Up hill and down dale he trudged, through sloughs and in dense forest. His shoes, a pair of sports boots, were in tatters when he at length found the stored gasoline, and returned none the worse for his strenuous adventure. Who can gainsay the intrepid courage of a successful airman?

The splendid work of our Canadian Air Force is only in its infancy however, and this next season another base air station will be established in the Prince Albert district.

For England's Sake

The question was not "Shall I go or stay?"
But, "Thank God, now I clearly see my way."
He asked not, "Shall I thereby profit gain?"
But, "Quickly let me go," forgetting pain,
The break, the wrench, the passing from a home
Wherein love dwelt serene.

And, "If I fall, grieve not for one who dies
For still I live; having attained the prize
For which I fought—I shall not die in vain
For I shall find the hero's rest, a rich reward for pain."
And, "Thou, my wife! think ever thus, with pride tho' thy heart break,
'Twas nobly done,' and 'All is well,'
He died for England's sake!""

—Mrs Agnes Reed

New Canadians

By ANNIE SHEPPARD ARMSTRONG

COMING from old Ontario I have lived on the western prairies for twenty-six years, part time in each of the prairie provinces, the last eleven years having been spent in Alberta. I have watched the inflow and outflow of immigration and emigration, and it is certainly interesting, so different from the fixity of population around my old Ontario home, where nearly everybody stayed "put," and to go away to the "States" or "out West" looked like the outcroppings of a wild nature or like flying in the face of providence.

Living in isolated sort of places on the prairies as I have done, with little to take my attention, I have never got into the habit of simply lumping all people from other countries as dull uninteresting "foreigners," and I find an endless diversity in them. They do not know much about our country, but they know a lot about their own and are wonderfully anxious to learn.

The main deduction that I have drawn from observation of these various peoples is that it is best for both themselves and for us, who are already here, that they be distributed here and there rather than in colonies by themselves. It may be pleasanter for foreign-born parents to have their own people near them on account of the language, but it is better in the long run for themselves, and infinitely better for the young people coming on if they be scattered amongst the English-speaking people. When they are thus scattered the first generation of children are Canadians; if not it will be the second or third before they are.

As for the influence of these people on the English speaking settlers around I have seen it to be one for good. They are full of enthusiasm in a new country, are thrifty, optimistic and industrious, and have a steadying effect on the more mercurial and easily discouraged Canadians and Americans around. These people have little ways of saving, thrifty ways of gardening, storing vegetables, curing meat, utilizing feathers for warm ticks and coverings, that the young fry of Canadians pick up. And I have in mind a Swedish bachelor who lives near us who is quite a mechanical genius, infinitely painstaking about everything, loquacious and agreeable, and it is downright funny how the young lads will hang about, watch him at his work, and then come home and industriously copy him. Our womenkind learn from Hungarian and Galician women how to make wonderful crocheted mitts and queer embroideries.

English Mrs. Burton will vie with Hungarian Mrs. Kryvenchuk in the number of turkeys raised, and will, by eloquent gestures, trade eggs and compare notes. The foreigners all raise gorgeous poppies, stocks and zinnias, and the Canadian children will have them too even if they have to toilsomely make a tight, high, rustic fence of tiny poles as the foreigners do to keep out marauding turkeys and ducks.

The foreign women, in the rural parts of Alberta that I have been in, are not coarse at all, any more than women of other nationalities of the same class. If you drop in on Mrs. Olafson, late of Sweden, of an afternoon, her yellow hair will be shining, her coffee-pot glistening, and you drink coffee, eat cake, and then leaf over "Teaton's book" together—every page a store window—exclaiming and "shopping" just about the same as if you were on Portage Avenue, Winnipeg. You meet these neighbors of yours in town; they have got themselves up, both men and women, as nearly like "Teaton's" models as possible, and would pass muster anywhere—I haven't seen a head-shawl in years.

Last year a respectable, tall, fine-looking, quiet young Englishman came from "Home" and went to work on the farm for a prosperous Hungarian near here. He was well-fed, his clothes were kept washed up for him, he had a feather bed under him and one over him, as he laughingly said, and was learning to farm right, to farm with endless industry and patience. When his time was up he got his pay to the last cent, and he was perfectly satisfied; they were all workers together and he was not made to feel as the "hired man" is often made to feel. In his spare time he played his mandolin and read his books unmolested. The school teacher boarded with foreigners on the next section, and, on comparing notes the Englishman and the teacher both admitted having acquired a taste for a little garlic, which is supposed to keep away the "flu" ("or anything else," adds some detractor).

One thing that we never get bored with, in this mixed community, is the endless ways in which the English language may be twisted around. Of course the young fry, born in this country, speak just as good English as we do, but the funny things are said by the older ones who have not mastered our idioms. It would seem tame now to live in an all English-speaking community.

For instance a Swede neighbor was spending the evening here. He is a great talker, slow and deliberate, and his mistakes stand out the funnier on that account. "Yes," he said, "I'm, piece by piece, going to get rid of all other ware and use nothing but aluminum. I got a few pieces from the Teaton Company the other day.

"I'm not saying that animal ware isn't good ware, for it is—but—the animal chips off, and where the animal chips off it soon wears through, and, besides, the chips of animal is apt to be eat or drunk, causing appendicitis; and for this reason, with me, anyway, the animal ware must go—and no more animal for me." We all sat and looked at him steadily during this speech on enamel ware, for if we had glanced at each other we must have burst out laughing. As it was, one of the boys muttered something about the horses and dashed out, and the rest of us swallowed hard.

Another time an Hungarian man came over and said: "Meesis, my wife says would you be so kind as to borrow to her a leetle paper—she forgot to get some by the town yet."

I went and got the writing pad. He waved his hands, "No, no, Meesis, a leetle paper—paper."

I grabbed the local paper, "No, no—see—paper—in this." He drew a pepper-shaker from his pocket and held it up.

"Oh, pepper," I said.

"Yes, Meesis, paper."

And so it goes. We listen unmovedly when they say "extra size" for exercise, and when they coin all sorts of words like "neglectation," "suggestation," "objectation," and so on.

But one Hungarian rather electrified us when he was telling about a friend of his being so "iggsited that he was jumping around like a mice," which meant, of course, that he was so excited that he was jumping around like a mouse.

Still, all these are just little gleams of humor that light the way, and the fact remains that the rural foreign element is a decided asset, and it is an element that is being rapidly assimilated and transformed into a great Canadian element.

One of Them Came Out Ahead

Hoping to be the first to relate some unwelcome news, the youth rushed into the house and said:

"Father, I had a fight with Percy Raymond today."

"I know you did," said the father soberly "Mr. Raymond came to see me about it."

"Well," said the son, "I hope you came out as well as I did."

Free Book About Cancer

The Indianapolis Cancer Hospital, Indianapolis, Indiana, has published a booklet which gives interesting facts about the cause of cancer, also tells what to do for pain, bleeding, odor, etc. A valuable guide in the management of any case. Write for it to-day, mentioning this paper.

If it is worth writing use a Fountain Pen

Like other people of action nowadays you carry a note book. It contains notes on personal and business matters, many of them are extremely important. Their loss would mean much to you—to replace them would entail time and worry — if they proved irreplaceable, it might mean a financial loss.

Gold Tips

Go to a Waterman's dealer to-day and he will "fit" you with the proper pen for your hand. If it should not happen to suit you perfectly in practice, it can always be exchanged for a Waterman's that will. Waterman's Ideal—the best in 1884—the best to-day.

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Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

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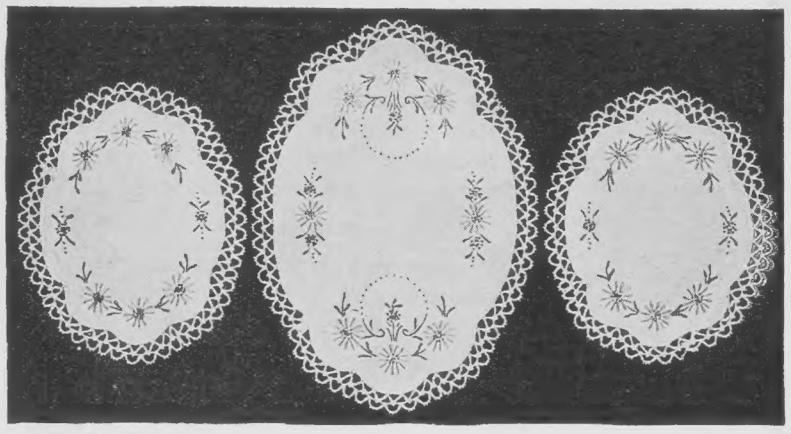
This lovely doll is fourteen inches tall. She has beautiful soft curly hair, and eyes that open and shut. She wears a lovely dress trimmed with lace, and has real shoes and stockings and hat. Her arms, legs and head all move and she is a real lady.

We will give you this lovely doll free of charge if you will sell just 30 packages of lovely embossed Xmas postcards, booklets, seals and tags at ten cents a package.

Send us your name and we will send you the cards to sell. When they are sold you send us our money and we send you the lovely doll by mail, with all charges prepaid. We guarantee the sale of every package, and take back any not sold.

HOMER-WARREN CO.
Dept. 103 - - Toronto

THIS BUFFET SET Only 50c



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Conducted by Bobby Burke

"IN READING THERE IS KNOWLEDGE"

Something to Learn
Mistress Wind

She rises, singing, every dawn
To polish mirrors in the lakes ;
She keeps the clouds all neat and sweet,
The crumpled fields she smooths and shakes.
Her aprons are of satin green ;
Her dust cap's dewy gossamer—
The earth is fortunate to have
So wonderful a housekeeper.

At dusk, with silver bowl and spoon
Her table in the sky is set ;
And when she goes to bed she lies
Beneath a dark blue coverlet,
While all her little children clouds
In frilly nighties run about
To fold her gown and tuck her in,
And softly turn the daylight out !

—By Winifred Welles

EVER since I can remember I have heard hard things said about the month of November. One poet, whose verses I learned at school, sang about it this way,

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods
And meadows brown and seer.

and a lot more sad verses equally mournful. Another poet sings his sad song this way—

No sun, no moon !
No morn, no noon !
No dawn, no dusk, no proper time of day,
No sky, no earthly view,
No distance looking blue,
No road, no street, no t'other side the way.

No warmth, no cheerfulness, No healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member,
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
November !

and there are ever so many others just as doleful, but do you know I have another idea about November and I want you to see what you think about it. November is the evening time of the year, the tucking in time, the cosy time. It comes between the daylight of summer and the night of winter. It is a time when skies may be gray (though they weren't in Manitoba last November), but how cosy everything is indoors ! The fires are lighted in the grates or the stoves, the kettle seems to sing more merrily when we come in from the frosty air. The store windows are not frost covered so you may see inside them the purple of grapes, the rosy cheeks of apples and other delights, and outside—Mother Nature is tucking her children away for the night. She says good-night to her song birds and shoos them away south ; she says good-night to her wild flowers and pats them down under the sod ; she says good-night to her tree leaves and they flutter down to rest ; she tucks the ladybirds into tiny warm corners, and puts the bear away in his winter hollow ; she puts the rabbit's winter coat on and shows the snowbirds and sparrows where the berries still hang on the bushes. When all this is done she brings her coverlet of snow, covers them all over, tucks it in round the corners and sings them to sleep with a little whistling wind, or a story made by the south wind 'oooohing' down the chimney. Its rather a wonderful month this going-to-bed month, this tucking-in-time, don't you think so ? Not half so gloomy as the poets would have us think.

What would you think about trying to write a little poetry ourselves about November ? I think perhaps we will try that this month, but read further down the page and see about that.

Are you all getting ready for Christmas now, or at least thinking about it ? I hope so because Christmas has a way of stealing up very quietly and then suddenly springing on us so that we are caught without our presents ready and without even our minds made up about what we can give and to whom. We ought to put a great deal of thought into our Christmas giving because so few of us have any money to put in it, so with the little we have, we should try to give something people want. The other day I was reading a little book by a very clever writer, Christopher Morley (remember his name because he wrote some lovely rhymes for children) and he says he wonders if people have ever thought that Christmas is the one time of the year when *everybody* in the world is thinking the same thoughts. In Australia it is hot summer weather at Christmas time, but it is still Christmas, with people thinking about the birth of the little Christ Child and for His sake remembering their friends with gifts, and the poor and the sad with kindness and help. Here, and away up in the Arctic regions where everything is ice and snow, the same thoughts and the same ideas fill everyone's minds. It is rather a wonderful thought isn't it ? And so begin now to think about Christmas, to plan and hope and make mysteries.

November 11th—Something to Remember

THERE are not very many of you, no matter how small, who have to be told what we are to remember on November 11th. On that day in the year 1918, peace was declared after more than four years of the most terrible war that has ever been known. There are very few of us who did not know the terribleness of that war because of our brothers and fathers and friends who were there, and the hardships and horrors they went through. Many of those brave men did not live to hear the proclamation of peace and in the lands of France and Belgium and in Gallipoli are hundreds of graves where they lie sleeping, and on this day those graves are one of the things we should remember. We should not remember them only to be sad, but because you boys and girls in a few years will be the people who are running this old, old world, and you must remember those graves, the miles and miles of them, and make up your minds that never again will men fight as they fought in those long four years. Another thing to remember is that there are men at home here who suffered terrible wounds during those years, men who are still in hospitals, men who are crippled, men who are sick and weary and discouraged. Remember them on Armistice Day and all through the years, because but for them and those others in Flander's fields, you would not now be safe in your homes under the Union Jack. Armistice Day, therefore, is a day of Remembrance, a day of sadness, a day of gladness, but above all, a day of Remembrance.

Something to Write

THREE little verses about November, our new idea of it as the "tucking-in" time, when Mother Nature puts all her children to sleep. If you cannot write verses, try a story not more than a page long, making a word picture of November. Now here is a chance for all our young artists and poets. This only gives some of the boys a chance though, and I want all the boys to write, so here is a competition for the boys—we want a real boy's story of a November Football Match. How's that, boys of the Cosy Corner, can you write that ? For the best story or poem there will be a book of verse for a prize, and a gold button ; for the second best there will be a gold button. For the best football story there will be, I am almost certain, a prize of an indoor baseball.

Something Received

Dear Bobby Burke,

May I join your Cosy Corner ? We have taken the Western Home Monthly for a long time, and I like reading your letters very much. I am 7 years old and I am six miles from school.

I have 8 kittens and 3 old cats. I would like to see this letter in print and hope that I will get a button.

Ross McPherson (7),
Graytown, Sask.

East Braintree, P.O.,
Man.
September 25, 1924

Dear Bobby Burke,

I was quite surprised to get a gold button as I did not expect to get a prize. I had no one to help me with my diary and, as I had no book on the subject and, as I only knew the names of a few flowers I found it pretty hard to complete my diary. When the W.H.M. comes in I turn to the Cozy Corner pages to see if there is any competition or letters in. I was delighted with Queen Mary's Doll's House and was sorry the article was so short. I think before I close my letter I had better thank you very much for the gold button I received, and now wishing the club success, I remain,

Yours faithfully,
Jean F. Pielou.

Birch Hills, Sask.

Dear Bobby Burke,

We have taken the Western Home Monthly for many years. My favorite page in the Western Home Monthly is the Children's Cosy Corner, because I like to learn to play new games, guess riddles and also read the stories which are sometimes published on that page.

I am going to start a diary for August in hopes of winning a prize.

This is my first letter to this interesting page, but if I don't succeed I will try again. I would like to correspond with any girl of my own age. I am sending two riddles :

1. Twenty white horses upon a red hill now they stamp, now they tramp and now they stand still.

Answer—The teeth.

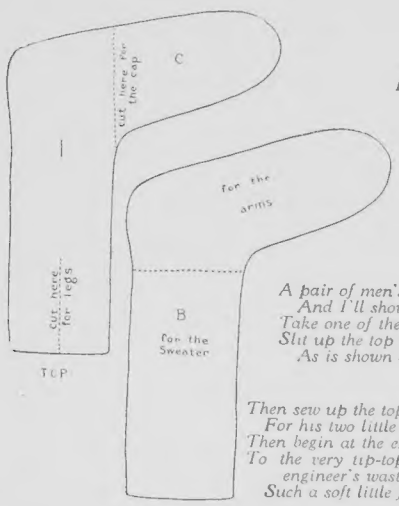
2. As crooked as a ram's horn, as flat as a plate and all the king's oxen can never pull it straight.

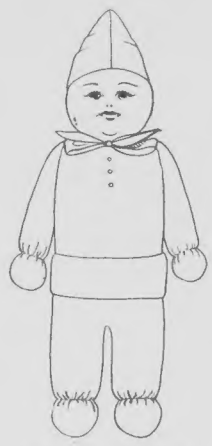
Answer—A river.

Yours truly,
Bernice Embertson (Age 12)

Something to Make for Xmas

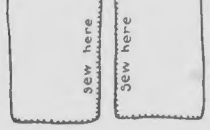
Peter Stocking and How to Make Him





A pair of men's socks will make little Pete,
And I'll show you just how it is done,
Take one of the socks and cut off the toe,
Slit up the top where the dotted lines go
As is shown on the stocking marked one

Then sew up the top in two equal parts,
For his two little legs—you see—
Then begin at the ends, and stuff him quite full
To the very tip-top with clean cotton wool, (or engineer's waste)
Such a soft little fellow he'll be!



Now cut off the foot of the sock marked B,
Pull the rest down over his head;
Then fold up the bottom to look like a sweater,
Or roll it and see which way it looks better;
Don't you think t'would be nice if t'was red?

Next sew on a piece of white cloth for a face,
A piece of white stocking will do;
Then tie a red ribbon on for a cravat,
And the toe of the sock marked C for a hat;
And give him a button or two.

Now sew on two buttons for eyes so bright,
And embroider his smile and his nose;
Make his arms from the foot of the sock marked B,
That he's just about done you can plainly see;
You're not sorry for that, I suppose.

Now sew on his arms with thread good and strong,
For the baby will pull him with glee;
Tie his legs round the ankles with thread for his feet,
Do the same for his hands and he is complete
A doll that can't break, as you see.

A Paean of the Prairie

By Alice M. Funk

It's life on a prairie homestead,
In a little house on a hill;
I never have seen great forests,
And I probably never will.
But the groves which I have planted
And 'tended from slender reeds,
Sough softly in the breezes,
And teach me tender creeds.

It's life in a lonely outpost,
With no crowd-contact to thrill;
I never have seen the ocean
And I probably never will.
But the wheat fields billow in summer,
While sunlight gilds the crest,
And the waves of the snows in winter
Foam like froth on the great seas breast.

It's life where fresh trails are blazoned,
And stern necessities drill;
I never have seen high mountains
And I probably never will.
But there's height to the bowl of the heavens,
And there's grandeur among the stars,
There's Aurora's opalescence
And the distant awe of Mars.

It's life in the raw, where Nature
Demands a patient skill;
I never have heard an opera
And I probably never will.
But a choir of feathered warblers
'Round my humble dwelling throng,
Trilling, full-throated and liquid,
Sweet notes of exquisite song.

It's life as a pioneer toiler,
With hungry mouths to fill;
I never have seen grand paintings
And I probably never will.
But when in a blaze of glory
The sun spells day's goodnight,
'Tis a sketch by the Master Painter
Which no artist can copyright.

It's life of continual routine,
Without conventional frill;
I never have travelled the world-ways
And I probably never will.
But I journey with years in their cycle,
Each season a fairy envoy
Of scenes ever changing in beauty,
My prairie paean of joy.

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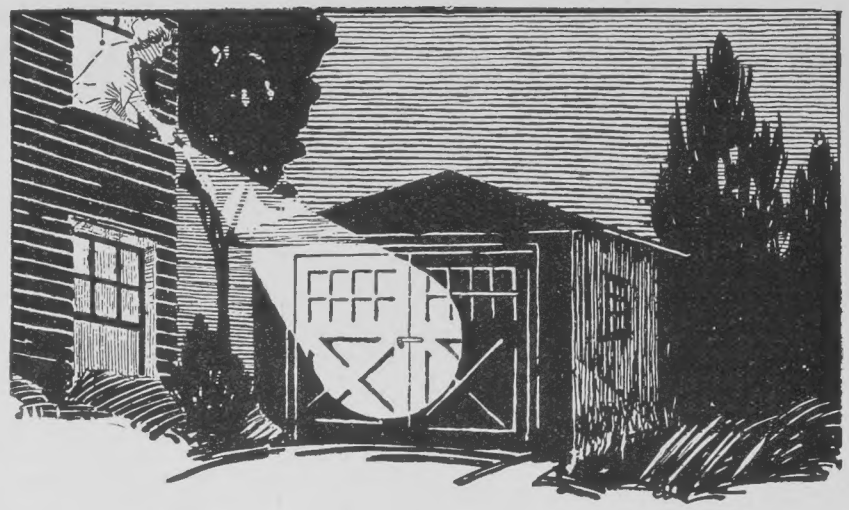

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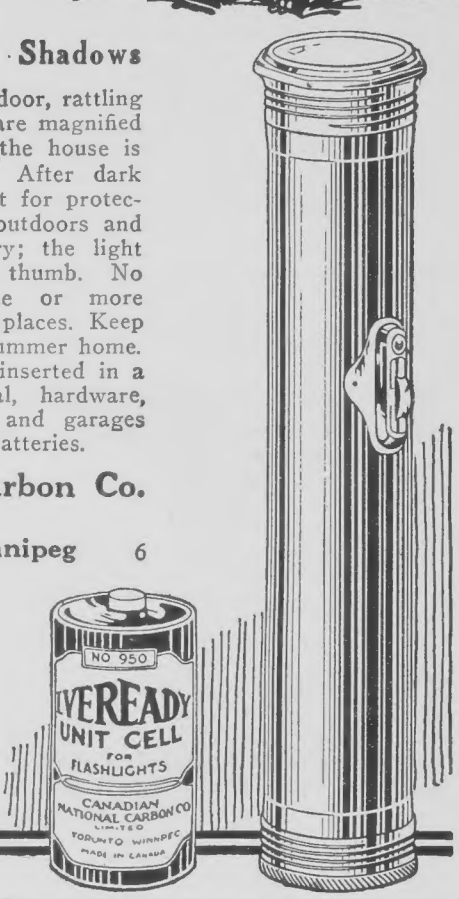

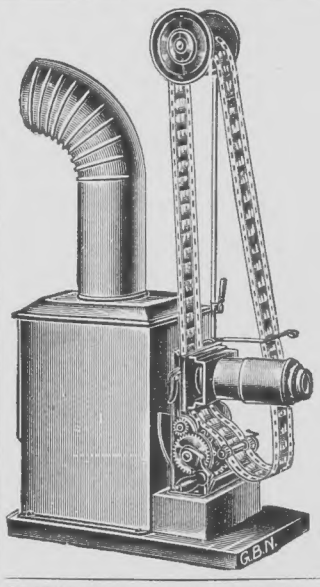

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WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

Domestic Autocracy

The head of many a household is less than ten years old.—Neepawa Press.

Though Some in the East May Not Think So

The people of the West are, in the main, a reasonable people.—Brandon Sun.

It Certainly Does Confucius

Personally, the Oriental fracas has us puzzled so we can make neither head or pigtail of it.—Saskatoon Star.

Fords More Plentiful Than Cows?

In the old days they used to call it a cow-catcher. Now they are known as Ford-tossers.—Kingston Whig.

As to Thickness of Hide

The buffalo had the thickest hide of any animal in the West until the country began to get civilized. —Vancouver Province.

How Some Faces Get That Way

Many a man with a hard look on his face got that way from taking on too many easy payments.—Niagara Falls Review.

But Didn't They Invent Gunpowder?

This much must be said for the Chinese: they have to go to the Christian nations to get their war supplies.—Washington Post.

We All Need to Mend Our Ways

In Manitoba, as everywhere else, road repairing is just as important a job as road building. Without the former the latter is a failure.—Winnipeg Tribune.

He Was

The ruins of Nero's bathhouse have been found near Naples. It was 1,125 feet long and six storeys high. Nero must have been a dirty customer.—Lethbridge Herald.

They Couldn't All Go

"Canada sent a fine exhibition of fish to Wembley," says the London Times. And at that quite a few choice samples were left at home. — Toronto Telegram.

Something She Couldn't Understand

The funniest thing yet is the young Winnipeg flapper who could not understand why the Indians used to paint their faces all those funny colors.—The Pas Herald.

Not a Case of Normal Human Nature

Nothing is quite as interesting as human nature. A man in Pennsylvania is arrested by authorities for feeding his hound dog while his children were half-starved.—Duluth Herald.

Some Departed Citizens of Wealth

Names need not be mentioned, but during the last decade a number of very rich men have died whose wills have shown not only lack of generosity, but ingratitude to the city which has enabled them to build up their fortunes.—Vancouver Sun.

Canada and the World

Canada is an exporting country. With no vast home market of our own, our prosperity rests, in great measure, upon what we can sell other nations. Consequently, anything that helps other nations settle down, anything that increases their prosperity and their purchasing power, directly benefits Canadians.—Montreal Gazette.

The Hudson's Bay Outlet

Anyone who looks at a map will see that in Hudson's Bay the ocean penetrates to the heart of Canada, to the very doors of the Great West, and if it should turn out that human effort will in vain seek to utilize this nearness of the sea to the Great West, it will be, in future years, nothing short of a calamity to the continent.—Winnipeg Free Press.

A Proof of Progress

A woman's powder-puff, rouge-stick and vanity bag have been unearthed from a tomb three thousand years old. These things show how little we change with the centuries. The one real innovation in dress since the Roman Empire is the high-heeled shoe. Whether that is a proof of progress must be left to the philosophers.—London Outlook.

New Game for Statesmen

M. Doumergue, president of France, is reported to have spent a recent vacation "learning Mah-jongg." At first glance that struck us as being somewhere near zero in vacation spending. On second thought, however, we conclude that Europe would be better off if more of its statesmen devoted themselves to something as harmless as Mah-jongg.—Vancouver World.

The West is Confident of the Future

The value of livestock as part of the agricultural scheme is becoming more appreciated. Horses, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry are increasing. Dairying is becoming an industry of prime importance. As collateral security, bankers prefer six-horse teams to rusting tractors. The West has never been so imbued as today with downright, unadorned confidence in its own future.—Canadian Finance.

Human Might and the Forces of Nature

Man's mastery of the elements is now complete—if nothing happens.—Toronto Star.

Safety Last

Stop, look and listen is the same thing to some drivers as hear nothing, see nothing and go ahead. —Minneapolis Journal.

Something That Gets Nobody Anywhere

It is not against the law to think that the world is a terrible place, but it is an awful waste of time. —Calgary Albertan.

The Gasoline Age

As a means of boosting the mortality rate the appendix has long since given place to the accelerator. —Guelph Herald.

Observance of Law

Pretty soon about the only law to be observed cheerfully in this country will be the law of averages.—Indianapolis News.

Speeding Up

Henry Ford says there is no holding back Canada. All right, then, boys, let's give her the gas.—Edmonton Journal.

Blaming It on Columbus

The Queen of Spain, says a story, adores American jazz. Well, it was Columbus discovered it, wasn't it?—Kansas City Star.

She Did, But He Didn't

The woman who said she was going to get her hair bobbed, did it. But the husband who said that, if she did, he would grow whiskers, didn't.—Ottawa Journal.

So It Would Appear

The Prince of Wales may go about England almost unnoticed, but he may not move a foot in America without being elaborately photographed and described in the newspapers.—New York Nation.

An Opportunity

There is a grand opportunity for one of our youthful novelists to make a sensation by writing a clean, healthful story of American life.—Chicago Post.

The One Thing Needed

The problems of Alberta resolve themselves into only one—that is more population. The land is here, the climate is here, the soil is here, and the marketing question is being solved. — Stettler Independent.

They Surely Have

The Canadian people who reside west of the Great Lakes have a right to expect that the press of Eastern Canada will discuss Western grievances without assuming that they are purely fanciful.—Ottawa Citizen.

Where Jacob is a Popular Name

Because of the popularity of the Christian name Jacob and the number of families of the same surname, Mennonites of the colony at Wolf Creek, S.D., find it necessary to number people of the same name. One Jacob Hofer has been always known as Jacob Hofer, No. 28.—Fargo Tribune.

No Ground for Pessimism

We have come through a time in the West which has taught us that there is no ground for pessimism in this country. Conditions have been temporarily unsatisfactory, but they cannot be permanently depressed in a country which possesses, and can produce, so much that the world requires.—Prince Albert Herald.

A Lawyer's Figure of Speech

A lawyer at the railway rate hearing at Ottawa spoke about "unfurling the flag of chaos." This is news, to hear that chaos has a flag. What is it like? A lot of people would like to know so that they might be able to recognize it. And does chaos belong to the League of Nations?—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Questions and an Answer

Are the people of the West fools and visionaries? Do they know less about the needs of this country than the people not living here? Perhaps it is reasonable to take the stand that the people of the West are able to think just as clearly as those of any other section of the country; that they are anxious about the all-around development of Canada; and that they are more familiar with their own problems.—Yorkton Press.

No Nonsense About This

When the people of the West insist that the Hudson Bay Railway must be completed and a way opened for a short haul of their produce to salt water, any Eastern newspaper is badly employed when it denounces the proposal as sheer nonsense and refuses to consider it seriously for a moment. The proposal is not nonsensical. Any project that has the people of two or three of our Provinces behind it is entitled to serious consideration.—Gladstone Age.

The Answer is "Neigh"

Can anyone deny that horse sense is needed for a stable government?—Calgary Herald.

Is There Anywhere?

Let's see now: Is there anyone in town who still says "Day by day in every way I'm getting better and better?"—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

They Speed from Time into Eternity

Efforts of automobile race drivers to establish a new world record sometimes ends in their sudden departure to another world.—Border Cities Star.

But Reason Does Not Always Rule

That there is a motor car on the road ahead of you is no reason why you should think that you should pass it.—Moose Jaw Times.

Civic Pre-eminence

Montreal is now said to be the most criminal city in Canada. Montreal and Toronto have a habit of trying to hog all the honors.—Hamilton Herald.

Another Case of Safety Last

Consumers make a great preference of studying gasoline values, but they take the bootlegger's word for it.—New York Telegram and Evening Mail.

The Past Should Be Remembered

A live historical society is a credit to any community and a necessity in this country if the story of its settlement and development is to be preserved.—Regina Post.

Plastering Beauty Spots

The people who plaster the countryside with billboards are accused of having no sense of beauty. They must have—or they wouldn't pick the spots they do.—Regina Leader.

Limb Motion Not Being Greatly Needed

A mysterious malady has broken out in Germany. People afflicted are unable to move their limbs. Still, that will not prevent them doing some of the modern dances.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Use for the Saxophone

Perhaps, after all, the saxophone has some excuse for existence. With the small end plugged up it makes a good sort of can to hold buttermilk.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

Frenzied Finance

A man at Hammond, Indiana, the other morning tried to cash a cheque for $80,000,000,000 at one of the local banks. The cheque was signed "John D. Rockefeller." Yes, the man had escaped from an asylum.—Los Angelos Times.

What They'll Be Saying Next

There are some cynical prophets in the rural districts who are saying that the time will come before long when the boys will not be willing to operate even a wheelbarrow unless it is propelled by a motor.—Brantford Expositor.

Growth and Development

All you have to do is to talk with an Old-Timer —and the woods are full of them—to measure the distance the country has developed within the span of a generation. Measuring today by yesterday, and then measuring the morrow to be with today, the law of averages, in expansion and growth, spells a degree of prosperity in keeping.—Killarney Guide.

To Produce Rustless Wheat

News has been received from Ottawa that if the experiments which are now being conducted on fifty farms in Western Canada are successful, two new varieties of wheat maturing early enough to escape the rust season will shortly be available to the farmers. The preliminary advices received from those conducting the experiments indicate favorable prospects. If a means of circumventing rust is discovered, wheat growing in the West will be revolutionized.—Port Arthur News Chronicle.

"Biffed" by the Prince into Publicity

Because the boxing instructor of the Prince of Wales, in sparring with the Prince, was lightly touched on the mouth, his picture appears on the front page of the New York World under the caption "Biffed by the Prince." Well, who wouldn't be biffed by the Prince, to achieve such celebrity? Indeed, what patriotic American wouldn't be biffed by the Prince, merely for the pleasure of the biff, apart altogether from the consequent publicity?—New York New Republic.

The Prince and the Newspapers

According to the general conception, snobbishness is a quality which exists almost entirely among the very rich in America. It isn't so. The Long Island set may have barked its shins in its eagerness to meet the Prince, but it is the illustrated newspapers which have gone stark raving mad. Indeed, the newspapers generally have treated the Prince with scant courtesy, in hounding him as they have done. Their excuse is that the mass of the people want to know everything the Prince does and how he spends every minute. The newspapers should not have yielded to that craze.—New York World.